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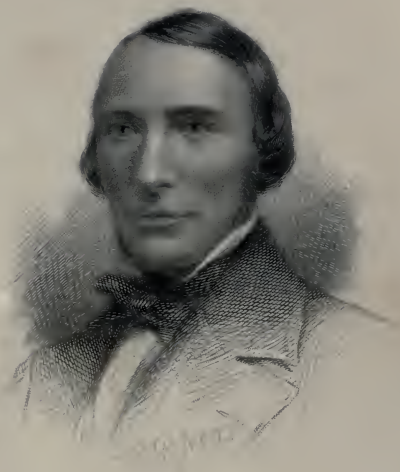
MEMOIR

OF

DANIEL MACMILLAN



Daniel Macmillan

MEMOIR

OF

DANIEL MACMILLAN

BY

THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C.

AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS," ETC.

London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1883

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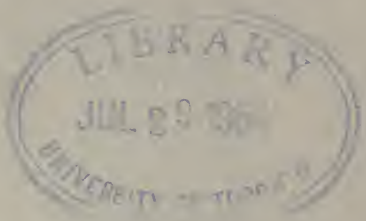

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FOURTH THOUSAND

PREFACE.

THE following memoir tells the story of a young Scotchman born in a peasant home, who, with no schooling but what he could get in a small provincial town, before he was twelve, and in spite of want of means and wretched health, won his way to the front rank in a difficult business, and died at forty-four, the founder and head of a well-known firm of publishers. Such a career is rare, but not so rare as to call for any special commemoration. Many young Scotchmen have come south, and made fortunes, and founded great houses of business, in the book trade and in other trades, to whom no special interest attaches outside their family circle and personal friends. Besides, in our day, the self-made man has been somewhat too much glorified, and we are tired of worshipping the mere power of getting on. It

needs some quality of a finer and higher kind than usual in the man himself, or something peculiar in his surroundings, or dramatic in his life, to make the world he has left desirous of hearing more of him than that he lies safely in such a cemetery or churchyard, and has left so many thousand pounds behind him.

In the present instance, however, the fact stands, that after a quarter of a century, those who knew Daniel Macmillan best are not contented with what they know, and do desire something more. Now this desire cannot be accounted for by his surroundings, which were just like those of thousands of other Scotchmen of the same class; nor by anything dramatic in his life, which was singularly free from incident. So we must fall back on the qualities of the man himself to account for it. And here we shall not have far to seek. Whoever glances at these pages cannot fail, I think, to admit that there was something in this man's personal qualities and character, apart from his great business ability, which takes him out of the ordinary category—a touch, in fact, of the rare quality which we call heroism.

No man who ever sold books for a livelihood was more conscious of a vocation; more impressed

with the dignity of his craft, and of its value to humanity; more anxious that it should suffer no shame or diminution through him. And his ideal did not abide in talk, a fair image to be brought out and worshipped when the shop was not full of customers. He strove faithfully to realise it amid difficulties which would have daunted any but a strong and brave man. The chief of these was life-long illness of the most trying kind. The disease of which he died a quarter of a century later struck him before he was twenty, and he was never a really sound man from that day. Of all men I have known personally he was the one who lived most constantly and consciously eye to eye with death. He became aware when a young man that, at any time, in a few hours, some carelessness—a chill, wet feet, an incautious meal—might prove fatal to him; and yet through it all, with blisters, setons, caustic always going, he was as full of interest up to the last in the books he was publishing and dealing in as the authors and buyers themselves, and retained to the last a joyousness and playfulness in his intercourse with his family and friends, which made it almost impossible to realise upon how frail a thread his life hung.

That his character made a strong impression on those who came across him, the large collections of his letters which are still in existence prove. Even in these all-preserving days, clergymen, lawyers, authors, and men of science, are not ordinarily in the habit of keeping anything but the receipts and business communications of their bookseller or publisher. In the case of Daniel Macmillan the practice has been all the other way. The difficulty has been, out of superabundant material, to make a selection which would let the writer tell his own story and paint his own portrait. If it does not prove one of sterling interest to readers the fault must lie with the editing.

One other reason has weighed much with me in undertaking this task. Daniel Macmillan was before all things a devout Christian, one whose faith informed and coloured his whole life, and who was not ashamed of letting this be plainly known. This of itself is perhaps not yet so rare even in these days as to excite any special interest, but it does, I think, become so when we compare the narrow religious atmosphere in which he was reared with the Catholic freedom and breadth of that into which he rose. Examples are common

enough of those who, bred like him in the strait Calvinism of the Scotch Church, have shaken off the whole system of theology grafted on the central truth which gives all its strength and vitality to that system—the constant faith in a living God, to whom man may turn at any moment, and from whose presence and government he can never escape. But, in shaking off the system, they have for the most part thrown away the central truth, and in rejecting the idea of a despotic and self-willed ruler, predestinating the majority of mankind to endless misery, have never risen to that of a righteous and loving Father, educating His children for perfect communion with Him and with each other. Of that central truth Daniel Macmillan never lost his hold, and upon it his whole life was grounded. As he was also a man of wide reading and marked intellectual power—deeply versed and interested in the revolution which was then already begun, and which is testing to their foundations all creeds and ecclesiastical systems—the witness he bears to a faith in which his own intellect and heart could rest and rejoice, and that the old faith of Christendom, taken in its plainest and most obvious sense, may well bring some strength and

comfort to those who are still engaged in the conflict in which he proved himself a conqueror, and bending under some of the burthens he had to carry. At all events it is one more instance, in a time which has sore need of such if ever time had, of how a belief of the old Pauline kind may still lay hold of a man of strong character, and of naturally questioning intellect, and, when it has laid hold, can bear him up triumphantly through a life of poverty and trouble, of constant bodily pain and mental anxiety.

T. H.

June 27, 1882.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

PREFACE vii

CHAPTER I.

ARRAN—THE TACKSMAN'S HOME—APPRENTICESHIP IN IRVINE. 1813-1831 1

CHAPTER II.

GLASGOW — ATKINSON'S SHOP — OVER-EXERTION AND BREAK-DOWN. 1831-1833 10

CHAPTER III.

SEARCH FOR EMPLOYMENT — LONDON — CAMBRIDGE. 1833-1837 28

CHAPTER IV.

FLEET STREET. 1837-1843 61

CHAPTER V.

THE HARE CORRESPONDENCE. 1843-1855 115

CHAPTER VI.

PAGE
MARRIAGE AND HOME LIFE. 1850-1856 178

CHAPTER VII.

CAMBRIDGE. 1843-1857 206

CHAPTER VIII.

LAST DAYS. 1857 289

INDEX 303

The Portrait which forms the Frontispiece was Engraved on Steel by C. H. JEENS, *after a Painting by* LOWES DICKINSON.

MEMOIR

OF

DANIEL MACMILLAN

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DANIEL MACMILLAN

CHAPTER I.

ARRAN—THE TACKSMAN'S HOME—APPRENTICESHIP IN IRVINE. 1813-31.

DANIEL MACMILLAN was born at Upper Corrie, in the island of Arran, on the 13th of September, 1813. Some two or three generations earlier the Macmillan family had migrated from the opposite coast of Argyllshire, where a picturesque tongue of land, known as North Knapdale, seems formerly to have belonged to the clan of that name. A notable cross, and a tower in the castle of Sweyne, still bear their name and support the tradition. At the time of the migration, the people of Arran, as of the West Highlands generally, were in a low spiritual and moral condition, maintaining the belief in witchcraft and kindred superstitions. But

households were occasionally found, such as that painted in Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," in which regular family worship prevailed, and the old covenanter's spirit was still strong. Such was that of Malcolm Macmillan, grandfather of Daniel, who was tacksman of a farm, called "the Cock," towards the end of last century. He was an Elder of the Established Church, and a man of stern character, though with a softer side to him to which illness or misfortune rarely appealed in vain. He was tender to all in illness, and generons in his dealings with poorer neighbours. The tacksman of "the Cock" was in fact a sort of "chief peasant," the purveyor of corn-food and peat fuel to the smaller cotters in the neighbourhood of Loch Ranza. When the peasants came to buy their meal, Malcolm Macmillan would often, in cases of need, increase the measure, but any notice that he had done so was distasteful to him.

In Church matters of doctrine and discipline all his tendencies were conservative. The old ways were those in which he desired to walk with his whole household. So, when the Haldanes, the revivalists of that day, sent missions to Arran, they met with no encouragement from Elder Malcolm. He, indeed, looked on them with coldness and distrust, notwithstanding the obvious good effects which their work was producing amongst his neighbours. The belief in witchcraft was disappearing before the new preachers, and the moral tone of

the people improving under their teaching and control. It was, however, with reluctance and misgiving that he allowed, without expressly sanctioning, the attendance of his children at the revival meetings and preachings of the Haldane missionaries.

Not so his friend and fellow Elder, William Crawford, a lowlander by descent, whose forefathers had came from Renfrewshire, and who occupied a small peasant farm not far from "the Cock." He too was a devout man, strictly attentive to religious duties in his family, but of a temperament more open and favourable to new impressions. He became a strong supporter of the revivalists, and as Church Elder seems to have somewhat scandalised his more orthodox brethren, and notably Malcolm Macmillan, by his regular attendance at their meetings.

If the new movement, however, somewhat estranged the Elders, it drew together the younger members of the households; one of the results being, that Duncan Macmillan, son of Elder Malcolm, married Katherine Crawford, Elder William's daughter, towards the end of the century, and succeeded him in the occupation of the little peasant farm at Upper Corrie.

A family of four sons and eight daughters were born to them in quick succession, of whom Daniel was the tenth child and third son. From his earliest years he seems to have combined in a

striking manner the characteristics of his two grandfathers; of Elder Malcolm, the man of order and duty, of Elder William, the man of progress.

But it was his mother whose influence was strongest on him, and whose character fully justified the reverent affection with which he regarded her. The peculiar depth of tenderness in the relations between them was enhanced by a great sorrow—the death within a year of his birth by some epidemic of the four sisters who came between him and his elder brother William.

The surroundings of his early years were of the humblest; indeed from passages in his journals and letters it would seem that at times good and sufficient food was scarcely abundant enough in the household. The little farm was strenuously and intelligently cultivated by Duncan, but, poor in soil, and small in extent, could with difficulty be made to yield anything beyond the necessaries of life for his family.

Daniel was in his third year when Duncan, his father, migrated from Arran to the little town of Irvine on the opposite coast, where he carried on a small business in farming till his death in 1823, when Daniel was ten years old. The elder brothers, Malcolm and William, had gone before to seek their fortunes as carpenters in Irvine. During the building of the Academy a beam fell and broke Malcolm's arm. This accident led to the development of a previously cherished taste for

intellectual pursuits, and both he and William took up the profession of schoolmasters.

Malcolm, now master of a school in Irvine, and a young man of high character and ability, became the head of the family, and a worthy support to his mother in her hard life-battle. He devoted his earnings towards the household expenses and the education of his younger brothers and sisters. But with the utmost economy it was hard to find a margin for anything beyond necessaries out of the family earnings, so that Daniel, though a boy of rare ability and a voracious reader from his childhood, had to content himself with such learning as he could pick up in the common school, and from his elder brother at odds and ends of time.

The marvellously few pounds which seem to be sufficient to maintain a Scotch lad at a Scotch University were not forthcoming in his case; and at the age when he should have been tramping to Glasgow to enter himself as a student, Daniel had already served his apprenticeship and was in full work at his trade.

On January 1, 1824, with the aid of his brother Malcolm as cautioner for him, he bound himself to Maxwell Dick, bookseller and bookbinder of Irvine, to serve him faithfully for seven years, for the wage of 1*s.* 6*d.* a week for the first year, with a rise of 1*s.* a week for each of the remaining six years.

The arrangement answered thoroughly on both sides. The young apprentice soon won the esteem and friendship of his master, and of many people in the town. About the year 1829, his master, Maxwell Dick, invented a suspension bridge, and went to London to take out a patent for it, leaving the care and management of the business almost entirely in the hands of his youthful apprentice, who rose to the situation, and showed a capacity for business, very rare in a boy of his age.

His natural vehemence and fiery temper however, were not always under control at this time, as may be gathered from one characteristic episode. One evening the young apprentice did not return home after his day's work. Night came on, and he was still absent. His mother was in great alarm at so unusual an incident, when his master appeared and added to the family distress by his explanation. He had in the course of the day discovered some small misfeasance in the shop, and had accused his apprentice of it perhaps without sufficient inquiry, or evidence; this he was bound to admit. But the boy had resented the accusation with a vehemence amounting, in his judgment, to insubordination, which he had punished by a blow. Whereupon his hitherto obedient and respectful apprentice, blazing into open revolt, had seized his cap from the peg on which it hung, and hurrying from behind the

counter, had caught up the day-book and hurled it at the head of his astonished master, as he shook the dust from his departing feet at the shop door. What had become of him Mr. Dick could not say. On inquiry, it appeared that the boy had started at once for Saltcoats, a distance of six miles, whence he had managed to obtain a gratuitous passage in a fishing-smack to Arran. After due explanation and apology on both sides, the old relations of loyalty and esteem were re-established, and continued unbroken for the rest of the specified term.

Daniel at the end of the seven years had learnt all his master or his master's shop could teach, and on the other hand Maxwell Dick testifies, by an indorsement on the indenture of apprenticeship, dated February 14, 1831, that "the said Daniel has served me with diligence, honesty, and sobriety, and it is with the utmost confidence I can recommend him as possessing these qualities in a very high degree."

With his apprenticeship ended also his home life. In a few weeks he left Irvine, and his mother's roof, to return only for short visits, and at rare intervals. But her teaching and example, which had been the most powerful of all influences on his boyhood and youth, retained their hold on him throughout life. In a letter given in the next chapter he draws her portrait with the enthusiasm of a boy lover, and on his death-bed

her image was still uppermost in his thoughts. And she had well earned the devotion which he, and her other sons, paid her. The wife and widow of a poor peasant, doing all household work with her own hand, and with only the most scanty leisure for reading or society, she yet managed to hold her own with her richer neighbours, with whose children hers were on terms of intimacy. She had a fine voice and ear, and sang ballads and hymns with a pathos, which made the promise of a song from her the reward which had most weight with her sons. To her Daniel owed in great measure both the earnestness of his early faith, and the breadth of that of his mature years. Without any speculative liberality she had a remarkable openness of mind which expressed itself in such phrases as "puir body, he has nae room in him," when she heard over zealous persons speaking bitterly of opponents; or when, to the scandal of many in Irvine, she stated that to her thinking such of them as had the good fortune to reach heaven would have to put up with the company of many Romanists.

This inheritance from his mother, was specially valuable as moderating the impatience and vehemence which came from his Celtic fathers. Such a change as that from the retirement of a country home to the crowded life of a great commercial city, in which he finds himself alone for the first

time, with no monitor but his own conscience, and the paths of pleasure and duty open to his choice, is a crisis in the lives of most youths in our time and one through which few pass unscathed. That Daniel Macmillan did so was owing mainly to his mother. How deeply the danger of the crisis impressed itself on his mind we shall see later on.

CHAPTER II.

GLASGOW—ATKINSON'S SHOP—OVER-EXERTION AND BREAK-DOWN. 1831-33.

In 1831, when his apprenticeship ended and he had the world before him, and was looking out on it with the confident eyes of strong youth, his brother Malcolm had become the minister of a Baptist congregation at Stirling, one effect of the Haldane missions having been to carry the family out of the Established Church. Malcolm had already found an opening for his young brother in that town. But the place was too small and the boy too big. The outline of this stage of his life, covering the years comprised in this chapter, may be here best given in his own words, written twenty years later to his betrothed.

"When I had finished my apprenticeship I set off for Stirling, where Malcolm had found a situation for me. I had not enough to do and felt the place dull. I wished to go to Glasgow or Edinburgh, or some large town, where there would

be more room and better chances of rising. My brother was anxious that I should remain with him. I did not wish to oppose him, but yet the thing worried me. I felt 'cribbed, cabined, and confined.' The result was a most violent brain fever. The most scientific of the Stirling doctors was called in, and by lancing and leeching the fever was cut down and I soon recovered. Soon afterwards I went to Glasgow, where I had quite enough to occupy my mind. I hoped for a partnership in the business. I worked hard and closely from early till late. I was always at work at seven, and never or hardly ever away before nine. It was often ten, eleven, and twelve before I got away. Mr. Atkinson, my master, had very bad health, and was anxious that I should be able to manage the whole concern; and he promised that if he found that he could leave the business in my hands while he went to the West Indies for the recovery of his health I should have a share in the business; and it was a first-rate one. In my eagerness to make myself fit for this I used to read all the weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals of any mark—a queer mass of rubbish to lie lumbering in any one's brain, but, as it seemed to me valuable for the purposes of business, very often it was three and four o'clock of a morning before I got to bed. The upshot, as was natural, was the most wretched health. It appeared to every one that I was dying. I would not

allow myself to think so. My mother heard how ill I looked, and wrote to me, insisting that I should throw up my situation and go home. Just at this time Mr. Atkinson went to London to consult Dr. Elliotson and others, leaving the whole business in my hands for a month. I strove with all my might against the weakness of my body. When Atkinson returned, he expressed himself well pleased; and he gave me a handsome present. A fortune seemed glittering before me. I was full of hope. I strove with all my might against the weakness of my body. It was no use. I could bear up no longer. My mother came to Glasgow and determined not to go home without me. I consulted a physician, and he did his best to frighten me. I went home and was blistered, and all the rest. I soon got stronger. My sister Kate often lent me her husband's horse. I then went to Arran for a month. That quite restored me. I used to climb the highest hills. My body and mind had a complete rest, and I had time to meditate on many things. After that my brother William and I went to Stirling and Loch Katrine together. That I greatly enjoyed. He was in the finest health and spirits, and I well remember his kind anxiety about me. After that tour I came to England. You know all the rest."

Mr. Atkinson, his Glasgow employer, was a man of considerable mark, who took a warm

interest and active part in the political and social life of the city and neighbourhood. His shop was the centre of the literary society of Glasgow, comprising, amongst others, Motherwell the ballad collector, and himself a writer of songs of some merit, Macnish, one of the early contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and others. Atkinson himself was editor of, and a constant contributor of some mark, to a local periodical, the *Chameleon*, from which a selection of his essays and verses was published by Longman in three volumes. A press copy of these was presented by the author to Daniel Macmillan, with an inscription marking the author's esteem. The contents range from serious subjects, such as the law of copyright and the influence of commerce on civilization, to comic dialogues and rhapsodies in praise of tobacco. One of these, in verse, commencing—

> "The sky was dark and the way was long
> As I mounted His Majesty's mail,
> And I tried to chirrup a cheerful song
> In the teeth of wind and hail.
> But it wouldn't do; so on night's dark face
> I said there should twinkle one star,
> So I took from snug sleep in its cozy case,
> And lit into life a cigar"—

gained some temporary popularity, and may have induced Daniel Macmillan to make his one experiment in smoking. In any case, the experiment and its ending were thoroughly characteristic of

the man. One evening on leaving the shop he bought and lit a cigar and found the experience a pleasant one. But on his road home the question of the 2*d.* he had expended began to trouble him, and finally he threw away the end resolving never to smoke again, a resolution to which he adhered with his usual steadfastness.

In addition to his literary work, Atkinson was also a leader in the Reform agitation, which was at its height in those years. These pursuits occupied much of his time, and made attention to the routine and details of his large and flourishing business somewhat onerous. He was glad, therefore, to leave them to others, and soon found that his new assistant, though but a boy in years, was one to whom they could be safely entrusted. The young assistant met his employer's views more than half way, with characteristic eagerness. From the first he strained his powers to the uttermost, and the strain began to find out his weak places by the end of the first year. His spirit was willing, but the responsibility was too great for a youth under twenty, already much exercised by the mental conflicts incident to his time of life and temperament. A sense of loneliness and want of appreciation, and a craving for sympathy, in this his first absence from home, added greatly to his troubles. Altogether the struggle was too severe, and the vehement and sensitive nature broke out again and again in the midst of the

day's work, carried out all the time with rigorous faithfulness and punctuality.

"*December* 2, 1832.—How ill I am. I feel as if I were dying. I have no one to sympathise with me; no one to mitigate my suffering; no comfort but what my paltry salary can procure. If I were rich, how many would be kind to me, ask what I needed, and anticipate my wants. But why do I shed tears? I cannot help them. They are not in vain. They do good to myself. They relieve my feelings. They soften my heart."

He becomes much interested in Millenarian views. "Personal reign, or anything that would put an end to the reign of humbug, is most cheering to me," and finds relief in such out-pourings as the following:—

"*April* 18, 1833.—O procrastination! Thou art the very deuce to every one except the lawyers. They are the only people in the world that gain by thee. Thou takest multitudes to the devil. The Bible and all the moralists are against thee; still thou art as powerful as ever. It seems impossible to eradicate thee; so deeply art thou rooted in our nature."

His family get anxious, visit him, and try to get him to relax a little, but without success. As his health gets worse the prospects brighten

before him if he could only grasp them as he longs to do, but they evade him like will-o'-the-wisps.

Thus he writes to his brother Malcolm—

"*June* 1, 1833.

"The doctor advises Atkinson to go to the West Indies. Now if I were well there would be an excellent chance for me. Atkinson promises me a third share if I would stay and manage the business for him. He seems to be giving me practice, for now, after a month's visit to London, he leaves the whole care of things on my shoulders, he never looks in above an hour a day. He has gone to Edinburgh now. I don't know what to make of him. Keep mother till the end of next week. I am a great deal better than when she was here. I look better. I feel better. Mother will not believe this. I know she will not, nevertheless it is quite true. I don't know but it would be right for me to stay here altogether. I should like to stay."

Malcolm, watching anxiously from Stirling, has been writing with some plainness on his over-haste in his career. To which he at last replies—

"*June* 15, 1833.

"You seem rather to like twitting me about being ambitious, and this is the third or fourth

time you have said, 'What are you, or your father's house, that you should be ambitious?' I have once or twice thought of giving you an answer. I shall do so now. You must not think me angry though I should speak warmly. I have too much respect for you to speak disrespectfully. So you must not mistake me.

"What am I? A very humble person who has no objection to raise himself if he could do it honourably. If all my relations were slaves, I should not feel that I was bound *therefore* to be a slave, that is, if I could purchase my freedom. I do not feel bound to follow in the footsteps of any of my relations. I am here to act for myself. None of them can stand in my stead in any very important matter. The most important things must be done by myself—alone. Indeed, I don't feel at all bound to make my relations *my friends*, or even my acquaintances, unless I choose, unless there should be some real sympathy between us. I have a whole swarm of uncles, aunts, cousins, and half-cousins; among them I have few acquaintances and still fewer friends, and if I should leave this country I shall shake them all off, except Uncle and Aunt McKay. Very likely the whole of my relations feel in the same way towards me, if they ever even think about me. I hope so. I should be sorry if it were otherwise. These are my feelings, my ways of looking at such

matters. I don't know that you will approve of them, but they are not adopted without thought. Your frequently-repeated question has obliged me to think about this matter more than I wished, more than is good for me. I shall now tell you what I think of the second part of the question, 'What is my father's house?'

"I shall not begin imprudently. I shall not begin by saying it is precisely the same as yours. I shall not say anything of that kind. I shall not say, 'What do you mean by my father's house?' I suppose in asking that question you don't mean to go further back than father and mother.

"Well, to begin with father; though I was very young, only ten, when he died, I have the deepest reverence for him. He was a hard-working man, a most devout man, and as I have heard mother say, cared for nothing but his family, that is, did not care what toil he endured for their sakes. You knew him better than I did, you can value him more highly. I now remember with pleasure, and with something better than pleasure, the manner in which he conducted family worship. Though I did not understand a word of his prayer, the very act of bowing down on my knees did me good, at least I think so.[1]

[1] Duncan Macmillan used to conduct family worship in Gaelic, reading the Gaelic Bible and praying extempore in that language, which was still the familiar tongue of Arran.

"Of my mother I can speak what I do know. I know her as well as ever a son knew a parent, and my persuasion is that she is the most perfect lady in all Scotland. With so little knowledge derived from books, with so very little intercourse with the higher ranks of society, with so little care or thought on what is most pleasing in external conduct, was there ever a lady who, so instinctively, so naturally, did what was right, acted with so much propriety in all cases? She has such high and noble notions that no one ever heard her say, or knew her do, a mean thing, no one could ever venture to say an impudent thing to her, or talk scandal in her presence. If any one did so once, it never was repeated; some quietly spoken but most bitter and biting saying put an end to such garbage. Few appreciated her, but no one could despise her. You will say that I am writing 'an *éloge*.' You will call me the 'pet son.' No, you cannot do this. You have mother with you now. You will have seen her in comparison with the best of your friends, and you will see, if you open your eyes, that she is more of a lady than any of them. I think she has one of the *finest*, I mean the most refined, minds I ever came into contact with, and yet she is far from being deficient in strength—a most strong and deep nature, yet a woman's nature. No one could be more deeply religious than she is, and yet how little she talks about it! I know no

one to compare with her in this. Mrs. Wilson of Edinburgh comes the nearest. I love and respect her so much that I cannot say anything invidious about her. Mother and she have many things alike, in many they differ very much. Mrs. Wilson has many advantages. Her father was rich, and though she was somewhat neglected in her youth, yet for many many years she has had books, and time, and company which mother never had. They have had, both of them, serious heavy trials. Both of them have borne them nobly.

"The end of the whole matter is, that I think there is nobody like mother in the whole world. If ever I saw any one with the same tenderness, strength, and calmness, the same joyousness of heart, with the same depth, I should instantly fall in love with her, that is if there was any chance of its ever coming to anything! But at present a grave seems the most likely place for me. Pray send mother to Glasgow. I want her to cheer me. No, I can cheer myself. But to go back to the old subject. I tell you that I am proud of my parentage. I had a perfect lady for my mother. Besides, I am very glad that my mother is a Teuton. From her we take any mental superiority we may have. What a most beautiful forehead she has! What an eye! What a face, take it all in all! A noble temple for her noble soul! I am rather glad to have some of the Celt in my nature, but glad that

the Teuton stands uppermost—as I think it does. I desire to keep the Fifth Commandment."

The enemy is now pressing on him more and more relentlessly, but he still keeps a brave front. The battle is recorded in his journal, in which notes on the books he is reading are interspersed day by day with the chronicle of failing health.

"*June* 17, 1833.—The doctor looked very grave to-day. What does he mean? This is a bad cough. I don't like this blood-spitting. I don't like this weakness in my limbs.

"Byron said, 'Death laughs.' But I daresay he found it no joke to fall into his hands; that he laughs at other people's expense—if he does augh.

"Of course I must die; and if I die with my sins unpardoned, I shall sink lower than the grave. At least, the Bible says so; Bunyan and other theological writers say so; and I hear it from Sabbath to Sabbath. If I am not mistaken, my conscience—for I think that I have got a conscience—says so too. Since this is true, and acknowledged by saint and sage, by preacher and by poet, it would be as well to be prepared for Death—who, coming in the rear of all our pleasure, and wealth, and fame, befools them exceedingly. But death is not all, *after death the judgment.* A serious matter that."

"*June* 26, 1833.—I am exceedingly pleased with Scott's tales. They are very fascinating. Every child must be delighted with them. I don't like his attempts to palliate the conduct of such men as Graham of Claverhouse. He was certainly a man of talent, but that is no apology for his cruelties.

"Cromwell exhibits in his government a firmness, energy, and wisdom far beyond any other statesman of whom I have read in these volumes."

"*June* 29, 1833.—I have a bad habit of arguing with people on difficult points, just for my amusement; to see how they like dust in their eyes. I must give that up. It does no possible good; and it gains me nothing but marked hatred."

The next day brings the struggle to its close. His mother carries him home, and native air works wonders, as he hastens to inform Malcolm a week later.

"I can now write. The blistering work is all over. You know I have been obliged to lie in bed for the last week. I am up now. The doctor would not allow me to write. Of course I don't tell him all I do. I am, however, very obedient; I do whatever the doctor or mother bids me, except

in such a case as this. I do nothing but read novels. I begin to get tired of Byron. Scott pleases me much better. Cowper better than either. You know I have not a Wordsworth, or even selections from him. These outlandish folks don't know him. I have only about half-a-dozen Shakespeare's plays. I hide them when the —— or the —— call. How they would stare if they saw a play in my hand! My hand gets tired. I will write by and by. Kate promises me a ride on their pony every day when I get better.

Again to his brother Malcolm some days later:—

"Kate keeps her promise. I ride daily. It is most beautiful weather. I walk very little. I find reading does not suit me, even of the lighter sort. I often run up to the Barclays', just to have a laugh. I say all manner of out-of-the-way things just to pester them. Is that not amiable? It is such fun to see them open their eyes. Miss —— often plays to me, while I lie on their sofa. This does me more good than all the doctors. I am half in love with her. You will laugh I know, but I really mean it.

"I wish I could walk. Lang is in Irvine, and I should enjoy walks with him. I have called on him once; he has called several times. I think very highly of him as you know. I never met

his equal. It is only a pity that he is so odd in his ways. I called once about two o'clock. He had not got up. I saw his two aunts and his grandmother. We had a long gossip."

The friend here referred to was a young medical student of high promise which remained unfulfilled, as he died early.

To THE SAME.

"*July* 8, 1833.

"I go out with Lang nearly every day. He wants me to become a botanist. He says that I should soon be a first-rate one. I feel no inclination at present. My head gets confused with study of any kind. I once thought seriously of commencing, but the terminology frightened me. Why did you not teach me Latin and Greek when I was young? If you had I might have learnt botany now. Never mind, I enjoy myself quite as much among the flowers as if I knew all their names. Lang finds me very useful. He is so short-sighted that he can see nothing unless it is quite close to his nose. I can see the minutest flowers without stooping. This saves him a world of trouble."

To complete his cure he crosses to Arran on a visit to his uncle McKay, Independent minister at Sannox.

"*July* 22, 1833.

"I have been in Arran a week. The voyage quite upset me. I was very feeble when I reached Glen Sannox. My aunt told me to-day that she really thought I was coming to her house to die when she saw me first. She has locked up my quinine and all other medicines. I drink milk every morning just as I did at home. Aunt milks it with her own hand, and brings it foaming to my bedside. I began to bathe yesterday. I did not feel at all well afterwards. Aunt says it is always so for the first few days. I felt better to-day. I can walk a mile or two without feeling at all tired.

"Aunt and I have long conversations. I am very fond of her. I wish her sons were wiser. I wish her daughters had more stuff in them, kind-hearted though they be. I enjoyed my mother's society more than ever. I saw more of her than ever. I think more highly of her than ever. William and I got on better than ever. We had several long, long conversations. I wish he could get away from Irvine. He has a noble and most beautiful mind. I wish he had the chance of bringing it out. Here, you see, I have left Arran, and aunt, and nieces, and nephews, and gone back to Irvine. I often think of them and of you."

His visit to Arran had done much to restore

a more healthy tone to his mind as well as to his body. "I know all the people," he writes, "for miles round this neighbourhood. There is no village, only houses here and there. The people are most simple. It is very pleasant to call on them and listen to their stories. They always seem glad to see me. They think I am dying, and do all they can to cheer me. They are most thoughtful and kind and tender-hearted, and all without pretence. What a most glorious thing the human heart is, 'the human heart by which we live.' I wish Wordsworth were here. I should like to see him and hear him speak.[1] I think I could say a great many things to him; and yet if I were to meet him I hardly think I should open my mouth. . . God only knows how thankful, how deeply grateful I should be to meet with any one who would be to me what Paul was to the jailer. . . It is our sad lot to have no spiritual guides but books. I see books advertised 'Every Man his own Doctor,' 'Every Man his own

[1] This wish was gratified later. In November, 1844, Wordsworth came up to Cambridge and stayed some days with Dr. Whewell, then Master of Trinity. Archdeacon Hare asked him to call on Daniel and he paid several visits to the shop, especially one long one in which he dwelt on the influence Scotland had on him in early life and how he had sought in the *Excursion* to bring out the spiritual life of Scotland which he thought had never been adequately sung by any of her poets, who had mainly confined themselves to the humanities.

Lawyer.' We shall soon have 'Every Man his own Priest.'"

The first wrestle with his life-long enemy was now over. He was well again, and anxious to be back at work. Even during his illness he had been preparing the way for a new departure, and this time he will if possible set his face southward.

CHAPTER III.

SEARCH FOR EMPLOYMENT—LONDON—CAMBRIDGE. 1833-37.

DANIEL MACMILLAN was fortunate in his friends and most faithful in keeping up correspondence with them. As free use must be made of his letters, several of those to whom they were written may now be conveniently introduced to the reader. Dr. George Wilson, the author of the *Five Gateways of Knowledge*, was, as that book shows, a man of rare moral qualities, as well as of recognised scientific eminence and considerable poetical genius. Their friendship, which began when they were almost boys, was strengthened by a pathetic similarity in their careers—in each case a noble life-long struggle for the fulfilment of life-work against fatal disease.[1]

Mr. David G. Watt was the son of a cloth merchant, borough magistrate of Irvine, and a

[1] A memoir of George Wilson, by his sister, was published in 1860.

member of the Independent connection. He was some years younger than Daniel Macmillan, but had been intimate with him from childhood; and on becoming a student of the London Missionary Society in 1840 (where David Livingstone was a fellow student) renewed their old friendship. He went as a missionary to India, where his old school-fellow supplied him with news of old friends, and of current literature, for many years. Mr. James MacLehose, was a Glasgow friend of 1832-33; a young shopman like Daniel Macmillan, in those years in which their friendship began, in the city in which he now holds a foremost place as bookseller and publisher. He had migrated to London a short time before his friend's illness, and in June 1833 was in the employment of Messrs. Seeley of Fleet Street.

To him Daniel Macmillan turns in the first hours of convalescence. Glasgow has lost its charm for him, and he is already thinking of turning his face southward, to the great national centre of intellectual and literary activity. In this mood he writes to his friend MacLehose, almost from his sick-bed.

"IRVINE, *June* 24, 1833.

"I had the pleasure of receiving your apology for a letter on the 20th, from which I see that you have not forgotten me, though you are in the midst of—

"The mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dim cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and that is London town."
* * * * *

"Perhaps you like not this its first appearance;
I'll ask you what you think of it a year hence."

"I 'll ask you what you think of a few things now. How many men have you in your house? What kind of lads are they? What kind of gents are S. and Son themselves? Are they very distant, or are they free and easy? Are you hard wrought? Is your warehouse large? What are your hours? Are good lodgings easily had? Are they expensive? Are you well situated? 'Halo! stop, stop! I can't answer all these questions,' you will be crying ere this. But I'm in no hurry; you can answer them at your leisure. You know that I have not quite given up thoughts of visiting the 'mighty Babylon' in search of a situation when my health recovers." . . . .

"'Tis more than a fortnight since I left Atkinson, and am at home to recover my health. I was blistered, which confined me to the house for about a week, but am the better for it, and am now recovering rapidly, in a short time I expect to be stouter than ever. I am at present enjoying myself exceedingly, walking by the sea-shore one

day, into the country and through the woods another, riding the next, and so forth. I neither read nor write, and think as little as possible, but run about in search of health, and by the blessing of God I am daily acquiring it. So you will see that your advice about stopping with A. was too late. I would not have stopped at any rate on any conditions. I was daily spitting blood, daily falling off. I was advised by Dr. James Watson that it would be madness in me to stop any longer. Since I have recovered so much I am well pleased that I have taken advice."

And again from native Arran :—

"I am pretty well already, and I hope the pure air of this beautiful place will, with the blessing of God, do the rest. I even think that I feel myself improving while I write this. I am lying on a bank, beautifully covered with heath, thyme, and other beautiful flowers. About thirty yards above me stand a range of rocks about thirty feet in height, out of the crevices of which spring trees, ivy, and honeysuckle, besides many other pretty plants. These trees, ivy, &c., appear from the place where I lie to grow out of the rock, or rather, look as if they stuck like limpets. Above that, again, rise other huge hills, till you lose them in the clouds. Turning round again, I see as far as eye can reach a great expanse of water, with here and there a ship, either about to undertake an

arduous voyage, or coming in with the wealth and luxury of other climes to our thrice happy shores."

And a little later—

"I am every day getting better, and hope soon to be able to manage the gigantic work of a London bookseller's life in winter, with ease and pleasure."

A six-sheet answer comes back giving all details and prospects. Lodgings cheaper than Glasgow, where Daniel has lately paid 6*s.* a week for his small room; and other points highly satisfactory. But it appears that his friend has sat up till two to write all this. "Don't cut into your nights," Daniel urges, "even to write to me. I know the bad effects of that too well." MacLehose has offered him half his bed while he is looking round. On reading these letters one ceases to wonder why young Scotchmen get on so well in London and elsewhere out of their own land.

His departure is, however, delayed till September, as he returns for a few weeks to help Atkinson in taking stock preparatory to selling his business. His late master is looking so ill he wonders he is alive, but will give him letters to the Messrs. Longman, and he has already several for other firms. On the whole he is hopeful of finding employment in the Row, the summit of his ambition for the

moment. The glimpse he has had of publishing at Atkinson's has made him anxious to keep in touch, if possible, with this the highest branch of his profession.

Early in September he starts with little in his pocket but these letters of introduction, going by Edinburgh to spend a few days with the Wilsons, his ever kind friends. His journey, and the incidents of his fruitless search for employment amongst the magnates of the Row, are described in the following letter to his brother William:—

"London, Monday, *September* 13, 1833.

"I have never felt the import of the words" (home and family) "so deeply as I now do. Very often it has been a mere form. It is not so now. My heart warms and throbs again and again while I write them. They mean something now. The distance between us seems immeasurable. I have been just saying to myself, 'What a pity it is that we must separate thus; that I am to have so few of the pleasures of home. I am not twenty yet (yes, just twenty—I shall be twenty by the time I have finished this letter), and now I have been sent adrift again. I have bid home farewell. We have but a short pilgrimage here; we ought to keep together and cheer each other on the road. But perhaps it is all for our real good, these separations. It is needless to say that the Wilsons were kind, and that I

enjoyed myself very much. I like them better than ever. They were all asking very kindly for you. They seemed very much pleased with our last visit.

"John Russell and George Wilson went to the steamer which sailed from Leith with me. I don't intend troubling you with a long account of the voyage—with notes on the sublimity of the sea and all the rest. We were on the water sixty-three hours, not forty-eight, as they advertise. I was ill one day—nearly the whole day. When we reached St. Katharine's Docks I hired a hackney coach and drove to MacLehose's lodgings. When I arrived I was shown into MacLehose's sitting-room by a couple of little English ladies who looked at me very suspiciously. I was very frank with them, and talked as if I had known them all my life, but they still looked as if all was not right. MacLehose had not told them that I was coming, and they seemed to think I was some sharper. I saw what they thought or felt quite clearly written in their faces, and could hardly keep from laughing. They sent for a young gentleman who is a friend and fellow-lodger of Mac's. He put them quite at ease. That young gentleman took me up stairs to Mac's bedroom, where I shaved and washed, and after finishing these important processes I came down stairs and found tea ready—a great consolation after the fatigues of a journey, that is, if it really be

tea; your slops I cannot drink. Mac's young friend seems to have right notions on these matters. After tea we walked to Fleet Street, where I found Mr. MacLehose in a book-shop which I daresay you know by name—Seeley's. They publish Cecil's *Remains*—a book you are very fond of—but which, as you know, I cannot bear. I don't like any man who speaks stupidly of Shakespeare, especially when he has pretensions to culture. It was by this time about seven o'clock. MacLehose, who is one of the kindest-hearted young men, left business and came out with me. He took me to the Row. I was anxious to see all the Houses. The names were quite familiar to me. I called at Longmans' to see a young Glasgow man, named Murray, brother to Murray of Glasgow. He was not in. He had gone home. We also went home—for MacLehose's lodgings were a home to me—stood in the place of a home. He is very kind. I spent a very pleasant night with him. You know that I am a most anxious-minded creature. I had scarcely arrived when I began to be afraid that I should never get a situation. Mr. Mac. told me to keep my mind quite easy for at least a fortnight. Then I might begin to feel anxious—not before. This only increased my misgivings. But to proceed.

"Next morning, about nine o'clock, I put my letters of introduction in order and commenced my campaign. I determined in the first place to

call on Mr. Dyer. I did so. He read Mr. Barclay's letter, said a word or two to me in a rather cold formal way—at least I thought so. He gave me a little religious advice. I had been thinking very seriously. This advice disgusted me—not what he said, but the way he said it. There is a great deal of humbug about religious people. I wish they would all be manly and frank and open and give up using slang phrases. These disgust me. I daresay Mr. Dyer is a very nice man. I daresay he is a clever man. You gave me such a very fine account of him—'the prince of the Baptists.' Very likely he is all this, but I don't like him. He treated me as if he really were 'the prince of Baptists,' the King of the Cannibal Islands, or something equally grand. But to return. When this 'prince of Baptists' had read the letter and given his advice, he tore off a part of Mr. Barclay's letter and wrote a note to Mr. Wightman, inclosing this part of Mr. Barclay's letter. I called on Mr. Wightman with this document. He said that he knew of no situation in town, but he knew of one in Cambridge, and that the Cambridge gentleman, who was a friend of his, would be in town next day. He desired me to call then. I promised to do so. I called on Mr. Murray at Longmans', and delivered his brother's note. This Mr. Murray is a good-natured, ruddy-faced youth, and seems to enjoy most excellent health. It was really pleasant to look on him.

which I did most attentively while he read his brother's note. He said that he was sure they had no vacancies at present in Longmans'. I told him that I had several letters to the house, and one most flattering one to young Mr. Longman. He said that I might deliver them, but he was quite sure that there were no vacancies at present. He wished me to wait for him and he would take me round the trade. He was collecting. If I went out with him he would talk over matters with me. I did not expect much light on any subject from this good-natured worthy, but still I accepted his offer. I knew he could tell me the best time to find Mr. Green disengaged, and attending to his advice on this point, I called on Mr. Green about one o'clock. Mr. Green is a most active, bustling, business man, very laconic, very blunt. I was rather pleased with him. He lost no time in opening and glancing at my letters and in saying in a very quick, rapid way, but not altogether unpleasant manner, 'All that I can say to you, Mr. M., is that you may leave me your address and a specimen of your penmanship, and if we should require any one I will send for you, but at present I see small chance.'

"Young Mr. Longman was not at home. He was not expected till Friday. What was I to do in the meantime? Should I call on any one else, or wait his return? It is an easy thing to depress me. I felt dreadfully depressed. Tears relieved

me. Prayer relieved me. Prayer seemed to me a more real thing than ever. I hope that some permanent impression may be left on my heart. I hope that all these thoughts and feelings will not pass away when I get into the bustle of business.

"I then called on Orr and Smith, but did not find them in. I spent the rest of the afternoon in going round west with Mr. Murray. I called on Cochrane and Macrone in Waterloo Place. Mr. Macrone was not in. Here again I was disappointed. When I got back to the Row I called at Simpkin and Marshall's. . . . I was throwing out feelers, intending to lay hold of what yielded most promise. Neither of the managing men in this hard-working house could be seen. I called back in half-an-hour and saw Mr. Marshall, who told me to call again in the morning. I then called on Tegg. He was not at home. I then set off to Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, to see Mr. Macrone, and, as luck would have it, I found him at home. He was most pleasant. I had a long chat with him. He encouraged me—said I was sure to get on. He knew me in Glasgow when he was down there in spring, and Atkinson's letter to him was very flattering. He said that if I did not succeed with Longman or Simpkin he would write to all his friends in the book trade. It was now about seven o'clock. I walked to the Row again to see Mr. Murray. He insisted on my going with him to his lodgings, where we had tea. I then made the

best of my way to MacLehose's lodgings. Thus began, and thus ended, my first day's labours in London.

"Next morning (Thursday) I called on Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall. I did not find Mr. Marshall at home. I called again in about half-an-hour, found Mr. Marshall, talked with him for five minutes; he offered me a place in their house, salary £60 a year. He was anxious that I should engage for a year, said they were very much troubled with young men coming for a month or two and then leaving. I said that if he could give me anything to do I would begin at once, but would not decide until I had seen what I had to do, whether I was fit for it, how they were pleased with me. This was about half-past eleven. I began at once, made out invoices and the like, with the slight interruption of dinner and tea; continued till ten at night. They were very busy, and the young men were a rough set of fellows. I was told that they would be there on Friday night very late—that it would most likely be two or three on Saturday morning before they left, and that they would be there till five or six on Sunday morning, that it always is so about 'Magazine time.' This would not do for me at all. I should not like it. I could not stand it. I might learn a great deal about business, but my health, moral and physical, must suffer, must give way.

"At tea-time I called on Mr. Wightman. He said, 'I wish you had called a few minutes sooner; Mr. Johnson from Cambridge has just gone out; I have spoken to him about you. He wants to see you. Call to-morrow morning at nine o'clock.' This was a sort of dim hope to cheer me. The idea of living in Simpkin's was intolerable. It almost crushed me through the earth. All the way from Stationers' Court to Goswell Road was sprinkled with tears. These were a relief to me —these and prayers—such half-articulate prayers as I could give utterance to. At that hour the passers-by could not notice me. I certainly did not notice them, except when I was stopped and spoken to by the poor and unfortunate. These I could have taken and pressed to my heart. Ah me! what a world we live in! Thus ended my second day's work in London.

"Next morning, at nine o'clock, I called at Wightman's. Mr. J. had not come. They expected him every minute. I kept hanging on in the most fidgety state till an hour elapsed. Just as St. Paul's struck ten in came Mr. Johnson. Mr. Wightman thinks highly of him. He is a member of a Baptist Church at Cambridge. We talked for some time. He looked up in my face as if he were frightened. I don't know how I looked, but I did not feel the least fear. He said he would give me £30 a year, and I was to board with the family. We were both to think of it. We parted

undecided. He wished me to call back on him that evening. It was now eleven o'clock. I did not like to go back to Simpkin's at that hour. I did not like to leave without saying anything. I kept hesitating; at last I made up my mind.

"It seemed to me better to accept the Cambridge situation than to stay with Simpkin; (1) because the salary was better, and (2), because the work was easier; (3) I did not like the lodging system of London as far as I could see of it. I did not like dining at chop-houses and taverns—the whole system takes away even the appearance of 'a home.' As far as acquiring knowledge of business is concerned, I fancied one might learn something in Cambridge if one tried.

"After this I called on MacLehose. Told him how things stood. He thought I ought not to go to Simpkin's; that I ought to take the Cambridge situation; it would be much more suitable than the Row.

"But I still had a hankering for London. I thought I should like Longmans' house. I therefore called at Longmans', and found that young Mr. L. had returned. I delivered Mr. Atkinson's letter of introduction. He read it, and said that he was so much pushed with one thing and another, this being Magazine time, that he could say nothing till Monday. He believed, however, that they had no openings, no vacancies at present.

He would be glad to see me on Monday, if I did not hear of something before that time.

"Here I was oddly situated. I should like to stay in London. I should above all things like Longmans', but still, this is only an uncertainty. I might miss Longmans'. Young Mr. L. might not be able to do anything for me. If I could get Johnson to wait till Monday, thought I. But he might wish me to decide at once. And then, of course, what could one do? 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'

"I now had nothing to do but wait. My mind was in the most restless state. I could not tell what made it so. Old sins kept stalking before me. I was miserable. I walked about the streets, but saw nothing. I was jostled on the streets, yet I saw no face that I cared about, scarcely noticed those who pressed on me. The strangeness of everything increased my misery. I prayed. I tried to pray. I thought. I tried to think, my mind was a strange whirlpool. I could look at nothing. I could only weep, and try to pray. I do hope that these things will leave some powerful and permanent impression on my mind and heart. What a wonder the world is, what a mystery man is! But to leave all this and to proceed with my story.

"I then went to my, or rather, to MacLehose's lodgings, and wrote all that precedes this—a good afternoon's work. This brought many things to

my recollection. I spent the rest of the time in looking backward and forward. A serious night. Thus ended my third day's work in London.

"I went to bed before MacLehose came home. I had scarcely fallen asleep when he came to my bedroom with a letter from Johnson saying that he had decided on giving me the situation; and that I was to call on Mr. Wightman in the morning and he would tell me anything further I might wish to know.

"I did call in the morning (Saturday). He said that I was to write to Johnson on Monday to say when I should be with him. I did not feel myself at all bound to go to Cambridge, if I saw anything better—if I could get into Longmans'. I now had an opportunity of being able to see young Longman before I wrote to Johnson.

"In all things, now and hitherto, I feel that God has been infinitely kind to me. The very opposite of what I deserved. I wish ever to feel this.

"I was very much surprised to see that all I had read about a London Sunday is quite true. The gin-palaces are most wonderful. It looks singular to us to see people walking about with fruit-baskets, calling out what they had to sell, just as they do in Irvine on a fair-day.

"This is Monday morning. I am now going to call on young Longman. If they have no place for me, then I shall write to Johnson at once. Perhaps Cambridge will be best for me. If so all

other places will be closed against me. Wightman speaks highly of Johnson. He is a member of a Baptist Church. I am to live in the house. I am to go with his family to this Baptist Church. You will be pleased to hear this. The salary is not large, but I am very young. I shall be able to save at any rate ten or twelve pounds a year. I feel in a very saving humour at present. But, nevertheless, if you should ever want anything which I have, it will be at your service immediately. You know this. However, I must not talk about these things now. I must go to Longmans'. I hope God will lead me in the way that is right. Lead me to seek the kingdom of Heaven; whatever be my troubles, whatever painful things I may have to endure. I must just put down my pen and think of this for a few minutes before I go out.

"I have just returned from Longmans'. Young L. was very civil, but they had no opening; he promised to do what he could for me, to recommend me, and so forth. Therefore, you see, I must go to Cambridge. I shall now write to Johnson. On the whole, I really do think Cambridge is best for me—will be best for me ultimately. I did not wish to go there. God knows best. I ought to feel quite submissive, quite pleased, deeply grateful for all that He hath done for me, and cheerfully go where He leadeth me. It is strange to see how few things turn out as we design them, but doubtless they are all designed and projected

by One infinitely wiser than we are. I ought to rejoice that it is so.

"Well, then, you now see that I go to Cambridge. In the meantime, as I feel myself quite settled, I feel quite at liberty to see all the lions of London. It is now half-past eleven. I am just going to see what can be seen, for though I have passed along London streets, from east to west, I have been quite blind to anything but the work before me. The work now before me is sight-seeing. I will do my best to see everything. My eyes will be the clearer because they have been resting. I must stop. A young friend of MacLehose's, who comes from Glasgow, is to go with me. He also wants to see all the sights. He is now waiting for me. Good-bye for the present. I will tell you what I have seen when I get back to-night. Good-bye.

"I have just returned. I wish to get this inclosed in the magazine parcel to-night, and must therefore lose no time. I have seen St. Paul's; been in the dome of that 'great building.' I have been at the Coliseum and at the Zoological Gardens. This was my day's work. . . .

"My health is better than when I left; it could not be better. I like this London. When you have read this please to send it to Malcolm. I shall send him a short note by post when I reach Cambridge, or a few days after. I should like this to be in his hands by that time."

"*September* 30, 1833.

"The top of St. Paul's. What a sight! To see all London, even its highest spires, under one's feet, to think of the many thousand souls that are busy in that mighty mass of brick; the number of sailors who are now busy among yon forestry of masts; the numbers who are dying: the numbers who are just entering upon life. To think of those who are enduring pain, and those who are enjoying pleasure: of the villains, and the saints: the active and the indolent: the virtuous and the vicious: the pious and the profane: the prodigiously rich and the miserably poor: the noble and the mean, who inhabit or infest that marvellous and mighty place, improving or injuring its morals, saving or destroying its souls. It is awful beyond description. I can hardly bear it."

Two days after the dispatch of this letter he started for Cambridge to take up his post of shopman to Mr. Johnson at £30 a year, travelling down to that town by coach, greatly delighted with "the clean neat English villages and villagers, the beautiful lawns and trees and old mansion-houses." The only drawback, indeed, was a charge of 6*s.* for his trunk before he can get it to Mr. Johnson's residence in Trinity Street.

Here he falls to work with a will, his hours

being from 7.30 A.M. to 7 P.M., often longer, in the shop. The stock is large and mostly classical, to which he has not been used, but he has no doubt of mastering it, and knowing all about each book before long. Meantime he delights in his master and mistress, of whom he writes to his brothers :—

"They are nice folks, so pleasant, so kind, so pious, so everything that I could wish. I can scarcely think my present state real, it is so strangely sweet—I say strangely sweet, because it is a strange thing for me to be with a master who tells me everything that can aid me in getting a knowledge of my business, and who does all he can to make me happy. All that I now want is a participation of what makes him (*i.e.* Mr. J.) so happy, viz., religion.

"The plan of stopping with your employer, if he is a good one, is by far the best—at least I think so.

"I breakfast with him at eight o'clock; dine (and fine dinners we have) at one P.M.; take tea at five P.M.; sup at nine; and then we have the pleasure of conversation at dinner and other meals, and of family worship. These are no small pleasures, I can assure you."

These pleasant relations with his employer lasted through the whole three years of his first

sojourn at Cambridge. At the stock-taking of October, 1834, at the end of his first year, he was proud to write that he knows about every book in the shop, and is master of the trade. In the interval he has experienced "that change which is termed emphatically the new birth," and has joined the Baptist community, of which Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are members, not, however, without sidelong glances at the "splendid chapels" of the colleges, in which he occasionally attends "the most imposing worship you can conceive."

But the "new birth" had not come without sore travail; never, I presume, does come otherwise. During these months though externally comfortable and happy, working with pleasure at the routine of the business, he was sorely tried and "struggling hard with all sorts of doubts and fears: above all," as he himself says, in recalling this time in after years, "with Calvinistic cobwebs." He pours out his trouble to his brothers Malcolm and William in long letters, a mixture of painful self-questioning and longing for home sympathy. Such struggles honestly told are always full of deep human interest.

"It is little more than ten years since my father died. I am now twenty. It appears to me a prodigious time since his death. My thoughts, my feelings, my mode of looking at the world—everything is now so very different; and yet I remember

what all these were as distinctly as if it had been yesterday. Many things, most things, which have happened in the interval are all quite forgotten, but *that one* stands out most distinctly. It was a most beautiful Sunday afternoon, I well remember; mother and all the family standing round his bed. I remember how he looked on us all. He seemed to have no fear for himself, or for us, though our outlook was far from being bright. We all felt quite sure that our father was going to Heaven; that God was with us then; that God would always be with us. I felt quite sure of it, felt as if God were holding me up and cheering my heart. We all felt so. We really did feel *strong in the Lord.*

"Now, when all things are uncertain and confused, when I can neither look steadily at myself nor at society without agony, it does cheer me to look back to my father's death-bed. Then my heart had no fear, my mind no doubt, no sceptical confusions; then this life did appear a God-appointed pilgrimage, through which God was leading us for our own good and His glory. The only poetry I knew was the poetry of the Bible and a few old ballads. I remember how that beautiful paraphrase used to hum itself through my mind, *O God of Bethel, by whose hand Thy people still are fed.* It seemed to me as if some unseen spirit were cheering me. A miracle was nowise a surprising thing to me. I felt that

God was now most wonderfully upholding our own family, and all families, all beasts and birds, all trees and herbs of the field.

"What a difference ten years have made! Byron, David Hume, Gibbon, Paley, Sterne, Fielding, Swift, and innumerable novels, plays, and theological productions, have unhinged my mind. My reading has been altogether without order. Whatever came first to hand was greedily devoured. The result is a horrid chaos of the most undigested and contradictory notions.

"I have cast Byron away with indignant contempt. The *Life* by Moore filled me with much deeper disgust than Hunt's book. Poor Byron! He never seems to have loved any one. No one seems ever to have loved him heartily. There is a most hateful sense of hollowness running through these letters. To me the never-ceasing witticisms, the everlasting tittering and smirking, is most loathsome. He was not even a hearty sensualist.

"What sympathy could Shelley's sincere and holy nature have with Byron? I still hold out for Shelley. The *Prometheus Unbound* is a noble utterance of his most noble nature. I am far from imagining that he has solved the dreadful enigmas of life. If he had! I cannot but admire him heartily for the firm faith he has that Right will at last prevail, that wrong will not be everlasting."

His brothers help him as they can, with advice as to books to read, and other recommendations. He is always grateful for their letters.

"*October*, 1833.

". . . . Words cannot describe my gladness when I received your letter. No one can conceive the pleasure which a letter from a brother gives to one who feels himself 'a stranger in a strange land.' You may be inclined to laugh at me for counting the miles between us, but I cannot help it.

"I really must confess that I don't like either Newton or Doddridge. They make me gloomy. It is painful to read them. I feel it so. I don't blame them. I only state the fact. Erskine" (Thomas Erskine of Linlathen) "and the author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm* and a book called *Saturday Evening* assist me greatly; and truly I need assistance. What a strange confused thing theology seems to me."

"*November*, 1833.

"I am not sure about what you said of my joining a church. I will think of it. I must say that at present I have no partiality for any sect of Christians. The very fact of there being sects confuses me. I hope God will direct me in the right way."

"*December*, 1833.

"With regard to Scott and Newton, whose writings you recommend, if I have said anything *against* them I am sincerely sorry. I should think it very wrong to do so. They have done much good. I *dare* not say anything *against* them. *That* would be very foolish; it would be very irreverent. Yet I really do feel that their theology, though 'not a false—thank God—is but a theology that is confused, entangled, imperfect, gloomy.' At any rate it entangles me, it confuses me, it makes me gloomy."

A little later, the exact date not given, the following short entry occurs in his journal:—

"This day I was baptised. I professed to die unto sin and rise again unto righteousness. May this be a true profession."

From this December, 1833, things spiritual took a more cheerful turn, and "Calvinistic cobwebs" ceased to trouble him seriously.

Meantime experience in business grows, and with it his estimate of the meaning and dignity of a bookseller's business rises steadily. He pours out his scorn to MacLehose (on hearing of the defection of a young Scotchman), upon "those of our profession who degrade themselves by becoming waiters, clerks, policemen, and the like."

He has frequent visits to Arran, in his dreams, but whether these dreams of home bring more pleasure or pain, can scarcely decide. They at all events lead him to value Campbell's "Soldier's Dream" as of incomparable beauty.

He is faithful in urging his friend MacLehose to join a Church: indeed, from this time a deep religious tone underlies all his journals and correspondence, but free from the stereotyped phrases and sentiments which give an unreality to most evangelical confessions. He is eager and grateful for news of the young Scotchmen in the Row and elsewhere in London, in all of whom he takes the warmest interest; and for the Scotch newspapers which his friend forwards, and which he cares much more for than he did at home.

Cambridge is a pleasant town, and he is making many friends; but still at the end of the first year his heart is still in London, and he finds that here there is no active bustle, so "that one cannot acquire those habits of activity so useful to young men."

No opening, however, occurs, and he spends a second year at Cambridge, still on the old salary of £30. It proves a sad one to him, for in May he hears of his mother's illness and in August of her death. He has been unable to get to her death-bed, and the thought troubles him sorely, and tries his faith severely for the time. He does not, however, regret that he cannot now go "home.

Home (if one who has neither father nor mother may talk of home) has few attractions for me now."

His eagerness to know everything about books new and old increases, and the results of his voracious reading become more apparent. His letters to MacLehose are full of criticism and comment, and he is never tired of recommending his favourite authors—Jeremy Taylor, Landor, Carlyle, and above all, Leighton ("I wish you would read him; I don't know any writer equal to him. What are your Bickersteths, and Bridges, and Jowetts?"). But he can scarcely be roused to any interest in party politics, though just now the kingdom is still in the throes of the Reform crisis. He himself is a Conservative, "Conservatism and Toryism being entirely distinct, and Tories the true destructives." He does not think the Government will be turned out, though Abercromby, the candidate of the Opposition, has been chosen Speaker, which he is glad of as a Scotchman. A month later, to falsify his forecast, the change has come: "However, I am no politician, and scarcely ever read a newspaper, but don't see why you need boast" (his friend being an exulting Liberal), "for the Whigs threw out Sir R. Peel by votes, not by argument. You may as well avoid politics, as I can't comprehend them."

At the end of his second year he is still unable to move, and agrees with Mr. Johnson to serve him for yet another at an increase of £5 on his

salary. "I could not bear the idea," he writes to MacLehose, October 8, 1835, "of beating up for a higher salary, because I thought he ought to be the best judge of my worth. £35 is certainly less than I expected, and, I think, less than I ought to have; but nevertheless I don't see the good of annoying myself for the sake of a little pelf. Besides I am at present quite poor, in fact I am a little in debt, but I hope that by next year I shall have as many sovereigns as will enable me to venture to London without hesitation. You are the only person to whom I have related this last circumstance, and I have done so in confidence." . . . "I am really obliged to you for telling me how to spell parcel. I indeed thought that 'cil' was the right method, just because the 'cel' is pronounced as 'cil' is in council and many other instances. I shall esteem it a favour if you mention any similar errors when you notice them in any of my future letters. I hope it will be but seldom."

Much as it went against the grain to remain at Cambridge, the comparative leisure which his work there allowed, gave him opportunities which he could scarcely have got elsewhere. His journal and note-books are now full of thoughts and rules "on study and reading," on "meditation and reflection," "fixing the attention," "enlarging the capacity of the mind," "improving the memory," "determining a question," &c. Interspersed with

these are extracts from authors he is reading, from Milton, Andrew Marvel, Voltaire, Gibbon, Boileau, Tasso, Virgil, Landor. His range widens constantly, and he not only reads and extracts, but criticises, sometimes in his own words, sometimes condensing from others.

He is particularly fond of short aphorisms, such as that which Landor puts into Lord Brooke's mouth, "ambition is but avarice on stilts and masked," and on the whole is reaching out on all sides more and more methodically for culture and knowledge, with the constant aim of qualifying himself more thoroughly for the highest walks in his business of bookseller, as well as educating himself as a man.

At the end of his third year he feels that the time has come for leaving Cambridge. He quits it with regret, having had much to encourage him and much to be thankful for. He had made many friends amongst the reading men who frequented the shop; indeed there are slight indications of jealousy on the part of his employer on this account. The rising men in the university often passed Mr. Johnson's desk to consult the Scotch shopman as to their purchases, or to talk over books with him. I am allowed to cite one of the most distinguished of these, the Dean of Chester, who says, "I used constantly to go after Hall to talk to him about books, and what I owe to him in this way is associated with a very

definite impression of his kindliness, ability, and knowledge. Whenever I went to Cambridge afterwards, I was always glad of the opportunity of keeping up the friendship." Not the slightest cloud, however, overshadowed his parting with Mr. Johnson.

In January, 1837, after leaving Cambridge, he started for a short visit to Scotland, prolonged to three months by an attack of illness brought on by exposure on the voyage from London to Leith in a small coaster. He was accompanied on board by MacLehose, to whom the following letter describing his voyage is addressed :—

"STEWARTON, *January* 12, 1837.

". . . . When you left me I began to read, and I continued to read till we dined. The table cloth was laid by the cabin-boy, who is a singular animal, with a dirty shirt and a dingy pair of trousers—he has a sovereign contempt for all the other parts of the British costume. The plates which he laid down were clean; the forks were priest-grey; the spoons were something like the knives. The boy, kind creature, cut the bread into slices; and, by way of *orniment*, left the marks of his thumbs on them. The captain had a very delicate stomach. He told me that he had been affected with it for a long time. Poor fellow, I felt for him. His regimen was just suited to his stomach. He took his meals just as

other people do, and in addition to this he took six bottles of porter per day, for his stomach's sake. The first three days of our voyage were very agreeable, though we did not make much progress. On Wednesday afternoon a violent contrary wind rose, which caused the vessel to rock tremendously. The waves swept the decks. The sailors were frightened, I was sick. Things continued in this state for three days. On Saturday night the wind changed; we then made great progress, and on Sunday morning about two o'clock we arrived in Leith. I had been in bed since Wednesday afternoon, and during all that time I had neither broken my fast nor slept, so I was very glad when we arrived. I could not go to Edinburgh till it was light. When I got out of my bed I was so weak that I could not stand. When it was light I hired a hackney coach and drove to St. James's Square. The Wilsons were very kind to me. After I had taken some tea and a glass of brandy I went to bed, and lay till they came back from the forenoon's services. 'Tis needless to be too minute. Mrs. Wilson nursed me for a fortnight as if I had been her own and only son. . . . ."

His recovery was slow, and he had to spend the next two months in Scotland, this time for the most part in towns where he came across numbers of mechanics and weavers, a sad contrast to the

poor peasants of Arran, intercourse with whom had so cheered him three years before. "The discontent of the lower classes is most painful in itself," he writes, "in the form it takes, and the spirit it springs from. How different from the old Covenanter spirit. These Covenanters were most noble. They fought for God's truth, and wished to rid the earth of whatever was an abomination to the Lord. Duty was the highest thing to them, and they struggled hard to obey its behest. Their boldness was not a brutal, vulgar, ignorant temerity, without reverence, without faith, but solemn and noble. I feel sure of this, notwithstanding Sir Walter's graphic misrepresentations. I have often talked with some of the remnant of that old stock, —a few who still keep alive the holy flame,—and know what true refinement lies at the bottom of their noble natures. But, alas, that race is becoming quite extinct. The poor men, the mechanics, weavers, and the like in our towns, care not one farthing for the Covenant, or for those deeper matters of which the Covenant was a symbol. They know nothing about duty, or faith, or God; they care only about their rights; they talk only about reform, universal suffrage, from which they look for justice and deliverance from oppression. They do not look up to God for help in the old-fashioned way. This may be a 'progress of humanity,' and all the rest of that jargon, but I, for one, cannot admire it."

It was not until the end of March that he was able to look out for work again. The first he heard of was the place of shopman to a stationer at Leith at £50 a year, of which he writes to his friend MacLehose:

"26, St. James's Square, Edinburgh,
"*March* 24, 1837.

"I dare say you pity me. You have great compassion when you think of me bewailing with a despairing lamentation the prospect of being obliged to sell paper at Leith, when you think of me receiving a salary of fifty pounds a year while you have more than the double. Well, I must confess that it is a deplorable thing; but yet, it is connected with several circumstances which greatly mitigate the evil. There is the advantage of being near the Wilsons, and this I count a very powerful attraction. By Mr. and Mrs. Wilson I have been treated as a son. By the family I have been treated as a brother. They are people of great intelligence and good sense. Now intercourse with such people improves one very much, and I know few who require the improvement more than I do. . . ."

To which a reply comes offering a situation in Messrs. Seeley's shop. His Leith employer good-naturedly released him from his agreement, and he hastened to London, and was at once installed in Fleet Street.

CHAPTER IV.

FLEET STREET. 1837–43.

THE next six years were spent by Daniel Macmillan in the service of Messrs. Seeley of Fleet Street, at a salary rising from £60 to £130. Twice during these years, in 1839 and 1841, he was obliged to give up all work, and to take some rest in Scotland, chiefly at Edinburgh with his friends the Wilsons. That his employers soon learnt to appreciate him may be inferred from the fact that his place was never filled up during these absences. But excellent as were his relations with the Messrs. Seeley, as they had been with all previous employers, this period was one of much trial and suffering, from weak health, straitened means, and a possibly exaggerated feeling of responsibility for those of his relatives who needed sorely even such help as he was able to give them.

There are signs too in his journal and letters that the position of dependence was becoming very irksome to him, as it must sooner or later

become to every proud and ambitious man, conscious of power and knowledge, but without the means of using them on his own account. He sees how things might be better managed, how openings are missed and false steps made, and frets under that sorest trial of the capable spirit, *πολλὰ φρονέων μηδενὸς κρατέειν.*

As his journal will be drawn upon largely in the following pages it may be well to give at once his own view on the much debated question, whether such a document can be a trustworthy chronicle of a man's own life. The best known autobiographical writings, such as Franklin's *Autobiography*, Rousseau's *Confessions*, Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, and other such works which could ill be spared from literature, certainly leave that question in much doubt. Probably the true answer is that it depends mainly on the nature of the man, and partly on the object he sets before himself, whether he can give a true record of his own thoughts, motives, actions. Readers will judge, each for himself, how far this journal has a true ring about it.

"I kept a journal from the 26th of November, 1832, to the 13th of August, 1834; but fearing that this writing about myself might increase pride and give birth to insincerity, I resolved to give it up and destroy all that I had written.

"Since the 13th of August, 1834, I have thought

several times on the matter. I have thought against journals and diaries; and I have talked against them. But I think differently now. I think they may be abused, and that they are abused; that men and women have filled journals and diaries with nonsense and cant. But yet I think *that* no argument against the thing. Pulpits and platforms are liable to the same abuse. Yet no rational man thinks of overturning or suppressing these modes of propagating religious and moral doctrines and opinions.

"I now believe that keeping a journal does, or may, improve the mind and heart.

"Of course, every one believes that a man ought to ask himself at the end of the day, 'What have I done?' Now, keeping a journal just enables a man to answer that question. In fact, a journal is, or ought to be, the answer.

"I believe that I shall have to give an account of what I have said, or done, or thought. Ay, and of what I have neglected to do. I intend to write this journal as in the presence of HIM who shall be my judge. I hope that He will make me sincere and honest, and that under His blessing this may prove a powerful instrument of self-improvement.

"There are times when my mind becomes very earthly and Sadducean:—when many things appear more attractive than virtue, and more abominable than vice. Well, it does one good, at such times,

to read the notes which were written when the mind was in a healthier state. They bring to one's recollection trains of thought, and gusts of feeling, which tend to extinguish and exterminate whatever is impious and impure: and to excite, animate, and strengthen holy meditation and devout emotion. And, I think, that they lead me, no less, to seek more frequently and more earnestly for that armour which will enable me to repel the spiritual foes which attack me, and repress the treason of my own heart.

"For these purposes I now begin my journal afresh."

From this opening it would seem naturally to follow, as indeed is the fact, that one of the characteristics of this journal should be the frequent occurrence of prayers amongst the record of daily events, quotations from books he is reading, rules for improving the memory and training the intellect, which form its staple. How completely he has delivered himself from the Calvinism and scepticism of earlier days may be gathered from any of these outpourings of a much tried spirit, of which the following may serve as specimens:—

". . . . O Lord, give me a stronger and firmer faith in Thy providence, now that I have to struggle with poverty. O God, do Thou strengthen

and sustain me. May I cheerfully acquiesce in Thy will. May I look on these painful trials as the discipline of a kind and tender Father. May they have their proper effect. Keep me from fretting —from being tossed and disturbed by proud and wicked thoughts. May there ever be a quiet and heavenly calm in my soul. Give me confidence in Thee. O Lord, if it be possible, if it be Thy will, grant that, by some means or other, I may be delivered from this load. If *that* is not Thy will, enable me to endure. It is easier to talk of patience than to be patient. May I really be patient. May I really rest on Thine arm, look up to Thee for support, and enjoy Thy smile; even now, when I am tossed on troubled waters. O Lord, hear me, I beseech Thee, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

". . . . Most merciful God, I implore Thee to keep me from the pressure of worldly care, which disturbs the peace and happiness of man, and often leads to violations of Thy will. O Lord, keep me from this. Though I am pressed under a load of debt, and have sometimes to struggle with hunger, O Lord, preserve me in my integrity. May I never stoop to anything mean. May my morality be stern, dignified, and upright. O Lord God, if it please Thee, release me from my present difficulties. While they last may they give strength and steadfastness to my principles. Keep me from cant and carelessness, haughtiness and sycophancy. . . ."

Looking back on this time he writes:—

"My life has never been an easy-going life. One thing after another has occurred to prevent my enjoying ease and quietness. Some of my friends say that I am too ready to take cares and troubles upon me. Be that as it may, I am always over head and ears with one trouble or another. I am always in debt, though I have no extravagant habits. . ."

Still he feels that he is in his right place. After his absence in Scotland in 1839, where he was tempted to remain by several offers, he writes:—

"I was glad to get back to London again. London seems more of a home to me than any other place. Irvine seemed to me the most desolate of all places. I have no home there now; no mother's fireside. Ah me! . . . . And then, besides that, the condition of my nieces and nephews; and the knowledge of my inability to assist them. All this is very painful to me. I don't think that I shall ever visit Irvine again."

This readiness to take cares and trouble on himself, and his desire to lend a helping hand to his relatives, resulted in much anxiety of mind, and aggravation of his bodily ailments; and at last, in 1840, in a sacrifice which cost him more than all

others. To clear himself of debt and pay doctors' bills, and the expenses incurred in bringing his sister and niece to London, he sold the library of favourite books which he had been collecting all his life, except some few which he could not bear to part with. How the necessity came upon him the following extracts will show. The Misses Nutter referred to kept the boarding house in Hoxton at which he and his brother lodged.

"My brother Alexander was keeping a village school in a place called Nitshill—about two miles from Paisley. Sister Janet was keeping house for him, and a small sewing-school by way of increasing their income. From all I could learn they were not making the two ends meet. It seemed to me that if I could find a place for Alexander in London it would be a good thing. I had scarcely returned when I learned that L. and G. Seeley wanted a young man. I spoke to G. Seeley about my brother; he agreed to take him, his salary to commence with £60. I wrote for him; and he came up, and has been here ever since—doing very well. It is nearly three years now since he arrived here on the 3rd of October, 1839. I think his coming here has been a great blessing to him.

"After I had written for Alexander, it struck me that it would be a pity to leave Janet alone in Glasgow. I knew that her education was very

deficient; and fancied that she might improve it if she came here, and put herself under the care of the Misses Nutter; and that, after being here for half a year or so, she might take a place of some kind where she would be able to support herself. I wrote for her, and she got herself ready as soon as she could, and reached London on the 2nd of November, 1839.

"She had not been here long, when I saw clearly that there was very little chance of her learning much from the Nutters. They did not suit each other at all. I did not know very well how to get rid of these evils. At last I thought of furnished lodgings, and getting my sister to manage for us. We found that furnished apartments near the city, and at all respectable, were very expensive, that the cheapest, easiest, pleasantest, and altogether the best way, was to get *un*furnished apartments, and furnish them ourselves. But how to get them furnished? That was the difficulty. I tried several of my friends to see if I could get the loan of £60. I had about ten of my own. At last I applied to Mr. Burnside" (one of the partners in Messrs. Seeley's house), "and he lent me that sum at once.

"Mr. Edwards, a gentleman to whom we were introduced by Mr. Chapman, did all in his power to help us to buy things wisely. He is a very kind, worthy man, an earnest socialist, a most disinterested man. I am glad that I was introduced

to him. It gave me an opportunity of seeing Socialism on its fairest side, so that I might judge fairly of its operation, its meaning, its tendencies, and, above all, to see the reasons why such men as Mr. Edwards embraced it. This gentleman and his wife were very kind to us; they spared no pains to forward us, and enable us to get good things cheap. In a short time, with the help of these kind people, we got all things together; and on the 9th of March, 1840, we got into rooms at 26, Bartlett's Buildings, for which we were to pay £30 a year. When we got all settled, things looked very pleasant; only Janet seemed rather awkward in her management, at least I thought so. I hoped she would soon get over that. I fancied she was not strong enough for the work. But on the whole, things went on, for a time, very well. I found, however, that our expenses were greater than I expected. I saw plainly that we should never get our debt cleared off unless my salary increased, or Janet found out some more economical mode of managing."

The debts were paid by the sale of his library, and Janet sent back to Scotland. Then the two brothers migrated to a boarding-house in Charterhouse Square. But the consequences of these efforts involved such straitened means that he notes, in the tone of pleasant banter which runs through his journal when dealing with his own troubles,

Mr. William Burnside's habit of asking them to tea with him, "a saving to us which is of consequence to such poor chaps." From the time of his younger brother's arrival in London they were never separated, and the two shared all burthens and all successes as brothers should do. Alexander, he tells his friend G. Wilson (November, 1839), "has to get up at six to be in Fleet Street at eight. While he is dressing and breakfasting, I read some book to him—just now it is *Sartor Resartus*,"—when finished he will send this book to his friend, who must, however remember that it is not a common book to be read in a common way, and he must return it when read. What with brother, sister, niece, with him, and a nephew coming, one can understand the feeling of age which he feels coming on him (October, 1839). "It is scarcely time for me to be an old man yet, but few fathers feel so serious. Were I to die or lose my health, or be thrown out of my situation, why we should all be reduced to beggary in a very short time."

But his many cares do not make him forgetful of his books, and, after repeated applications for a year, he even gets back *Sartor Resartus* from G. Wilson, by the appeal, "If you haven't made it into pipe lights, send it me back, it has become a necessity of life to me."

Sometimes during these years he has thoughts

of leaving London. His friend MacLehose, for instance, now established in Glasgow, writes in 1839 of a place he can have there with a salary of £80.

"This," he comments, "is just what I have: but in Glasgow eighty pounds will go as far as a hundred pounds in London. So in reality, the salary is twenty pounds better. Now, as I am in debt about twenty pounds, this is of consequence to me. But still I don't know how to decide. I am so very comfortable. Mr. Burnside, and his two sons, William and Jacob, are so very kind to me, I should not like to leave them for a trifle. Besides, the Miss Nutters are so very kind to me. I am in all things treated as a brother. I can scarcely expect to be so comfortable if I were to go to Glasgow.

"Then again, I like Mr. Binney's preaching so much. I should be very sorry indeed to leave him. I never met any one whose sermons furnish so many materials for reflection. He has a noble mind: he is so very energetic and earnest: yet his manner is so simple and chaste; so free from all false glitter and show. I never hope to meet with his equal. Yet I should have to give up all this if I left London."

He had joined Mr. Binney's congregation at the Weigh House Chapel soon after coming to town,

and continued to belong to it until 1842. The reasons for his leaving it are given in the following letter to Mr. Binney, which indicates the direction his mind was taking in religious and ecclesiastical matters during these years.

To THE REV. DR. BINNEY.

"*September* 7, 1842.

"I am very sorry that my note should have given you the least thought. My affection, my respect, and reverence, and gratitude, would prevent me from saying anything or doing anything that I fancied would at all disturb your mind. I did compose a longer letter, explaining in as clear and simple a manner as I could the reasons which have made me determine never to go to the Weigh House again: but after looking over it, I sent it to the winds, imagining that it would be wrong and foolish to take up your time with the difficulties of so unimportant a person. I fancied that such a letter would appear laughable, if not to you, at any rate to those who might see it; for I supposed that 'the deacons' would see such things as a matter of course, in virtue of their functions. But here I may be mistaken, because I have only very hazy notions on these matters. This is the true reason of my writing so very short, and, as it appears, so very unsatisfactory a note.

"I wrote that note about four weeks ago. I wrote it with trembling; and when I had written it I could not think of sending it; it was so painful for me to withdraw from all contact (not with the Weigh House, for as no one there ever spoke to me, as I know no one there, and can have no respect or affection for the Church, it costs me no pain to leave it) with the minister of the Weigh House. But I sha'n't dwell on this, lest I should get sentimental. However, on Sunday, August 7th, I forgot to take my ticket to the communion service, and on Thursday last I had to leave town to keep an engagement with a gentleman in Sussex; and as I knew I should not be able to return till after Sunday, September 5th, I felt it necessary to send the note before I left town; because I did not wish to see any of 'the deacons,' especially at a time when I had made up my mind to leave the Weigh House altogether.

"I am afraid that if I proceed to tell you the reasons you will think it a very long and very tiresome story. I will be as short as I can.

"You may remember that in May, 1841, I was very ill. For some time my recovery seemed a very doubtful matter. I think I told you this before. At any rate it was so. I was away from business for six weeks. My doctor was very particular in asking all my habits; how I felt this day and that day. I mentioned that I was always poorly on Mondays. He asked me where I went,

and where I sat. He ordered me not to sit in the gallery, and never to go out to the evening service. I felt sorry to leave a seat which had become familiar to me; besides I did not wish to sit in a different place from my sister and my brother. I took care not to go to the evening service, and often went out of town to spend the Sunday with a friend in the neighbourhood. I found great benefit in this.

"When my sister's serious illness made it necessary that we should give up housekeeping and board somewhere or other, I sold off most of our things, and most of my books, so that I might be able to pay old debts and meet new expenses. This new arrangement placed me in a more comfortable position, but my sister's health being so bad, and she, while in such health, being altogether dependent on me, it became still more my duty to take the greatest care of my health, according to my doctor's recommendation.

"I therefore applied for a seat in the centre of the chapel, but could not get one. I gave up my seat in the gallery, not without pain. As I have not much patience I never could wait for a seat. I could not stand in the aisle till all the regular seatholders had found their places: therefore, though I walked to the door of the chapel with my brother, I generally went to some neighbouring church. I did this even on Communion Sundays. I always found a seat very readily in these city

churches; and very soon the service of the Church became very attractive to me. Its extreme beauty more and more unfolded itself to me. It seemed so true to my nature that my whole heart could find utterance there. This sort of feeling continued for a long time without going further.

"Dissent and Dissenting systems have been for a long time very hateful to me, so extremely repulsive that I kept them out of my mind as much as possible. Even at your communion service this came over my mind so painfully that I could scarcely bear it. It was only my great admiration and love for you that kept me so long: but as I felt that my whole nature revolted from the thing, that it really injured my health, physical and spiritual, I resolved to leave. I have quite made up my mind thus far; what the next step will be is not so clear to me; it is daily becoming clearer. At present I always go to some church on Sunday morning. Last Sunday, I was staying with a gentleman who is a Churchman; and went with his family to the communion service. I thought it most suitable; it is so very serious and solemn.

"By the by, have you ever read Mr. Maurice's book called *The Kingdom of Christ?* I think it a most noble work. It is the second edition which I have read. Some parts are perhaps rather hastily written, but, take it as a whole, it is the fairest and most candid work I ever read on the subject.

"With the warmest gratitude for your kindness, and with every kind wish towards Mrs. Binney and your family,

"I remain,

"Yours affectionately and respectfully,

"D. M."

It is impossible to read this letter without being conscious of the embarrassment of the writer, and a feeling that it is throughout an effort to find some reason for leaving his church which should give as little pain as possible to the minister to whom he confessed such a deep obligation, and for whom he entertained so sincere an affection. No one can doubt that had he told his story to Dr. Binney a seat would have been found for him even in the minister's own pew. And there is an indication of a morbid feeling, which was assuredly no part of the man, in his references to the alleged exclusiveness of the richer part of the congregation. Such exclusiveness is at least as common in churches as in chapels. It would have been more in keeping with the courage and truthfulness of his character had he frankly alleged as the cause of his secession the real reason which is brought in apropos of nothing in the concluding sentences. The gentleman with whom he had been staying, and with whose family he had attended the Communion Service of the Church, was Archdeacon Hare, and his dissatisfaction with Dissent,

which had been growing on him for some years, had been brought to a head by Mr. Maurice's *Kingdom of Christ*. The influence of these remarkable brothers-in-law on D. Macmillan was already strong, and grew stronger year by year, but he never forgot the debt he owed to Dr. Binney, or ceased to speak of him with reverence and affection.

In 1840 his salary had been raised to £130 a year and his brother's to £80, and they were now living well within their means in the lodgings in Charterhouse Square. The time had come in his judgment for an effort at independence, but the difficulties of making it with prudence and any chance of success were great, and it was still two years before the opportunity occurred. His account of it when it did occur, in February, 1843, is as follows :—

"I thought it would be worth while to plant a seed which might grow to something, at any rate by the time Mr. Burnside left the business, and as my brother's salary was £50 less than mine I thought it would be safer for him to manage the concern. I tried to find a shop at the West End, but could hear of nothing under £150, or £200 a year, besides £200 or £300 for what they call the 'coming-in.' And as we had no capital we could not venture on a thing of that sort. About this time, I heard of the shop in Aldersgate Street.

The rent was £45, the fixtures £100. I spoke to Mr. Burnside about it. He promised to lend me £100 any time I should want it. I took the place, and as the landlord knew me, he accepted two bills of £50 at three months and four months for the fixtures, instead of insisting that it should be paid down at once, as is usual. We thus commenced without capital. We were able with ease to pay this £100 as it became due."

The seed was already growing to something by the time the second bill fell due and was paid, in June, 1843, though as yet the profits of the shop were only sufficient to meet necessary expenses.

To J. MACLEHOSE

"57, ALDERSGATE STREET, *May*, 1843.

". . . . We are pushing hard to make a business, and find it very uphill work. If the people had sense they would come to us for books! We could sell them as cheap as any one—and we could give good information on all points connected with books! People would be glad if they only knew. But, alas for their ignorance! . . . ."

But better prospects were now at hand, and a new field was opening which will claim separate mention in the next chapter.

It is mainly from his letters to his friends that

the course of his life must be traced in this as in all other stages, but before turning to them, the testimony may be cited of one who knew him well at this time, as to what manner of man he was in these years of his early residence in London. "He was one of a group of young men of much promise and intelligence," writes Dr. Brodie Sewell, "who resided with us or were frequent visitors at our house. But undoubtedly the men of most mark whom I then knew were David Livingstone and Daniel Macmillan, and although the former has since obtained the greatest celebrity, and even then lived in imagination amongst the Bechuanas, there was a quiet steady reserved thoughtfulness about Macmillan which made all that he said worth hearing, and a general amiability of character which was very winning."

Daniel Macmillan was, as we have seen, from his earliest years intent on self-discipline, and above all on subduing a certain vehemence and impetuosity of character, which he felt to be his besetting weakness. He was still conscious of it on his death-bed, and refers to it in his last pathetic words to his wife. The estimate of so able and shrewd an observer as Dr. Sewell shows, however, that even in these early years this vehemence was well under control.

Other members of the group of young men referred to bear testimony to his uniform cheerfulness, and to the raciness and humour which

ran through his conversation, and made him specially welcome as a companion. This side of his character is difficult to reproduce, but may be inferred from the buoyancy and playfulness of much of his correspondence to which we must now turn.

To GEO. WILSON.

"*February* 13, 1838.

"The list of books you have read since I left Scotland makes me quite ashamed. I don't think I have read so much, though I get away from business so early. I have this excuse, that though it is only seven when I get away it is always very nearly eight before I get home. Then there is tea and some gossip with the Miss Nutters, so that it is getting near to nine before I can take up anything like a book or a pen. Some nights I am kept later. These, however, are very few. Yet though I make all these complaints I have read a good deal more than I can recollect. I could say with Thomas Aquinas that one of the most ambitious of my wishes is that I might be able to understand all that I have read, and remember that which is worth preserving. There is nothing more common nowadays than to see rhetoricians slashing away without mercy at the Angelic Doctor. So common are these flourishes against poor Thomas that I

supposed only half-witted theologians lived in those awful times called the Dark Ages, long before the world had been illuminated by such men as Jeremy Bentham and Geo. Combe. . . . . I now know something of him, and have no sympathy with those who can sneer at a man who, born of a noble family, and enjoying the pleasures of wealth and ease, gives up all and devotes himself to the service of the Church: and more than this, when the fame of his learning had gained for him the admiration of Europe, when bishoprics and the highest offices were pressed upon him, he refused them and remained the great Dominican scholar. His works are in eighteen folio volumes, all of them displaying great strength and acuteness of mind. But I had no idea of his being a man of such tremendous power and compass of intellect as Professor Hampden represents him to have been." Then speaking of a book on education by Isaac Taylor, he says, "There are some very beautiful passages in it. That is a great advantage in his writings. He is not content with leading you through a rich and fertile country, he enlivens the scene with rocks, cascades, and water-falls. I know few writers whose eloquence and poetry charm me so much." . . . "Fine writing has as powerful an influence over me as music. I am as much pleased and excited by Milton's *Areopagitica*, or Macaulay's article on Bacon, as with the

oratorio of the Fall of Jerusalem which I heard at Exeter Hall the other night. . . ."

In this letter and elsewhere there are allusions to writers in the learned languages, of which he confessedly had no knowledge; but few scholars could be more intimate with the classical writers with whom he was in intellectual sympathy. He spared no pains to enter into their thought. Thus in the course of systematic study which he laid down for himself early in his career, he read Homer in three translations, and the Greek dramatists, and was as familiar with Plato as many persons entirely ignorant of Greek and Hebrew are with the Bible.

Another heavy sorrow was now upon him. In the next month his brother William died suddenly at the Baptist College at Bradford, where he had entered as a student. After their father's death, he and Malcolm had acted nobly the part of elder brothers, and their devotion had been rewarded by the gratitude and love of the younger children. Daniel had been summoned to his brother's death-bed, but arrived too late. From Bradford he writes to MacLehose:—

"*March* 17, 1838.

"I don't see how a philosophic theist who rejects revelation and the consolations of the Gospel can get at the attribute of his deity at all. How is it that a young man with all the

virtues which can adorn humanity is subjected for years to sickness and pain, and cut off while yet in the prime of life? I can't see how he, on his principles, can account for that and a hundred such things. I rejoice that my brother, who is now in heaven, held with such vigour and firmness the capital truths of Christianity. They supported his spirit during the whole of his affliction, and by them his spirit is arrayed now that he stands before the throne of God: and, more than this, he was convinced, and I think most rationally, that the power and vigour of his virtues (his holiness) were greatly increased *by* his affliction. The Bible tells us that this is the case. My brother's experience confirmed the statements of Scripture. So thus you see we are convinced that afflictions must be good in their end and aim because we know, *a priori*, from His revelation, that God's character is good—and, of course, that all that He does, or can do, must be good—and not only that, but, *a posteriori*, that they actually *do* produce good fruit in the character of those 'who are exercised thereby,' and I think that we may very safely go still further, and surmise that those who suffer so much are undergoing the discipline which will be necessary to fit them for the highest functions in the 'Heavenly Hierarchy.' I think this exceedingly probable. The thought has in no slight degree tended to lessen the severity of my present trial. As you know already, when I

arrived, the first thing I heard was that my brother was dead. This was very dreadful. It fell upon me like a thunderbolt. I seemed to myself as if I should soon follow him. I had been pleasing myself as I came along by thinking of what I should say to him. I thought of telling him among other things of the kindness of Mr. Burnside, which I shall not speedily forget. But alas! my poor dear brother was gone. His physical frame was there. His spirit was gone. The shadow is still in this shadowy world. The substance is gone to the world of substantial realities. As soon as I recovered from the effects of fatigue, I went to Horton College, where I was most kindly received by Mrs. Acworth, the wife of the president, Mr. Acworth himself being from home. The very great attention which has been paid to my brother and the deep sensation which his death made and makes among his fellow-students and tutors really exceed belief. It is very gratifying to me. I went to see my brother's corpse to-day. I really thought I had firmer nerves. But really it was a heartrending sight. How thin and worn he must have been. How different from what he was five years ago—when I saw him last. Then he had a firm frame and a vigorous eye. It might with truth be said 'there seems to be a glancing spirit in it.' Little did I expect to see that eye so soon shut in death. His forehead seemed a worthy temple for such a soul; and even

now it distinctly tells that it had once an illustrious inhabitant. He is to be buried on Friday. I expect that I shall leave this on Saturday. I shall try for that."

To GEO. WILSON.

"*June*, 1838.

"I lately read a book by Mr. Faber which he calls a *Dissertation on the Mysteries of the Cabiri.* It is one of the most singular books I have ever read. He attempts to prove that most of the ancient mythologies were in their origin commemorative rites of the Noachian deluge. It is very curious to see Bacchus and other worthies of that kind made out to be Noah. Yet that is what he does, and I think he makes it rather probable. The book is diffuse. There is a good deal of repetition. But to me it was very curious and very interesting. If you can meet with it you would find it worth reading. It is in two octavos, but don't be frightened. You can read all that is worth reading in it in a night or two. You will see that 'Lone Isle of the Sea,' the place of my nativity, in a light you have never seen it in before. What he says of the origin of the names of the islands of Arran and Bute is very curious, but I sha'n't say more about it. The book is well worth glancing through when you have a leisure hour, and feel inclined to amuse yourself with the

myths of antiquity. What would the priests of Thebes say if they saw me—a bookseller's shopman—prying into their sacred matters? They would forgive you because you belong to the learned class. But really, I fear that I should be sacrificed to appease the wrath of some of their deities. . . ."

To J. MACLEHOSE.

"172, FLEET STREET, *December* 21, 1838.

". . . . I opened your parcel, and have kept one copy of Hutchinson's life to look at. Mrs. Hutchinson is an admirable and most accomplished woman. Godwin, Disraeli, Foster, Lucy Aiken, Macaulay, and all the writers who have recently sent forth books or reviews on that period, quote largely from this work; with these extracts I have always been delighted. I have often tried, but have never been able to get my hands on it. I was delighted when I saw that Smith had sent out this edition, but very much disappointed when I opened the book itself to see such unreadably small print. If I were buying the book I would prefer giving a shilling or two more and getting larger print. These are much more difficult to read than Child's editions of Milton, Bacon, &c. However, this is not a bad speculation of Smith's. I think it will pay him well. I should think it very likely that

he will reprint Baillie's Letters. Baillie was one of the Covenanting commissioners sent to London to arrange affairs with Charles while the Scottish army was lying in Newcastle. He was also in London during the Civil War. He was sent to treat with Charles at Oxford, &c., &c. All these affairs, and sundry others, he describes most graphically. His description of Wentworth's trial is a fine specimen of his power in this way. But that is not his only praise. A most clear-headed and far-seeing man was this Baillie. In 1644 his clear-sightedness enabled him to descry, far before most other men, what would be the end of the faithless intrigues of Charles.

"If Smith published this book, which I should think very likely, you ought to sell a great many, for Baillie was the commissioner sent by Glasgow College. . . ."

The Hone referred to in the next letter was the compiler of Hone's *Every Day Book;* the staunch old Liberal who earlier in the century had fought the battle of a free press so gallantly, conducting his own case before Lord Ellenborough, and defeating that truculent judge and the law officers of the Crown. He had gone through much variety of social conditions, and was now sub-editing the *Patriot* newspaper, then a prominent Dissenting organ, when, in his visits to Seeley's shop, he met Alexander Macmillan, between whom

and himself a friendship sprang up that led to Hone's occasional visits to their house in Bartlett's Buildings. His story and character greatly interested Daniel, who had seen him at Binney's Chapel, and heard of him from Dr. Binney.

To G. WILSON.

"172, FLEET STREET, *November* 8, 1839.

". . . . The other day, while grubbing among some old book-shops, I saw a book entitled *German Romance* in four vols. post 8vo. One of the volumes contained a novel of Jean Paul Richter's, another the *Travels of Wilhelm Meister*. On looking into the prefaces, lives, notes, &c., I thought I saw Carlyle's hand. The more I read the clearer this got. I asked the price. The old Jew of a bookseller asked eighteen shillings. This I could not afford. Shortly after I was asking a gentleman in Whittaker's about this. He told me that they had a copy very cheap. After haggling a little I got it for a copy of Thomson's works (*Seasons*, &c.) which you saw me with when I was in Edinburgh. This I thought a good exchange. I have not had time to read the books yet, we have been so busy of late, and I have been so much occupied with my family. But by and by, when my children" (referring to his brother and sister whom he had just brought up to London) "are able to take some of my cares upon themselves, and when we are

not so busy, I expect a great treat in these four volumes. They are certainly well translated. Carlyle's knowledge of the language, and what is far better, his being able to enter so deeply into the spirit of the writers, insures that. If you have time, and can meet with the book, I have no doubt but you would find it worth reading. If you were here I would send it to you. I often wish you were in London. Nothing pleases me more than to meet with people who like Carlyle, and I am always very glad to lend them my books.

"What do you think? Here's a joke for *you;* nowise to me. Old Hone when reading a volume of my Carlyle's *Miscellanies* in bed one evening (he is not at all well just now) let the candle fall on it! It is in the most beautiful mess! I have had to cut away all the margin of some parts of it. Dreadful to think of. Old Hone insisted on buying another copy. I would not listen to that. He can't afford it very well. I don't *really* care about it. You will scarcely believe me. It is true, however. This marginless volume of *Miscellanies* will be a kind of remembrance of the good old man when he goes to the land where there are no candles used. . . . The four volume edition of Shelley was sold at Moxon's sale lately at ten shillings and sixpence. However, I resisted the temptation, and intend resisting every such temptation for a long time. . . ."

Within a year Malcolm his eldest brother, on whom he had so long looked as a second father, followed his brother William.

To J. MACLEHOSE.

"54, FLEET STREET, *February* 15, 1840.

". . . . I don't think I should have written to you at present were it not that I wish to send this parcel to my sister Margaret. It contains a piece of common black stuff for what is called a mourning gown. Perhaps you have heard that Malcolm, my Stirling brother, is what is called dead. His earthly life has been for many years a sort of death-struggle which he has now got rid of and become really alive. It is in this light that I now look at it. It came on me first very suddenly and startled me not a little. About ten days ago we had a letter from him. He was then rather better than usual. On Monday last, the Queen's marriage day, I went up to Fleet Street to show my sister our new premises and see what the post might bring. The post was very late. I sent my sister home along with Alexander, but waited for the post myself. When it did come it brought me news of my brother's death. Though long expected, even longed for, it was at last very sudden. The same day on which he died he had been out in the country a few miles. When he

got home he conducted family worship just as usual. In an hour or so after that he had left the temporal and entered on the Eternal.

"I have a great many things to tell you, but cannot at present. Obstructions present themselves on every side: all outlooks are either quite blocked up or chaotic, so that I cannot write clearly on my state and prospects. To me there is no clearness visible. Very shortly everything may be different, and then I shall write you a very long letter—perhaps even before that, just to show you the mountains of cloud, smoke, or adamant which hem me in on every side. . . ."

The Mr. Fraser referred to in the next letter was the publisher and founder of the magazine which bears his name.

"54, Fleet Street, *June* 4, 1840.

". . . What do you think? I have been to one of Carlyle's lectures; my brother Alexander has been to another. I heard the one on Dante and Shakspeare. Alexander heard the one on Rousseau, Johnson, and Burns. Fraser was in our warehouse one day waiting for Mr. Seeley; to keep himself from getting tired he came to my desk to have a gossip. The conversation turned on Carlyle. I chanced to say among other things, that I should very much like to see him. He said if I chose to come to his place in Regent

Street he would lend me his ticket to go to that day's lecture, as he could not go himself. Of course I did not refuse; but, unfortunately, I had to hurry back to let Mr. Burnside go to his dinner. This prevented me from hearing the whole of the lecture. However, I was there long enough to see what his manner of lecturing is, what he is like, and so forth. Have you seen the portrait by Count D'Orsay? That is an excellent likeness. He lectures without notes of any kind, having thrown aside even the piece of paper like a visiting card, which he used to bring with him. He is very far from being a fluent speaker. Sometimes he rises into eloquence and gets applauded; sometimes he comes to a dead stand for want of a word, quietly looking in the face of his audience till he finds the word; sometimes he leaves his sentences in a quite unfinished state, and passes on to something else, *e.g.* speaking of the difference between Dante's time and ours, he said, '*Our* highest has become unattainably high. The apex' . . . here came a dead stop for three or four moments, and at last, not being able to complete his sentence, he goes on to say, '*Our* universe has everywhere expanded itself,' &c. &c. He rarely moves his hands from the sides of his desk. When he does it is to rub his two forefingers along his forehead, just above his eyebrows. This seems to be of great use; enabling him to get on much better; at least I suppose so

because he always said his best things after one or two of these rubs.

"His whole appearance and manner is exceedingly simple. I never saw any one so completely free from anything like pretension. His accent and pronunciation is very broad Scotch, much more so, I think, than Dr. Chalmers's. His dress is plain and simple enough, but no way remarkable.

"It was a great treat to get a sight of such an audience. I never saw so many fine faces. True aristocrats, according to my Radical notion of an aristocrat. There must be great satisfaction to a thinker uttering his thoughts to such listeners. The number, as near as one could guess, was about three hundred. From the lecture-room door to Portman Square was quite lined with carriages. This shows that very many of his hearers belong to the 'influential classes.'

"From what I saw of his lecturing, I should not think that he is very likely to rap the desk with his fists, or anything of that sort. However, one cannot judge from a part of a lecture. My brother says that he was very much applauded several times in the lecture he heard. That he put an end to his lecture very abruptly, and left his hearers laughing at a quotation from Jean Paul.

"Mr. Carlyle sent a ticket to Hone, but he was not well enough to avail himself of this kindness till the last lecture, when a friend took him up

in a coach. This friend of Hone's is acquainted with Carlyle; and after the lecture he introduced Hone. Carlyle said he was very glad to see him; that he used to see Hone's books in his father's house twenty years ago, and so had known him long, though he never had the pleasure of speaking to him before—and so forth. . . ."

To G. WILSON

"54, FLEET STREET, *July* 13, 1840.

"It is amusing to see how much Mr. Seeley, and others of that class, are horrified with a new book of Milman's called 'A History of Christianity for the First Three Centuries.' They are everywhere discovering Socinianism in it. I got the copy which Mr. Seeley had read and marked, and looked through it with some care. I was especially careful when I came to the marked passages, but could not discover any Socinianism, on the contrary, some of the marked passages, called heretical, contained statements running right in the teeth of that heresy. Milman may be a Socinian, but his book does not prove him one. His book is the work of an eloquent, clear-sighted man; and can scarcely fail to make way, unless it gets injured by this 'no-heresy' clamour. I was very much pleased with some of the things I saw in the glance which I gave the book, and intend giving it a glance again when I can spare time. . . ."

Speaking to Geo. Wilson, himself a distinguished chemist, of a series of articles on Shelley in the *New Monthly*—

"These last are excellent. From them it would appear that Shelley was, among other things, a most enthusiastic chemist. I remember your noticing his knowledge of chemistry as seen in one of his poems, *An Epistle to a Lady*. One entire article in the *New Monthly* (1833) is occupied with an account of his expulsion from Oxford; and if this account of a friend is to be trusted, it appears to have been, on the part of the masters and fellows of his college, a most senseless and brutal affair, in every way disgusting. I suspect that his friend Peacock (author of *Headlong Hall*, *Crotchet Castle*, &c.) is the author of these articles; not that I recognise his style, but I don't know any one else with whom he was so intimate.[1] Of those letters lately published by Mrs. Shelley the best are those written to Peacock.

"Did I ever tell you that old Hone's only means of support is doing drudge-work (chiefly reading morning papers, and making selections, and correcting the press) for the *Patriot?* He hates the paper and dislikes the kind of work; but what was the poor man to do? Now, however, some good friends have resolved to get him rid of his

[1] The article was by Thomas Jefferson Hogg, the friend and biographer of Shelley, not by Peacock.

burden, or, as he puts it, 'to send the old horse to grass.' Binney, who is a noble, generous-hearted fellow, is at the bottom of this. . . ."

To J. MACLEHOSE.

"*July*, 1840.

"Have you read Mrs. Hutchinson's Life of her Husband. If not, *do* read it, and above all get your 'Lady-Love' to read it. It is one of the most charming books that ever was written. Every lady with a heart in her ought to read it. . . .

"You ask what of matrimony? You don't want me to write an essay on its advantages. Then you don't expect that I am ever to get married. I can love *only once!* To be grave, which is natural to me, let me tell you, that *when* I have got all these youngsters fairly on their feet, *when* I am clear of debt, *when* I am rid of all incumbrances, *when* I have saved some money, *when* I can afford it, I intend *looking out* for a wife; and *when* I do get married I shall send all the youngsters adrift, and let them guide and shift for themselves. You will say 'YES, WHEN?' Well, I say no more."

His friend David Watt went to India as a missionary early in 1841. Daniel writes, with a parting gift of books:—

"I heartily wish you farewell. May all your reading and reflection bring you into closer com-

munion with God, and into a nearer resemblance to Him who is your pattern, your Saviour, your Master, so that your faith, love, purity, may be confirmed, strengthened, increased. May God be with you and bless you, support, strengthen, encourage, guide, instruct you; increase your zeal, your simplicity, your singleness of purpose, your wisdom, your charity, as a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

From this time he keeps his friend well supplied with theological and literary news.

To Rev. D. Watt, Benares.

"*April* 30, 1841.

"Among all the things occupying the attention of the public stands out Tracts for the Times, Number XC. This tract pretends to be a defence of the 'Articles,' but is in reality a series of glosses of the most Jesuitical sort by which the author tries to make out that a man may be three-fourths a Papist and still sign the 'Thirty-nine Articles,' and remain in the Church of England.

"This has called forth remonstrances from a number of the 'Heads of Houses,' &c., in Oxford, letters and pamphlets innumerable (more than one from the author, Rev. J. H. Newman), and a recommendation from the Bishop of Oxford to

discontinue the tracts; and the tracts *are* discontinued. Even the *Edinburgh Review* has a grave article on the subject, supposed to be written by Dr. Hampden, who is expected to be made Bishop of Worcester in the room of Dr. Carr, who has just died. . . ."

To GEO. WILSON.

"54, FLEET STREET, *December* 15, 1841.

". . . Richter says (I speak only from recollection of an English translation of a selection from his works) that sorrow draws towards noble minds as thunder-storms draw towards mountains; but the storms also break upon them; and *they* become the clearing-point in the skies for the plains beneath. . . . The burthen of suffering seems a tombstone hung round us; while in reality it is only the weight necessary to keep down the diver while he is collecting pearls. It is only through suffering that we can be made perfect; and in hard struggles we acquire spiritual strength and spiritual riches. The sufferings of the beautiful soul are May frosts, which precede the brightness of summer, and the riches of harvest: while those of the corrupted soul are autumnal frost, which announce nothing but winter. . . .

"If by sending Landor or any other book, I throw a gleam of warm sunshine on your path I

shall be very glad. I only wish you would not call it generosity, &c. It is no such thing. I make no sacrifice. It gratifies me exceedingly to be able to show in this, or in any other way, my affection and respect for you, and for all your family, whose kindness to me when sorrow lay heavy on my heart and softened it, made an impression which nothing can eradicate. Ah! that *was* generosity! . . .

"Two young friends of mine—one a Scotchman, and the other an Englishman—who have gone out to India as missionaries, were persuaded by me to take all Carlyle's works, and Landor's Conversations, and Coleridge, and Wordsworth. They were not at all sure of the two former: but I urged them; and now they have written home for their portraits, and given me a standing order for anything they may write. I am sure these two worthies, Landor and Carlyle, are greatly indebted to me for increasing their fame and selling their books!

"Just think, *Pericles and Aspasia,* sold off by auction! What an indication of the taste of our times! I bought twenty-five and sold nineteen, which left me with six copies, besides gaining a profit. . . .

"I saw, about a fortnight ago, a note from the publisher of the *Westminster Review,* in which he said that he expected an article from Carlyle in the next number 'On the Philosophy of Toys,'

a sort of following up, perhaps, of 'The Philosophy of Clothes.' We shall see when it comes. . . .

"For my part I have a quiet enough life of it here. I might grumble sometimes, but don't see any good in that. And, on the whole, have little cause. I never want anything that I really need. As for the shows of respectability I have none of them, and don't care for them. I have more books than I have time to read. This *time* I feel the sorest want. The best of my hours are spent in the merest drudgework; which, however, becomes dignified when I look on it as DUTY. . . ."

In spite of the trouble and anxiety of former experiments in this direction, he was now bringing up another nephew to London. His friend MacLehose, from whom he had not had any answer to several letters, had received the boy in Glasgow, put him on board the steamer with full instructions, and paid his fare to London.

To J. MACLEHOSE.

"54, FLEET STREET, *June* 22, 1842.

"I am in no humour for scolding, blowing up, twitting, and that sort of thing. I did not intend writing to you till I should be in a bad temper; but I have become so amiable, there seems no hope of that. The thunder-storm weather was stirring up my bile, I was getting quite cross, getting my anger

up to the 'sticking-point.' I was just ready to shoot, when my nephew arrived. He showed me the note of directions you gave him, told me of all your kindness. This made me ashamed of myself and quite destroyed my bile; brought me back good old MacLehose with his kindness, his heartiness, disinterestedness, the same good old *reality*, who was becoming a kind of a shadow to me, or little more. There he is again, not talking, but *doing* something for *you*. What! could you fire at him as he stands there in his own native prompt obliging way, not sparing himself, and making no fuss about it? No. And yet if he ever allows himself to fall behind a cloud and become shadow-like again, I will have a shot at him."

To Rev. D. Watt, with book parcel in which Daniel has inclosed pamphlets not ordered by his friend, but which he thinks of great merit, and is circulating wherever he can find an opening for them—

"54, FLEET STREET, *August* 31, 1842.

". . . . I need scarcely say anything in way of apology for sending Mr. Scott's little tracts. I am sure you will feel thankful that I have brought you into contact with such a mind. He is a Scotchman; was at one time a curate, or assistant, to Mr. Edward Irving; he left the Kirk in consequence of some scruples with regard to

its doctrines; did not see clearly what second step to take; underwent many hardships, and is now in Woolwich, where he preaches on Sunday and lectures on Wednesday evening. He seems to occupy a singular, insulated position, and is only feeling his way; I should like to see his next step. I should think it will very likely be into the Church of England; I hope so. I have heard him deliver four lectures on the Reformation. I never heard or read anything on the same subject at all equal to them. His many-sidedness is really wonderful. But you will be able to form some notion of him from these tracts. Be sure you lend them to Mr. Kennedy, he will be proud of such a man as his countryman. He is, I think, second to few men of our time or any time. It was by the merest chance I heard of him. I saw a syllabus of a course of lectures he was to deliver in the same place where Carlyle lectured. Shortly after I saw his two lectures on 'Schism' announced. My brother and I went. We were surprised, not only at his depth and clearness, but that so noteworthy a man should be so little known. I immediately procured his lectures on 'The Social Systems of the Present Day,' and after reading them attentively my reverence for the man greatly increased. Just at this time the death of that noble-minded and noble-hearted man, Dr. Arnold, so sudden and so unexpected, fell heavily on the heart of all those who feel an

interest in the welfare of our country, and know the value of a true priest. It really was cheering to me at such a time to learn that we had another noble-hearted, truth-loving man—as yet scarcely known.

"You may remember that in the first letter Hare sent me (which you saw), he mentioned a book by Mr. Maurice, on *The Kingdom of Christ.* It was then out of print. I could nowhere meet with it. However, a new edition has now come out, very much altered and improved. I borrowed it merely with the intention of looking through it; imagining that it was some High-Church half Puseyite book, which would do very well for Churchmen, but of no value to one who had said good-bye to all parties. I looked into this part, and then into that, and in a very short time found that he was no common man, that he dwelt in a higher, purer, clearer region than that of party. I found it to be a book that I could not live without. I have learnt much from it, but don't expect to master it for many a day. It is a most extraordinary book. For calmness, for candour, for insight, I have never seen anything on the same subject equal to it. If it were not so large and so expensive a book (2 vols. post 8vo., price £1 1s.), I would send you a copy. I am not sure that it would *quite* please you. I will try to give you some notion of the book. He expounds the *idea* of the Holy Catholic Church;

and answers all the objections of the Quaker, the pure Protestant, the Rationalist, the Philosopher, the Romanist, severally. It is in this part that he most conspicuously shows his honesty and insight. He first states their objections, just as an able man of either of these parties would state them. Here he is most wonderfully fair, nowhere that I could perceive, distorting, or in any way exaggerating their views, but rather striving to put them in the best light. After he has done so he proceeds to show the truth that lies in them—judging that when he has seen the truth and life which gave birth to the system, he will be in a better position for seeing what is worthless in it; having laid hold of the seed-corn he blows away the chaff. He is no iconoclast. For instance, in answering the objections of the Unitarians, he proceeds to show what good feeling it was that gave birth to the system, to show the invaluable good which lies in their positive doctrines, and the utter worthlessness of the mere negations of the system, and how these negations well-nigh neutralize the good. But I must stop, because I feel I cannot do Mr. Maurice justice. However, if you see the book lightly spoken of, or spoken against, in any review or other periodical, pray keep your judgment in suspense. I think it in every way an admirable book; and just suited to meet the wants of our strange distracted time. . . ."

To GEO. WILSON.

"54, FLEET STREET, *December* 10, 1842.

" . . . I heartily thank you for the interest you have taken in what I said of going into business, for speaking to Dr. Day; and Dr. Day for promising his support. I should really like to do so; and have no doubt of being successful if I could begin, but there seems one rather important obstruction at the outset, namely, the want of cash. I live in hope that the cash will be forthcoming some day or another, at any rate before your book is ready, which I *should* like to publish. I do *think* about the thing, quite seriously, and must soon begin to try what can be *done*. . . .

"Of course you have seen Landor's Conversation in *Blackwood*. What a queer fellow Landor is! After doing all he could to raise Wordsworth into fame, then doing all in his power to run him down. Did you ever see his 'satire,' in which he so fiercely attacks Professor Wilson and Mr. Wordsworth? He seems to have forgiven the Professor, but he does not seem at all inclined to let the good old poet alone. He said in one of his notes to this satire that *Blackwood* ought to be called the *Blackguard Magazine*, that no gentleman could write in it, and now this is his second article in *Blackwood* within the last six months. He had one in the number for July cutting up some poor unfortunate John Edmund Reade. But

notwithstanding all his perversities and oddities I do like Landor; and gladly read everything he writes. He had a most beautiful Conversation in the Book of Beauty for this year. I think it is the best I have seen from his pen. If you could lay your hand on it you would be richly repaid.

"I have been told that the origin of his dislike to Wordsworth is some foolish story of this kind. Some one told Wordsworth of the new edition of Southey's works edited by himself. Wordsworth asked the price and the number of volumes; and when told said he thought it ought to be cheaper. Perhaps he said it in such a way as to show that *he* did not value Southey's poetry very highly. Landor's version of the story is that Wordsworth, when told the works were to be five shillings a volume, said, 'They are not worth five shillings a ream.' But every one who knows Wordsworth's calmness and caution, says that it is quite impossible he could have said such a thing. However that may be, it is certain that Landor delights to pull down Wordsworth ever since he heard this story, and the more so now that his old friend is in so helpless a state, and so much forgotten, while Wordsworth retains his vigour, and rises higher and higher into fame. So you see that even this perversity of his shows the nobleness of his nature. He cannot strike a man when he is down, and would fain raise any who are sinking. . . ."

To GEO. WILSON.

"*March*, 1843.

"Ask your friend Cairns what he thinks of the *Moral Philosophy* (Maurice's). I should like him to put it in writing so that I might see it, and if you give me leave, to show it to the professor. What is Cairns doing? What is he going to do? In the present distracted state of Scotland a youth of genius and high culture will find it hard to get a spiritual resting-place in any of the Presbyterian systems. There is something very painful in it, yet on the whole the tendency of all these movements seems in the right direction. A sense of the cold death-like dreariness of a hard dry state establishment. But how nationality, Catholicity, and individuality are to be brought into harmony has not been revealed to them yet. I trust it will be revealed to us all by-and-by, for it seems to me that only in the harmony of these can a man, or a nation of men, find rest and peace. . . .

"Coleridge has written a very beautiful book on Church and State, according to the idea of each. I have only glanced at it. What I read pleased me very much, but did not satisfy me. It is needless to say that it has attracted very little notice. Those ignorant idlers called priests are too blind to see its beauty or take advantage of its wisdom."

To GEO. WILSON.

"54, FLEET STREET, *April* 12, 1843.

"... I should like you to read Mr. Newman's volume of university sermons, if you can lay your hand on them. You will see that he is no old woman, and that his notions about God are as sublime as anything you have ever read. I don't expect you to have much sympathy with the book. It was most painful to me. Still I could not help admiring the wonderful power of the man, and feeling that he was advancing much that was well worth thinking about, but which was too much neglected. Above all, it seemed most absurd to pretend to despise such men.

"I really do expect that when some of the absurdities, the negations of Puseyism, pass away, there is a spirit in it that will live and do good, in which you will be the most ready to rejoice. . . ."

"54, FLEET STREET, *May* 29, 1843.

"... I have been thinking for some time past of an encyclopædia much more complete than any we yet possess—yet much shorter—which would contain a short and complete account of anything which commonplace people could wish to know, and furnish a guide to those who wished to follow out the several subjects. The whole thing should be done in three or four imperial octavo volumes. . . ."

To Rev. D. Watt.

"54, Fleet Street, *April* 29, 1843.

". . . . Have you heard of Thirlwall's last charge? It has taken people quite by surprise. Many expected a strong condemnation of Tractarianism, but Thirlwall, in his quiet way, spends most of his time in telling the clergy what their duty is; speaks strongly against those archdeacons who live out of their archdeaconry; anything he says about Puseyism is far from being against it; nay, he seems to recognise a good in it; in the meantime thinks it best for the clergy to work zealously in their several callings. The Evangelical party immediately attack him as a Puseyite, than which nothing can be more false and foolish. He is a singularly calm, reserved man, and never likely to join any party.

"Newman has just sent out another volume of sermons, preached before the university. It is a very curious specimen of the sceptical turn of his mind. He very much reminds me of our great Scotch sceptic, David Hume. The same analytical power, the same carelessness about consequences. He is quite a logician, and a most powerful one. He holds fast by Christianity as developed in 'the Church,' *because the balance of probabilities seems in its favour.* If he had not been a Christian and a churchman, he would have been one of

the powerfulest sceptical logic-mills we have had set a going in this country for many years. For mere power, our friend, Archbishop Whately, is nothing to him. Newman is a true product of the nineteenth century—a genuine steam-engine; and yet no one is more conscious of the weakness and self-sufficiency of 'our enlightened age.' When he indicates this feeling some might think him an atheist; he seems to make the solid earth shake beneath you. And yet I think he is a good man; and he has great faith in goodness. One may learn many things from him, but I should be sorry to make him, or any of the class of which he is the most powerful member, my guide in spiritual matters. After leaving Newman, who somewhat bewilders one, it is such a relief to turn to Leighton, or Coleridge, or Maurice, or Trench, or Hare—men who have the most unwavering faith—not merely '*a balance of probabilities*' on their side. . . .

"I have just read Carlyle's new book, *Past and Present*. It is very curious, full of thought, and the most important political truths stated in his own strange way. It is well worth considering. He speaks more plainly than he ever did before—speaks more decided Tory Radicalism. There are some things which look very like Pantheism. This rather vext me. The whole book is worth careful study. I felt it do me good; felt very strongly the truth of what he says with regard to

the Mammonism of our time. Mammon the god; riches, or success, heaven; poverty, or want of success, hell. This is putting the whole matter in a very striking light. It is really worth taking to heart. I often feel myself falling into this wretched and cursed spirit of our time. It requires to be watched and kept under. Carlyle always helps one to feel the greatness of our nature, its superiority to everything earthly, and to keep the earthly in its proper place. In several places he speaks in the most sneering way of Puseyism. One would not care much about that, but he seems to care little about any system of revealed religion. And yet sometimes he quite contradicts all this. He is clearly full of inconsistencies. On the whole, I cannot but think him one of the most notable men of our time. I think he will do good to our time. . . .

"There is a new edition of the *Aids to Reflection* just published, with a long, and most elaborate, calm, and carefully written essay by Sara Coleridge, on the relation of Coleridge's philosophy to the writings of Gladstone, Newman, Pusey, and others. It is strange to see how masterly she appears while she tosses these gentlemen from this side to that.

"Have you seen or heard anything of a strange man named Borrow, who has written books called the *Gypsies in Spain*, and the *Bible in Spain?* They are most interesting books, and he is a most strange man. He had a wonderful

facility in gaining the confidence of the lower classes, especially the gypsies. He gives all his adventures with wonderful openness, and some of the oddest stories come out. Some of his statements about the priests have given great offence to the Dublin Review people, and they have made a fierce attack on poor Mr. Borrow, but he is a bold man, and can stand his own ground.

"We are in a strange state here, in Scotland, England, Ireland, and Wales. The Free Presbyterian Kirk have acted nobly. Shortcomings and transgressions there doubtless have been, but on the whole, their conduct is very praiseworthy. One of the weakest things I have heard is the proposal of a new university for the 'Free Church,' which would only be to lower the standard of the professors and make the whole thing sectarian, not national. The Irish are in a dreadful ferment; many think we must have a repeal of the Union. In Wales, again, there is most dreadful discontent and considerable distress. I don't know what will become of us. In England every one is complaining of the dulness of trade, and the poor are hunger-bitten. Then our spiritual state is still more ominous. Puseyism has reached its culmination, but will leave a good seed behind it—God only knows what. We have the strangest hubbub. You can hardly meet any one who speaks calmly on either side. One hears hardly anything but shrieking and vituperation. Religious—or what

are called religious—papers are really dreadful, and they get worse. Their blind and stupid ineptitude is hateful. They misstate, and *mis*take on every hand—surely the result of *fever*. When the *fever* is cured, let us hope we shall have sounder health than ever. I often think that you and Budden are better off among the Hindoos. But here, as there, confidence in God is the only thing that can cheer us amidst the chances and changes of this mortal life. . . . ."

As already intimated, new and better prospects were now opening to him. In this summer of 1843 he became the owner of a small business in Cambridge on the retirement of Mr. Newby. The terms of purchase are stated in a letter to MacLehose :—

"57, Aldersgate Street, *October* 16, 1843.

". . . 1. I take Newby's house on a lease of fourteen years at a rent of 84*l.* a year; and pay all taxes, except the Property and Income Tax, and the insurance of the house.

"2. I take his stock and the fixtures at the valuation of two indifferent persons, and pay down the cash.

"3. Having no cash of my own, have to borrow and pay interest for what I borrow. This, of course, will take something from the profits; but

if I persevere and keep up my health and keep down my expenses, I dare say I shall get over all that."

How he was enabled to accomplish this, the great aim of his business life, must be told in another chapter.

CHAPTER V.

THE HARE CORRESPONDENCE. 1843-55.

THE turning-point in the career of the young bookseller had now been reached. He had become a thorough master of his craft—of its technical details and its highest spirit—and he knew that he was its master. He had dusted books, packed books, bound books; had done, in short, everything with their bodies that could be done with them, and knew the commercial conditions thoroughly. But it was not in his mastery of the technical but of the spiritual side of his craft that his real strength lay. He was a genuine lover of books, regarding them not as mere articles of trade, to be bound artistically, deftly catalogued, and sold at a profit, but as acquaintances and friends, whom it was a joy as well as a duty to introduce to as wide a circle as possible.

But he shall speak for himself as to his calling:

"Bless your heart, MacLehose," he writes, while still a shopman at £80 a year, to his

old friend and fellow-craftsman, who had gone to Glasgow, "you never surely thought you were merely working for bread! Don't you know that you are cultivating good taste amongst the natives of Glasgow; helping to unfold a love of the beautiful among those who are slaves to the useful, or what they call the useful? I look on you as a great teacher or prophet, doing work just of the kind that God has appointed you to do. No, no, Mac! that won't do. We booksellers, if we are faithful to our task, are trying to destroy, and are helping to destroy, all kinds of confusion, and are aiding our great Taskmaster to reduce the world into order, and beauty, and harmony. Bread we must have, and gain it by the sweat of our brow, or of our brain, and that is noble, because God-appointed. Yet that is not all. As truly as God is, we are His ministers, and help to minister to the wellbeing of the spirits of men. At the same time it is our duty to manage our affairs wisely, keep our minds easy, and not trade beyond our means."

To a young man of twenty-eight with this consciousness of mastery, and high ideal of what his calling meant, the position of a subordinate was becoming irksome. He is longing for a time when, in his own words "no one can look over my shoulder and say, Leave that and tie up this parcel." For some years he had been

looking round for the opportunity of a start on his own account, and had made the small beginning already noticed in Aldersgate Street, but want of means had hitherto forbidden any further attempt. At last, and in the nick of time, the longed-for aid came, from an unexpected quarter, and in a form as grateful to the recipient as it was honourable to the great man who rendered it.

It happened on this wise: Daniel Macmillan in the autumn of 1840, had read *Guesses at Truth by Two Brothers*, and the book had taken a strong hold on him. "I should like to see these 'two brothers,'" he writes, "they are excellent guessers. Yet everything looks so clear to them. They have most healthy minds. Have they ever had such dreadful doubts and fears as we have had and have? There is something beautiful in their style. I suppose we Scotch can never attain such grace. I have not seen in any modern writer such beauty,—a gracefulness which springs from the very centre of their being. Every sentence has such exquisite finish and clearness. I wish you could find out who and what they are. I should like to know all about them. Their beautiful book takes me into quite a new world." He recommended it to his friends, and read and talked it over with his brother, in their walks in London Fields, which then stretched away, a large open space, to the north-east, beyond their humble lodgings

at Hoxton. The more he studied the book, and watched its influence on others, the more convinced he became of its usefulness to young men of his own class and condition in life. At last this conviction led him to write to the unknown authors.

This letter, the most important, as it proved, of any he ever wrote, so far as his own prospects in life were concerned, after thanking the *Two Brothers* on his own account, goes on :

"54, FLEET STREET, *September* 22, 1840.

". . . . But there are still large classes who have no sound foundation for their morality. In this London, for instance, I know a good deal of one class, a class very much overlooked, who very much stand in need of guide-books to aid them in the formation of opinions on morality and religion ; namely, young men occupied in the different departments of commercial life. Hundreds of them are continually coming here, fresh from the country, with warm, pure, genial hearts, which soon become, one can scarcely say what, for no expression can be too strong to indicate that which a few years produce. Many of them get on in the world, as it is called, and keep clear of the grosser and more disgusting forms of vice ; but their 'enlightened selfishness' leads them to look on all pretension to higher motives as mere hypocrisy. The conduct of these men is much better than their creed—indeed, they often act in contradiction to it—but still such a

belief is, and cannot but be, injurious. The distrust which they have of those who ought to be their spiritual guides is still more hurtful; and this distrust is greatly increased by the perpetual squabbles which we have about 'Oxford Tract Doctrines,' 'Evils of Dissent,' and the like. . . . ."

The authors of *Guesses at Truth* may, he thinks, do much for this class.

A kindly and courteous reply came from Hurstmonceaux in due course, and there for a time the matter ended.

In June, 1842, Daniel has discovered a new hero, in the person of Alex. Scott—the friend and helper of Edward Irving, now a teacher unattached, lecturing at Woolwich and elsewhere as occasions offered, for the double purpose of saying what he has to say and earning his bread—and, having picked up some of his lectures in pamphlet form, is considering on what most fruitful soil he can scatter the good seed which has come into his possession. The episode of 1840 comes into his mind, and the thought, who will appreciate these better than the great scholar and venerable author to whom he already owes so much, intellectually and morally? He will take the opportunity at the same time of informing the Archdeacon of the difficulty of obtaining a necessary portion of one of his recent works. Accordingly he writes:—

To ARCHDEACON HARE.

"8, CHARTERHOUSE SQUARE, *June* 17, 1842.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"... I take the liberty of sending you two pamphlets which are not likely otherwise to fall in your way, and which, I think, are likely to interest you, as they are the productions of a thinker of no common order, but who as yet is very little known. They are not, as you will see, published by the author, but are merely reports of lectures which he delivered; still, even with that disadvantage, I think they will please you. It was by the merest chance I met with these, and it did cheer me to read such thoughts, just at a time when the loss of so great, so pure, so noble a man as Thomas Arnold, lay heavy on my heart.

"It is almost two years, I think, since I took the liberty of writing to you before. After my letter was gone I felt sorry and ashamed that I had sent it, and was very glad indeed to see by the kind answer you sent, that it was not taken amiss. *The Victory of Faith* was then published: it has been followed by *Parish Sermons* and by two *Charges*, and I see another volume of sermons announced, but no notice of the promised Appendix to the *Victory of Faith*. I have often asked about it, but can never get a satisfactory answer. Now, I

should think that every one who felt any interest in these sermons must be anxious to see the Appendix.

"I trust you will excuse me for mentioning this, because I don't speak for myself alone, but for friends in various parts of England and Scotland, friends in India, in Africa, in New South Wales, who bought this book and *Guesses at Truth*, because of my recommendation. One of these distant friends has just written to me on that subject, and his letter is the chief reason of my taking this liberty at present."

To which in due course arrives an answer from Archdeacon Hare :—

"HURSTMONCEAUX, *July* 14, 1842.

"I ought to have thanked you long ago for your kindness in sending me those two most valuable works; but at the time when they reached me I was engaged with official business, which left me no leisure for reading what required attentive thought, and I wished to read them before I sent you my acknowledgments for them. I can now do so with sincere gratitude to you for having introduced me to the writings of so wise and good a man. I had heard him spoken of several times with high praise by his friend and mine, Mr. Maurice; but through some great carelessness I had never yet read a page of Mr. Scott's. Now I

feel anxious to read all the utterances of his great mind; and I have accordingly procured his lectures on the Romans, and his three treatises. It is, indeed, a consolation under the grief for the loss of my noble-hearted friend Arnold, to find that there is another pure lover of truth like Mr. Scott living among us. Hardly anything I have read since Coleridge has taught and strengthened and delighted me so much as these lectures. . . ."

The Archdeacon then refers again to the condition of the young men in London, echoing the inquiry, How can they be helped as you would wish? What can be done for them? and ends by inviting his unknown correspondent to visit him at Hurstmonceaux.

The opening thus given from such a quarter, for the promotion of an object he had much at heart, was joyfully accepted, and Daniel replies:—

"8, CHARTERHOUSE SQUARE, *July* 25, 1842.

". . . . I should be very sorry to drag you into a long correspondence, because it would only take up your valuable time without giving you an equivalent. I never wrote to any one with whom I was not personally acquainted except yourself. I don't readily make up to any one, being naturally reserved. I knew *Guesses at Truth*, a single sermon, *The Children of the Light*, and two or three articles in *The Philological Museum*, long ago; and often

wished to see something else from the same hand; and when *The Victory of Faith* appeared I received it gladly, and felt that the author might be useful to many who occupy the same position in life as myself—that was the reason why I ever did write to you at all. . . .

"It is very likely that I over-estimate the value of books, and fancy their influence greater than it really is. They have done so much for me that I very readily embraced Mr. Carlyle's notion, that in them one finds the only true communion of saints. The first edition of *Guesses at Truth*, for instance, introduced me to a quite new region; and the Two Brothers were, perhaps, all the more useful to me, because I knew nothing about them, their names, their professions, their peculiarities, their creeds. I felt, and still feel, deeply indebted and thankful to them, not only for their own thoughts, but for their guidance into rich and unknown fields, which I should perhaps never have heard of otherwise. But to return.

"The state of the persons I speak about lies on my heart like a burden. I often try to forget them and their dangers but cannot. It would be much more comfortable for me to go on in my own way, reading what would be good and pleasing to myself, and never giving a thought about others, but I cannot. Every book I read, which shows anything like an earnest desire for the good of man, makes me think of them. I rejoice in the

appearance of such books. Dr. Arnold's *Christian Life* greatly delighted me, especially the introduction, and notes G. and H. I said to myself, 'Here is another man fitted to be a guide, what Mr. Carlyle calls a true priest.'

"This feeling, and the impossibility of getting rid of it, induced me to write to you, which really was painful to me, and is so now. I should not have thought of doing so again, only I hoped that you would do something yourself, and use your influence to lead others to work for the same object, one which I feel to be of the greatest importance. . . .

"One who really *knows* these things, and does not trust to newspaper reporters, or to the facts and generalisations of *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Review* writers, must see clearly that there is no spiritual guidance in existence at all equal to the wants of our time; and whether it be true or no, that literature is the only true Church, it certainly is true that the Church, the God-ordained teacher of mankind, might make a much greater use of the Press than it generally does. Wherever one goes Sunday newspapers are sold. You find them in the hands of most poor men who can read. You often see one who *can* read sitting with half-a-dozen listeners around him, while he reads a word in season. Here is an influence at work, which our Churches labour feebly to counteract. Could the Church not lay hold of this instrument, and

use it more wisely? . . . . The chief object of the discussions of those I am speaking of is, how to bring about some state of society where there would be more comfort and less vice. . . .

"The editor and the chief writer of the *Penny Satirist* is evidently a man of comparatively good education. He often says most beautiful things. The numbers I have sent are not the best specimens. He is, it must be confessed, very deficient in earnestness, still in turning over his articles one catches a glimpse of true light. He calls himself the Rev. J. E. Smith, and he evidently has had a religious education. . . .

"There is something wrong about this—and it is the hope that you and your friend Mr. Maurice, and other friends, might look at this matter and see what can be done—this, and this alone induced me to trouble you again with so long a letter. . . .

"With regard to your kind invitation, I don't see any prospect of that pleasure at present. However, I did think of running down to Brighton and from thence to Hastings, and I suppose the coach from Brighton to Hastings would pass through Hailsham, if not Hurstmonceaux, and if so I should have great pleasure in availing myself of your kindness.

"It may be as well to let you know that I am only one of the clerk species, whose singular and unfortunate position with regard to spiritual culture was the cause of my first writing to you.

I have no learning, can read no language except English, speak none except a partly intelligible Scotch-English dialect. I mention this so that you may know that I don't belong to any of the learned professions. . . ."

From ARCHDEACON HARE.

"HURSTMONCEAUX, *August* 16, 1842.

"It was impossible for me to read your last letter without very deep interest in its subject, and shame and grief at the thought how much the ministers and other members of Christ's Church have neglected their poorer and less favoured brethren; nor without an anxious wish that something at least should be attempted for the special instruction of the class of whom you speak with such deep sympathy. Perhaps I ought to have answered you sooner; but I was desirous of hearing what Mr. Maurice, to whom I sent your letter, thought on the mode of carrying your views into effect; and I have only this morning received his reply.

"He agrees with me in thinking that there are very strong objections to the plan of making use of such papers as the *Weekly Dispatch* for the sake of circulating wholesomer doctrines. They who did this would, I think, incur the censure of throwing pearls before swine; and the pearls, whatever they might be, would be trampled on and defiled. Of

course no good could be effected by a few casual missiles; it would be necessary to carry on the war against error steadily and continuously; and I should doubt whether the editor would consent to this. At all events, the writers who would thereby be compelled to study the *Weekly Dispatch*, would be exposed to the continual action of the most disheartening and repulsive impulses. The better articles would be attacked with much bitterness, ingenuity, coarseness, ribaldry, to which it would be most painful to reply, and which would probably overpower the influence of the truths mixed up with them, even as the stench of a scavenger's cart overpowers all the refreshing air of morning. Indeed, in replying to this ribaldry, we should be compelled to express indignation, which would find no response in our readers, and should be tempted to imitate it too nearly. Besides, the result would be controversy, which invariably fastens upon negations, and minor points; whereas what is requisite is to assert truth *positively*, plainly, straightforwardly.

"The first plan that occurred to me for doing something to fulfil your intentions, was that of setting up a new weekly paper for the assertion of such truths in a manner to come home to the hearts of the operatives and their fellows. At the same time I feel that there are great difficulties attending such a scheme. It would require no inconsiderable capital, which, after all, might be

expended ineffectually. A right-minded editor would be wanted, unless you yourself would undertake that part of the work. Your interest in it seems to fit you especially for it. You know what is wanted, what the people want; and you would probably be able to find several persons of your own class to join you in the work. The best apostles are those who rise out of the class they are preaching to, and who speak to the people with the heart and mind of the people. If you see any practicability in such a scheme, I feel assured that Mr. Maurice, Mr. Scott, and others, who are able to understand the views you have conceived, would rejoice in lending their aid in the godly work.

"If this plan cannot be adopted, I see no other than that which Mr. Maurice himself has thought the most advisable, a series of 'Tracts written on the principle of acknowledging the people to whom they are addressed to be reasonable creatures, really desirous of knowing what is true, and already having thoughts and feelings on the subjects in which we are interested.' How far this work might be carried on, I know not. Something may certainly be done, and with more ease than the establishment of a new paper. You would be better able to judge how far such tracts would be likely to find readers among the classes for whom they are intended.

"I know not whether you are aware that Dr. Arnold himself once set up a newspaper, the

Englishman's Journal, with the very views which you have exprest. It was about twelve years ago. But as he was living at Rugby, engaged in the cares of the school, he could only write a few articles, and was forced to entrust the editorship to a person who gave the paper a radical political character. Thus moderate men were offended, and after a few numbers the paper was dropped, and Dr. Arnold lost a large sum of money by it. He afterwards looked out for papers of honest principle, that had some circulation among the lower classes, and wrote some admirable letters in the *Sheffield Courant*, which were afterwards printed collectively. Of late years he wrote occasionally with a like view in the *Hertfordshire Reformer*, and those letters, I doubt not, were also excellent. I trust these, and his other political writings, will be printed before long in a separate volume.

"One consideration which seems to give the plan of tracts a preference over that of a newspaper, is, that there would doubtless be considerable differences among the writers we might hope to find: above all in ecclesiastical views, and their relative importance. This might lead to a good deal of dissension if the publication were a joint one, for which each writer felt himself responsible; but in a collection of tracts published with the name of the writers, no such responsibility would exist.

"I have written crudely and hurriedly, to show

you that I do take a lively interest in the accomplishment of your wishes, and hope earnestly that I may be able to lend you a little help in finding men to work with you towards that accomplishment."

Amongst those to whom the Archdeacon was already submitting the proposals of his correspondent, was the late Dean of Westminster, than whom no more efficient helper could have been found in the proposed work. The following characteristic letter from him may be allowed to break for a few moments the continuity of the narrative :—

A. P. STANLEY *to* D. MACMILLAN.

"THE PALACE, NORWICH, *August* 30, 1842.

"DEAR SIR,

"I trust you will excuse the liberty which I take in addressing you, and for which I have no other excuse than from the frequent mention of your name to me by my friend and relative, Archdeacon Hare. He once showed me a letter of yours, in which you spoke of the loss which you felt in the death of so pure and noble a man as Thomas Arnold, and of the good which you had hoped that his writings might have effected amongst the class of men in whom you take so deep an interest. I was a pupil of

Dr. Arnold, and like many others in the same circumstances looked up to him more than to any one whom I knew. And it has since his death fallen to my charge to collect and prepare such materials for his life and correspondence as may be worth publication.

"Now it has frequently struck me that your letter was a testimony to his influence having penetrated into quarters where I should not have expected to find it, and you will therefore understand how I naturally wish, both from my own personal interest in him, and also for the sake of the work on which I am engaged, to know to what extent this may be the case, or (if it be confined to yourself) to know how you became acquainted with his works, and (if I might further venture to ask it) what impression of him you gathered from them.

"I feel that I have no claim upon you to justify me in asking these questions, but the interest which your letter expressed in him, and the character of your communications with Archdeacon Hare, encourage me to hope that you will not be indisposed to gratify my request.

"I remain,

"Yours faithfully,

"A. P. STANLEY."

The cordial invitation to Hurstmonceaux, so often repeated, was at last accepted. "I set out

to-morrow," he writes to Watt. "Of course I look forward with pleasure to such a visit, and I shall write you by next overland just to give you an account of our interview. Everything I see of Hare's, and every letter I have from him, leads me to think more highly of him." The visit is described, in fulfilment of this promise, in the following letter to the missionary friend in distant Benares :—

To REV. D. WATT.

"54, FLEET STREET, *September* 29, 1842.

"I intended to have commenced a letter to you immediately after my return from Hurstmonceaux, giving you an account of my visit, what I saw and heard. But something or other came, day by day, ever since to hinder me, and here at last I must write hurriedly, so the less time I spend in apologies the better. Hurstmonceaux is a parish with 1,300 inhabitants, somewhere between Brighton and Hastings. As the railway takes me to Brighton in a couple of hours for a mere trifle I chose that way rather than by Hastings. Hare's house lies at about two minutes walk from the coach road between Brighton and Hastings. The coach put me down at the Rectory gate. The Rectory is very beautifully situated on a hill surrounded by the most beautiful glebe, and the Rectors seem to have spared no pains, no expense;

they have taken every advantage of situation, and have displayed great taste in the arrangement of trees, gardens, &c., &c. The living is in the gift of the family. His grandfather and his uncle were Rectors there. The house is a large, well-built, commodious-looking mansion, but does not display much architectural taste. When one goes into it, it looks more like a library than a dwelling-house. It is literally crammed with books—and such books — collected with such wisdom and care. Mr. Maurice says that he thinks it the best private library in England; contains the largest number of really valuable books, selected with the widest and most catholic judgment and taste. Carlyle says he never saw so large a collection of really first-rate German books; and Carlyle is an authority on such matters. But besides German he has Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, and English of course. I was quite astonished. I saw many, very many books I had never heard of, and many I had only heard of. He has not merely a large library, for though the room specially so-called is a large one, and quite full of books, it contains only a small part of his books. The dining and drawing rooms look more like libraries than dining and drawing rooms; for the sides that are not shelved from bottom to top and filled with books, are covered with pictures, some of the very noblest pieces of art. Then the hall is shelved and filled with books in the same way,

and so are the staircases and the lobby of the first-floor, and so are some of the bedrooms. It is really quite wonderful; I was surprised. But all this money could do with some good advice in the selection. However, when I began to look through the books I saw that Hare was something very different from a mere book-collector. All the most valuable books had marginal notes, or notes at the end—generally pointing out where was a good criticism on it, or where the same subject was discussed—never mere marks of admiration, or any pedantry of that kind. The variety, the extent, the carefulness of his reading were beyond belief. The notes which I mention show this. There is no mistaking his hand, otherwise one would scarcely credit that a man could have read so much and with such care. Besides these books and paintings he has an immense collection of engravings; all of them well worth having. This part, however, would require a very long time to look through with the care they deserve. But now that I have taken so long to tell you about the house, I must begin to say something of its inmates.

"The foremost figure is, of course, the Archdeacon himself. He is about six feet, not at all stout, not very slender. Something like Mr. Binney as to height, not at all like him otherwise. His eye is large, soft, swimming, not dark-blue, nor gray, nor hazel, but a sort of mixture of these.

His hair was dark, but is now copiously sprinkled with gray. His complexion is rather sallow; his forehead broad and rather, but not very, high. He takes no care to show his forehead, as his grizzled hair lies carelessly about his temples. His expression is that of a very thoughtful, kind-hearted, simple-minded man, quite free from all self-consciousness. I never met so humble-minded a man. He stoops a little, the result of too much reading I should think. He is very frank, and I felt quite at ease with him. His only brother, Marcus, who was a captain in the navy, was there, with his wife and three children. The widow of his brother Augustus was also there, with her only child, a boy about seven. They were all very pleasant people. I felt quite at home with them. Their easy good-breeding made me feel so. They talked with freedom and ease on all sorts of subjects—and yet they were far from being great talkers, a very disgusting kind of people to me.

"I wish I could give you anything like a notion of the conversation—but that is impossible.

"Landor had been there about a week before me. If I had gone when I was first asked I should have met him. From all the Hares say, and they know Landor well, and have known him for many years, there is little chance of his ever producing the 'Solid and Orderly Work on History,' of which he speaks in the preface to his *Conversations.*

He is so full of strange perversities and unrest. He is a noble, warm-hearted man; but quite devoid of anything like philosophical or judicial calmness, and seems to get more and more excitable as his years increase. Nothing delights him more than to pester his visitors, or his host, or any one he meets in company, with all manner of paradoxes. The truly amiable and lovely nature of Tiberius, or of Nero; or the great folly and cruelty of Pitt and Fox; or an examination of the question which of the two (Fox or Pitt) was the greater fool—always deciding in favour of Fox—for he, according to Landor, was the greatest fool of his day. Pitt, he says, was fool enough, but had a little of the rogue. Sometimes he discourses on the grandeur and beauty and harmony of the modern Greek and Latin prize poems of Oxford and Cambridge; showing them to be in every way superior to all that the Greeks or the Romans ever wrote! Or perhaps he spends an hour in proving that Monckton Milnes is the greatest English poet. In these humours he praises what others blame, and abuses whatever is well-spoken of. He is very fond of the Hares. Julius revised his *Conversations*. Francis Hare, the eldest of the family, who is now dead, was one of Landor's chief friends. He dedicates his volume of poetry to Francis. Julius thinks him the best of English prose writers, and is only sorry that he gives way

to such strange tempers and crotchets and waywardness. Miss Hare, a sister of Julius, whom I met at Maurice's, told me that her brother Julius brought Landor and Augustus Schlegel together at Bonn. Arndt was there, and several others; they were scarcely introduced when Landor commenced a most furious attack on Schlegel, abusing him in the most extravagant way, for having spoken favourably of the French in his lectures on 'Dramatic Literature.' When dinner came on the table, Landor would not sit down with the rest of the company, but took his dinner at some side table. Schlegel said, 'Well, I don't like the French, and have only said in their favour what honesty and truth required, but with all their faults, they are at least polite; they have some notion of good breeding.' Miss Hare was present and Landor wrote to her a short time after from Italy. He said that the only man he met at Bonn, who in the least degree interested him, was Arndt (now Landor could not speak German and Arndt could neither speak French nor English); as for that pony or donkey dressed out with ribbons (referring to Schlegel's orders which he wore at dinner the day Landor met him), he would not give a thaler for a dozen such creatures. Notwithstanding these strange perversities, he is, they say, a most agreeable man when he chooses. The Hares enjoy his visits very much.

"Arnold was at Hurstmonceaux a short time

before his death. Hare admired him and loved him exceedingly—and certainly he was a most upright, noble, and simple-hearted man. He felt the deepest interest in the poor, and did all in his power to raise them. Among other things, on certain strong occasions, he wrote letters to some of the newspapers which had the widest circulation among that class, which letters contained the most wholesome advice, tending to restrain all violence, while they showed the deepest sympathy with the real wants and evils which pressed on the people, and an earnest wish to get them removed in some wise way. Hare has a collection of these letters, and I read them while staying in his house. It is likely that they, and his other political writings, will be collected in a little volume. I hope so. They are well worth preserving. Hare is at present engaged in preparing a volume of Arnold's correspondence, which, he says, will be most valuable and most interesting. He is also superintending the *third* volume of the *History of Rome*, which was just completed in MS. when he died. Hare tells me that Carlyle and Arnold were very fond of each other. They had corresponded with each other for some time, and last year, when Carlyle was coming back from Scotland, he stayed a few days at Rugby. They visited Naseby Field together. I should have been delighted to have been in their company. Carlyle was very much delighted with

Arnold. He said, 'Arnold is a hero of a schoolmaster—knows his work and does it.' . . .

"Hare told me that Carlyle is engaged on a *History of the Great Rebellion*, and doubtless Cromwell will cut a better figure than in any history ever published. He, of course, will be the most prominent figure in Carlyle's book. Mr. Maurice says that Carlyle has been studying that period ever since he finished his *French Revolution*, and that the Puritans and the Quakers will get justice done them. One of his chief figures after Cromwell will be Strafford—but we shall see when it comes out. It will be worth reading, beyond all doubt. From all that one can hear there seems to be no doubt that Carlyle has a more extensive influence than any man of our time. It is curious to think of this rough Scotchman coming up to London, and by his writing and lecturing influencing the most refined and learned in England. Chevalier Bunsen and Professor Whewell were at Hurstmonceaux about a fortnight before me, and Hare told me that Whewell amused them very much by reading some of the oddest passages in the *Heroes*, just in Carlyle's style. Whewell heard Carlyle. I saw him at the only lecture I heard—the one on Dante and Shakespeare.

"The conversation often turned on Mr. Scott of Woolwich. Hare thinks very highly of him. I am sure he admires him more, and thinks him a greater man than Carlyle. He did not say so, but I heard

him speak of no one with such unmingled respect, always excepting Coleridge. Pray let me know what you think of Scott when you get his pamphlets.

"Hare told me that De Quincey and Wordsworth, both of them, dislike Goethe, and think him little better than a quack. Wordsworth speaks of him in the most contemptuous manner. It always was a subject of warm discussion when they met, till at last it got so warm that they agreed never to speak to each other about Goethe again. Hare wrote a long defence of Goethe, especially of the *Meister*, for the *London Magazine*, in answer to a furious attack of De Quincey's, but it was never published. De Quincey is a strange man and takes a pride in running down any idol; but one would scarcely have expected so calm a mind as Wordsworth's to have such an aversion to any great poet. Hare says that notwithstanding his greatness he really and heartily admires very few poets. Milton and Spenser—these he loves and appreciates—scarcely any other. Hare doubts his hearty admiration of Shakespeare. Now, as Hare loves Wordsworth, respects him, and thinks we have had no such poet for ages, I feel quite confident in what he says about him, that he does not misunderstand or misrepresent him. Indeed, he did not blame him for his judgments, he only mentioned these things as characteristics of Wordsworth, showing that though he is a great poet, he is not always a correct critic.

"Of Coleridge he always spoke in the most affectionate manner. He knew him well, and I fancy all who knew him personally think far more of him than those who only know him through his writings. Great as his writings are, it would appear that his best things were spoken. There seems to have been something in a company of men which raised him higher than he could ever rise with merely paper before him. The melody of his voice when delivering one of his long discourses must have been enchanting. . . .

"He spoke in the most affectionate manner of Charles Lamb. He dined with him and a large party of literati once. De Quincey was there. I daresay you know that De Q. is a very little man. Hare was sitting next to Lamb; De Q. was on the opposite side of the table. Lamb touched Hare, and said, quite loud, so that the whole table might hear him, 'Do you see that little man?' (pointing to De Q.), 'Well, though he is so little, he has written a thing about Macbeth better than anything I could write;—no—not better than anything I could write, but I could not write anything better.' Immediately afterwards he said to Hare, 'I am a very foolish fellow. For instance I have taken a fancy for you. I wish you would come and sup with me to-morrow night, I will give you crab—perhaps lobster.' Hare says that two glasses of wine made him quite light—not tipsy, but elevated—so that the stories about his drunk-

enness, and the things he says of himself are not to be trusted. Hare told me that Lamb's sister, in one of her fits of derangement, killed her mother. She never knew it herself. Lamb lived in the perpetual dread that it should come to her ears. The whole thing was very shocking to a man of Lamb's sensibility; it hung like a cloud on his mind ever after to the end of his days. It is to that that Wordsworth refers in his beautiful poem to Lamb; and Hare tells me that one of Coleridge's most beautiful letters is one he wrote to Lamb in reference to that event. By the by, I may just as well tell you that Lamb's sister is still alive, and so you must take care to whom you tell this story.

"I daresay you have heard of John Sterling, author of the *Sexton's Daughter, and other Poems*, and some of the most beautiful things in the *London and Westminster Review*, one on Montaigne, one on Simonides, one on Carlyle. I am sure you must have heard of him; everything he has written gives indications of great genius. Hare tells me that he was curate at Hurstmonceaux for some time, but owing to tendencies to consumption he has been obliged to give up all labour, and to go to some warmer climate in the winter. Hare thinks very highly of him; thinks him a true poet. He wrote a tragedy lately, and that brought on a fever, so he must abstain from all work.

"I spent three days at Hurstmonceaux, and never spent so much time with greater pleasure and

satisfaction. One of the days was a Sunday, the first Sunday in the month. I told him I was a Dissenter. He asked me if I would go to their Communion service. I said I should be very glad only I did not know how to proceed, as I had never been present at such a service. Mrs. Augustus explained it to me. I went. I thought it most solemn, most appropriate. Indeed, the whole service of the Church seems to me much more suitable than any other. There one's heart really finds utterance. I know of nothing equal to it.

"I told Hare about you and Mr. Budden. He feels a deep interest in missions; but feels that they will be distracted and imperfect in their working as long as Protestants continue in their present condition. He has strong and rational objections to the condition and principles of Dissenters—with which I quite agree. It would take too long to state them all. It is needless to say that they are quite free from all narrowness, bigotry, malice, hatred, ignorance. I wish we had a host of such men as Hare and Maurice. I think the contradictions of Protestantism would get reconciled; and if that were the case, perhaps we might hope to see Popery or Romanism cease to be Papist and Romanist and become really Catholic. Surely Popery is permitted to exist so long and to show so much power for some purpose, to witness for some truth, or truths, which Protes-

tants don't recognise. In one of your letters you speak of the squabbles you have with Baptists, Puseyites, Papists—how they step in with their crude half-truths and disturb your labours. Surely there is a want of unity; union is the thing you want. How you can meet that want wisely is a difficult question, but which must get solved some day, if men don't lose all faith in each other, and in God. Thirlwall is going to deliver his primary ordination charge in about a month. It is sure to be published. What would you say to see him coming out quite High Church?

"We have a strong array of young poets. Trench has brought out three volumes very superior. Tennyson has brought out a new edition—one of the volumes is quite new. My brother thinks him by far the best of the young poets, and ranks him next to Coleridge—thus: first, Wordsworth; second, Coleridge; third, Tennyson. I can say nothing on the subject as I have read only a few. Those few are very beautiful, and over these I have not studied. Alexander has read them often. I am very fond of Trench. Maurice tells me that he has translated one of the dramas of Calderon with great fidelity and spirit. I urged Maurice to advise him to translate as many as would make a nice six shilling volume, and publish them. We merely English readers really want such a thing. We know nothing of Calderon except by hearsay.

If he really is equal to Shakespeare we ought to know more of him.

"Maurice called on me twice; once I was out the second time I was at home. He stayed with me to supper. He is one of the most pleasant men I ever met. His humility is very beautiful. He does not appear as Professor Maurice—and yet there is something great and beautiful in his very simplicity. I have been at his house one night, and met a sister of Hare's there. I never enjoyed myself more. His wife is a most delightful woman, and so was this Miss Hare. Maurice has written a 'History of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy' for the *Encylopædia Metropolitana*. I have borrowed it from a friend. It is a most noble work; we have nothing like it. He gives so fair and so candid an account of all systems. He is a most noble, honest-hearted man. I do wish the proprietors would publish it separately. I called on them, but they say it would injure the sale of the *Cyclopædia*. These wretched men—these publishers! What fools they are. . . ."

The acquaintance thus commenced soon ripened into a friendship; and on the Archdeacon's part into a desire to assist his young correspondent in establishing himself in some place where he would have scope to carry out his ideas. Having become a regular customer of the small shop in Alders-

gate Street, he feels that the lovers of books will be greatly benefited by having so punctual and intelligent a caterer for their needs. But Aldersgate Street is too much out of the way. These views he writes to Daniel, who replies—

"57, ALDERSGATE STREET, *March* 7, 1843.

". . . We are content to make the best of Aldersgate Street for the present, hoping to move west by and by. We have a very neat shop for a very small rent. It is within five minutes walk of the post-office, and Paternoster Row. Nowadays, with penny posts, and Parcels Delivery Companies, it is an easy matter to attend to orders from any part of town or country. We have commenced quite in a small way. If a large tree grows from this small seed we shall be grateful. If not, we shall be content; we shall feel that it is as it ought to be. We are determined that it shall not fail through indolence or extravagance. If the business should prosper, we shall, both of us, do our best to realise some of our ideals with regard to what should be done for the craftsmen of our land. We feel, however, that the world can go on without us, or our ideals; and, in the meantime, we shall strive to do the work that lies nearest us in the best manner we can."

But though content to make the best of Alders-

gate Street, he is on the look-out for a better opening. In June such an one offers, and he tells the Archdeacon that the business of Mr. Newby at Cambridge, which he thinks would suit his purpose, is in the market. The letter is not, however, confined to business.

"8, Charterhouse Square, *August* 19, 1843.

". . . . I have just read Mr. Maurice's new pamphlet, and earnestly hope he may get many thoughtful readers. I fear we are in too feverish a state at present—so superstitiously jealous of each other. A great many of those who call themselves Catholic are getting into the most pitiful cant; and we shall soon have a Catholic vocabulary of slang phrases more disagreeable than that of Evangelical newspapers and magazines. In the midst of all this one would get bewildered, and inclined to throw all thought of such matters aside in disgust, were it not for the manly sense of here and there a thinker like Mr. Maurice.

"I have never been able to meet with the first edition of *The Kingdom of Christ* till a few weeks ago. I think it in many respects better than the second. But it is quite another book. I am glad to have both.

"I was very glad to see Mr. Sterling's tragedy and was very much delighted with it. I cannot imagine why he should dedicate it to Emerson. They have so few things in common. . . ."

Hare replies at once—

"HURSTMONCEAUX, *August* 22, 1843.

". . . What sum of money would you want to enable you to take Newby's business at Cambridge? and what chance do you think there is of its proving a profitable one? My brother, whom you saw here, on hearing what you said in your letter on the subject, said that, if it be so, means might perhaps be found to let you have a moderate sum of money at moderate interest with a reasonable security. But what are your prospects at present? Every change must be attended with considerable loss; and would Cambridge be a place as well fitted as London for doing anything with reference to your ultimate aim? . . ."

To ARCHDEACON HARE.

"57, ALDERSGATE STREET, *August* 24, 1843.

". . . As to the chances of success, they seem very good. (1) Because there is no bookseller in Cambridge, since Thorpe left it, except Stevenson, who knows anything of books. (2) Because the situation is so good, being so near to Trinity and St. John's Colleges. (3) Because I should give careful and constant attention to business. And (4) because in Cambridge one could get sooner known than in London.

"I was in Cambridge from October, 1833, till

October, 1836. During that time I was in Johnson's business, which was prosperous. While I was there I found that a good many of his best customers preferred being waited on by me. I did not like this, because I knew it must have been disagreeable to Johnson. They often passed him by and walked up to my desk, I knew he felt it, could not but feel it, so I gave up my situation and came to London. . . .

"My father died when I was ten, shortly after which I was apprenticed to a bookseller in Irvine (Ayrshire), where mother and family lived. When in 1831, at the age of seventeen, I left home, after a seven years' apprenticeship, I had very little money. When I saved a little I generally found some claim on me which I could not resist. Since the time I left home I have twice had a long and serious illness—my mother, two sisters, and two elder brothers have died . . . (As to prospects)—

"We have paid any half-yearly accounts that are due, and have not required to trouble Mr. Burnside for the £100 which he kindly promised to lend us if we required it. But though this business has succeeded so far, it has given no promise of being able to support us both. Indeed, we have drawn nothing out of it for that purpose. My salary served to pay for our board, &c., &c.

"These two friends of mine, as I said, did not know my circumstances, and they have, at different times since I took the Aldersgate Street shop, been

urging me to take a business in Cambridge, as there was, they said, a capital opening. I did not feel that I could—just for want of means—but besides that, I felt if one opened a fresh shop in Cambridge it would give one the appearance of an intruder, which the booksellers there might feel the more disagreeable because I am a Scotchman.

"Shortly after this, about the beginning of June, Mr. Tupling wrote to tell me that Mr. Newby was going to dispose of his business. I wrote to Mr. Newby for particulars. A gentleman who once was in the book-trade, and to whom I mentioned this, said he would be glad to advance the capital if I would give him a share of the profits, and he would allow me £150 a year for the management, besides a share in the profits.

"My plan was to let the London business still go on under my brother's management. This would have many advantages. . . . But if we had a larger and more general stock, especially of good second-hand books, we might do more business and get better profits, *e.g.* 1. We sold books to the amount of about £13 to a sea-captain who was going to Bombay. Most of them were second-hand. We had to pick them up as we could in London. If this gentleman had found them all, or the greater number of them, in our shop it would have pleased him better, would have saved him trouble, and it would have been more profitable to us. 2. A gentleman from

Leghorn has now laid out books which will come to upwards of £60. We had to fish all about London for them. He had often to come to look at things we had got on sight from other booksellers. He was so kind and good-natured as not to complain of this, perhaps seeing that we were beginners and having a wish to help us. Indeed, he expressed himself so well satisfied as to say that he would make us book-agents for himself, and other English book-buyers in Leghorn. But in both cases we should have been glad if we could have saved our customers so much trouble. . . .

"I have been thus minute, so that you might the more clearly see exactly how I stand. The only security I could give in the case of finding any one able and willing to lend the necessary money, would be a bond on the stock. This kind of security might be unsatisfactory because it might be possible for a man to sell off the stock and run away. Still such security is often taken when the lender has confidence in the character of the borrower. . . .

"About the end of last year I was carefully examined with the stethescope, and the doctor assured me that I was perfectly sound; that if I took plenty of air and exercise, and did not worry myself with anxiety, I should find myself daily becoming more and more healthy; that if I lived to turn thirty I should in all probability live to be an old man. I shall be thirty on the 13th of

September next. I find the doctor was right, I am getting stronger daily. But still, if I did enter on a thing of this kind I should feel it indispensable to insure my life at £1000. . . ."

To this Hare replies—

"Monday, *August* 28, 1843.

" . . . As to the means, if you feel disposed for the venture—and I trust that you may undertake it in good hope and faith—I should be able, with the assistance of my brother, to lend you £500, for which you would give us a bond, and pay us four per cent. interest. And we should be very thankful, if, by so doing, we can help in placing you in a situation, where you may be better able hereafter to effect something for the great object of your life, which I doubt not you will always keep steadily before you. Mr. Burnside, and your other friends might, perhaps, enable you to make up the sum you will still want. What you say about keeping up the London shop, seems judicious. If you do not lose money by it, it will be serviceable in many ways. Only in these bad times for the book-trade, you must beware of venturing out of your depth. . . ."

To ARCHDEACON HARE.

"57, ALDERSGATE STREET, *August* 30, 1843.

(After thanking for the proffered help) ". . . . As for what you term the great object of my

life there is no danger of my losing sight of it. Lately, about a month ago, I wrote four imaginary letters bearing on that subject, which I wished to place in Mr. Maurice's hands. Though Mr. Maurice has always been very kind, and listened to me with great patience, I could not venture to put these letters in his hands even after I had written them, just from a fear that he might think it troublesome, or at best that he might bear with me as a well-intentioned person with a 'fixed idea,' but on the whole rather 'a bore.' Sometimes I fancied that it might be wiser for me not to occupy myself with such matters, but to leave them for those that were wiser. But I never could get rid of this 'fixed idea,' it would not leave me. You can scarcely imagine how glad I was to see you refer to it as you did in your last two letters. It encouraged me to send the imaginary letters I spoke of to Mr. Maurice. . . ."

"57, ALDERSGATE STREET, *September* 2, 1843.

" . . . Mr. Maurice has sent me a most kind and beautiful letter in answer to the letters I sent him. I am afraid he feels almost too deeply the distressing evils of our time."

The purchase was now promptly made, and the shop and house in Trinity Street were transferred to the two brothers. They determined that the Aldersgate Street shop should still be kept,

under the management of the younger brother, while Daniel took charge of the new and more important venture.

Thus the labour of rearranging the stock and organizing the business, which was very great, fell entirely on him. But the work had to be done, and was done. The new business prospered from the first, helped much by the open support of Hare, whose reputation at Cambridge was at its height, and by the patronage of his resident friends; but mainly through the personal qualities and ability of the new bookseller.

The strain however proved too severe after the first few months. Hitherto the tendency to pulmonary disease, though serious, had not taken the worst form of bleeding from the lungs. Now, in the opening days of Hilary term, 1843, violent and dangerous hæmorrhage set in.

His brother was peremptorily summoned from Aldersgate Street, and, though himself suffering from rheumatism, came down outside the stage coach in a sharp frost, no inside place being procurable. The consequence was that both brothers were for the moment crippled for active work at a most critical time. Still the business was kept going and prospered, but it was clear that Daniel could no longer undertake the Cambridge work single-handed. The question of closing the London business and concentrating at Cambridge was raised, and the Archdeacon

consulted upon it, who strongly approved the proposed change.

In reply Daniel Macmillan writes—

"17, Trinity Street, *February* 27, 1844.

"I am ordered not to write, but I cannot help thanking you for your great kindness in writing to my brother and myself. We have resolved to follow your kind suggestion. As soon as my brother can leave me he will go to London to get rid of the shop. That will be at Easter. I cannot give it up without regret, not on account of any pecuniary advantages, but because it will prevent us from meeting with, and hearing from, young men—young Scotch ministers, young Dissenting missionaries, and young men about to leave England for our colonies—who were every now and then calling on us when we were in London. I have had letters from such men thanking me most warmly for having recommended books to them which they found most useful in widening their minds without weakening their faith or lessening their activity or zeal. . . ."

One of the heaviest parts of his work had been the preparation of a catalogue of their stock. It appeared early in 1844, a pamphlet of 120 pages, and was forwarded to the Archdeacon. A notice was prefixed excusing the too miscellaneous character of the books. These had to be purchased

with the goodwill, and are put at very low prices that they may be cleared off quickly. Next year the firm hope to publish a catalogue of good books only, which will be a real guide to buyers. Two literary friends who have supplied occasional notes for the present list will help for that of 1845.

On examining the catalogue, the quick eye of the Archdeacon detects the personality of Daniel Macmillan himself under the initials D. L., as one of the literary friends. One note he fixes upon as his text. It runs as follows:—

"No. 961. Nature, an Essay; and Orations. Royal octavo, new.—R. W. Emerson.

"'Teacher of starry wisdom, high serene.'—John Sterling. Dedication to Strafford, a tragedy.

"Vauxhall stars, I fear.—D. L."

Upon this note on the great American essayist, for whom the Archdeacon had a high esteem, he speaks—

"HURSTMONCEAUX, *March* 8, 1844.

"The new number of the *British Magazine* was brought to me this day; and, on opening it, I found your catalogue stitched up with it. I have been looking rapidly through it, and have remarked two or three things which induce me to write to you.

"First, I was much grieved to see that you had given *Faublas* a place in your catalogue. A book-

seller in a university, it seems to me, ought not to have such books in his shop. They are demoralizing, especially to young men. I fear, too, that it may excite a prejudice against you in many who do not know you. I should be very glad if you could cancel that leaf, and throw the book into the fire. It looks to me as if you had only inserted it for the sake of the quotation from Carlyle; but that very quotation, while it proves that the book ought not to be there, will draw attention to it; and you must know enough of men to be aware that filth and profligacy in books is to many an attraction.

"In the next place, I doubt whether it is judicious to introduce such strong expressions of your own individual opinions. In London this might pass, for one is lost in a crowd; but at Cambridge those opinions, as novelties, will excite general observation; and I fear many will ascribe that to coxcombry and presumption, which I know to be merely an expression of affectionate enthusiasm. The opinions of persons qualified to express them, may, indeed, be of use to recommend authors who have not yet gained a sufficient reputation in England; and thus I will not object to your having quoted my few words about Nitzsch; but I fear others will also find out that D.L. is Daniel, and A.R. Alexander; and the men who exercise authority in the university will fancy that they are fitter to teach you about books, than to learn from

you. By the by, do thank Alexander for his very pretty lines about my brother; but you should hardly have quoted Sterling on Emerson to chide him. . .

"I am beginning to reprint the *Victory of Faith,* and hoping to bring out the *Mission of the Comforter* in a very few weeks. When it is published, I will beg Parker to add your name on the title-page; it will be the only one except his. This may be of use to you, at all events, by bringing you more into connection with him.

"From your last letter I was very glad to learn how prosperously you are getting on at Cambridge, and that you feel a need of having your brother there with you; although we shall regret the loss of a house in London where all our wishes were executed in so pleasant a manner. The account of your health was the only drawback; and that, I trust, God willing, will improve, and that you will not retard it by premature exertion."

DANIEL MACMILLAN *to* ARCHDEACON HARE.

"17, TRINITY STREET, *March* 13, 1844.

"I am very sorry that there should have been anything in our catalogue to grieve you, and feel most thankful to you for taking the trouble to tell us of its faults. We shall take more care in future, and avoid anything that has even the appearance of 'coxcombry and presumption.' If

I get better of this illness, I trust I shall come out of it wiser and more prudent. Your letter will help me.

"When preparing the catalogue I found Louvet's book, and another still more hateful, *Tanzaï et Néadarné*, in the stock. My first impulse was to thrust them into the fire. I knew both the books from having seen them, a long time ago, on the library table of a Glasgow student. I glanced over them and asked him, 'How dare you read such books?' He answered me, 'You are always too impatient, you will not even read Wycherley and Congreve, and yet, without reading such books, you can never understand the age that produced them. They are more valuable to me than any history. These books were bought and read by the so-called noble, by the fashionable and the wealthy in France; and passed through edition after edition. After reading them I can tolerate, because I can understand, the terrors that followed; nay, more, I feel most thankful for any storms or revolution which clear the air, &c., &c., &c.'

"I felt that there was some truth in my friend's remarks. I know that he was a most honest and pure-minded man. I never had patience enough to seek for truth in common sewers. Yet I saw that Carlyle had read these books, and felt that they might have a use to historical inquirers, and, without thought of the consequences, put them in

the catalogue. I should have refused to show them to any young man of whom I knew nothing; but no one has asked for them, and as soon as I was able after the receipt of your letter, I burnt them. I wish now I had done so three months ago. . . .

"I feel very sorry for the flippant note about Emerson. I wrote it just after reading *Nature, an Essay,* which vexed me very much. I still think Emerson does not deserve the praise of Sterling and Carlyle."

It would have been strange if he could have appreciated Mr. Emerson, wide as were his literary sympathies. "I am a Calvinist," he wrote to Professor Hort (in explanation of what looked like apathy in negotiating for the publication of a Review, which had been suggested to him); "and if you knew all my history you would say that I must be one. I shall therefore be sure that God is leading me before I move another step in this matter. Though I should like to have an additional £100 a year, I am still more anxious to be led wisely and not to put myself forward." The strength of this faith in a living God, and in His direct governance and guidance, made him impatient of the haziness of much of the popular religious thought of his day, and gave a flavour of intolerance to his judgment of transcendentalism, and the pantheism of which the great New Englander was the prophet. They

ran counter to his deepest convictions, and with the confidence of a self-educated man, who owed every step in his intellectual and spiritual growth to his own unassisted study and thought, he was not careful in choosing his words when expressing disagreement. There must have been something specially exasperating to him in the vagueness of this school, as it is the only instance I have come across of anything approaching prejudice in his estimate of contemporary thinkers. No further allusion to Mr. Emerson was made by the Archdeacon, though he returns to the subject of the catalogue.

Archdeacon Hare *to* Daniel Macmillan.

"Hurstmonceaux, *June* 1, 1844.

"I am exceedingly glad to hear so favourable an account of your health, and am also glad of what you say about your success; but of that at Cambridge I scarcely entertained a doubt. Next year in all probability you will find your business much increased. I fear, however, you may have some difficulty in breaking through the mischievous practice which prevails so much at Cambridge, of running up long credit, and which is still more hurtful to the buyer than to the seller. You must do what you can to establish a practice of regular payment.

"I have long been intending to write to you; indeed, I meant to do so immediately after receiving your letter, in order to say how much I was pleased with your prompt compliance with my advice, and consignment of *Faublas* to its proper fate. It is very true, as your friend said, that such books have a certain historical value; but few men will read them with this view. The great majority of their readers have merely sought vicious stimulants, and for this reason it is especially desirable to keep them out of the way of young men who so readily fall into such temptations.

"Your plan of publishing a somewhat select catalogue with little remarks taken from the writings of good judges, seems to me excellent, and I should like much, if I have time, to furnish you with some contributions from the writings of wise and judicious men. Coleridge's writings might supply many criticisms, especially his *Remains*. For instance, you should quote one of his beautiful sayings on Leighton. So you should Maurice's passage about a friend in a note somewhere in the *Kingdom of Christ*. Such a catalogue would be of real use to students, if the selection be well made. I was merely alarmed to think how many people would be offended by your extravagant panegyric on the *Victory of Faith*, who would not understand and make allowance for the personal feelings that dictated it. . . .

"I hardly know to what excesses religious party spirit is carried in these days, and, therefore, am ill qualified to give an opinion on the expediency of your taking part in the publication of the *Broad Stone of Honour*. In a quieter state of the Church I should not hesitate a moment. Then the book would work nothing but pure good. At present I fear it may prepare many for the delusions which the writer himself, and so many others, are zealously propagating. Hence, when I reprint the *Guesses at Truth*, I shall have to bring forward the negative side of that book more strongly. Still I should be loth to decline taking part in it; and as you will have divers opportunities of adding your name to books far remote from the errors of the *Broad Stone*, I should think you might accept Mr. Lumley's offer, telling him you desire to be a Catholic, but a Protestant Catholic, not a Romanist."

The book-shop was scarcely well established before Daniel is looking round and weighing the larger opportunities which are open in connection with a great university, and writes—

To Archdeacon Hare.

"17, Trinity Street, *June* 21, 1844.

" . . I wonder that Cambridge University never sends out good editions of English theolo-

gians, while Oxford sends out so many, and such handsome books, and so many of them by Cambridge men. If Cambridge were to republish the writings of the best of her sons what a noble array of books we should have. It would be an easy matter to do it. The thing might be managed as the Parker Society's books are. With a subscription of £2 2*s.* a year, it would be easy to get nearly all the professional men in England and Scotland who had ever been Cambridge men. Jeremy Taylor, or Fuller, or Barrow, would be good books to begin with, as they are popular writers, better known than many others. There are no good editions of these, well edited and with good Indexes. The edition of Bishop Taylor's works with Heber's Life has a very incomplete Index, and is not correctly printed. There is no edition of Fuller even moderately good in the market. The Oxford edition of Barrow is not very handsome and is very expensive, and by this time is nearly out of print. Donne, Henry More, John Smith, Cudworth, and others might follow. I don't know whether Milton and Howe would have any chance, but a good edition of Milton's complete works is wanted, and it might be so edited as to be for the good of the Church. I should like very much to see Cambridge undertake such a work, and employ the most thoughtful of her sons as editors. There is no need to have commercial men working in it for the purpose of money-making. It were better if the University

undertook it for its own honour, and for the advancement of sound learning. If such a thing could be set a-going I should be glad to take the management of it here. I fancy that the Master of Trinity and others here would be glad to do what they could to raise the name of the University in this way. I merely suggest this. Is it worth thinking of? Could anything be done to bring it about?

"I should like very much to see some good Cambridge tracts started. The incendiarism in our neighbourhood, and the discontent of the poor everywhere, call loudly for some mode of lessening the misunderstanding between rich and poor. Surely this state of things cannot last. One cannot read the papers day after day without agony of heart. Oh that one could see anything at work to meet our wants. It cheered me more than I can tell to see how constantly Dr. Arnold had these things pressing on his heart; because I felt that hundreds in our land may be working in the same spirit though one hears nothing of it. I hope that his life may become an example to many. It would be a great honour if Cambridge were permitted to send out any light for the guidance of men in these most distracted times. Surely it was for some such purpose that God raised up such noble institutions, surely it was that they might give light, and order, and harmony to the kingdom. . . ."

A few more extracts from this correspondence will show the relations which grew up between the Archdeacon and Daniel Macmillan, and will best find a place here by themselves, rather than in their chronological order in the general narrative. The friendship stands out by itself, a pleasant and honourable episode in the lives of two good and able men.

"HURSTMONCEAUX, *August* 29, 1845.

" . . . I suppose you have not heard—for I am sure it would have grieved you—that I have recently lost the brother whom you met here. A nobler-hearted, more loving brother was never given to man as a blessing through so many years, during which the warmth and entireness of the love of childhood and boyhood have never been impaired. I had the blessing of being with him during his last days here, and, therefore, was enabled to give thanks for the peace of his departure."

In 1846 the Archdeacon is in controversy with Sir William Hamilton, who had attacked Luther in a pamphlet on the *Schism in the Scotch Church*, and writes—

"HURSTMONCEAUX, *March* 2, 1846.

" . . . By the by, can you learn for me whether Sir William Hamilton ever published the promised second part of his pamphlet on the *Schism in the*

Scotch Church? if he did, I should much like to have it immediately by the post. And do you happen to know anything of him as a man? His writings have given me a very unfavourable impression of him; and I have to speak of him with considerable severity, which, if he be really a good, upright man, I would try to soften."

After consulting George Wilson, who vigorously defends his learned countryman as an accurate man, but speaks even more warmly of his influence on his pupils, Daniel replies—

". . . All Sir William Hamilton's pupils are very fond of him, because he is so kind to them—most kind to those who need his kindness. To judge from his writings he would be mistaken for a very hard man. But he is only hard against what he esteems false and rotten. If he hits hard it is because he honestly believes he is striking the devil. The Edinburgh students are proud of him as one of their few very learned men. . . ."

ARCHDEACON HARE *to* DANIEL MACMILLAN.

"HURSTMONCEAUX, *March* 5, 1846.

" . . . What you say of Sir William Hamilton will lead me to soften some expressions, for his writings have given me the notion of unscrupulous ferocity; and if he is so fierce because he thinks

he is 'striking the devil,' at all events, he is so blind that he often strikes an angel instead, and does not look twice before he puts in his blow. . . ."

The correspondence, which closed here, so far as the Archdeacon was concerned, was maintained at intervals between Daniel Macmillan and George Wilson, each of them standing up manfully for his principal. The following letter which ends it, refers to one out of several instances of similar good work accomplished by the Archdeacon on the suggestion of his new friend :—

GEORGE WILSON *to* DANIEL MACMILLAN.

"*September* 17, 1846.

" . . . Let there be a truce then. Accuse the baronet, *if you like*, of inaccuracy, only even that were best to be done warily, for he is full of what he calls 'additional proofs' of the justness of his views, and has hitherto been counted an irreproachably accurate historian or recorder. However, on that score I am not his champion, for I know nothing whatever about the Luther business, and I would rather have him wrong than right in his opinions on that matter. The Archdeacon shall be free to fight him on that ground, as long and as stoutly as he pleases. But don't speak to me of lying quotations to hide

scanty scholarship, or I'll count the dignitary a false accuser of his brethren, and hate him as heartily as a Christian is free to do.

"At present, however, I am running over with love to the Archdeacon and to you, and wherefore, think you, O Daniel, greatly beloved? You remember that letter you instigated me to write about the School of Arts? Man! it's been like the leaven hid in three measures of meal, or the mustard seed that became the cedar of Lebanon. It came into the hand of a generous wealthy English lady, who *thereupon* was led, and *thereby*, I believe, to think of mechanics' institutes. She wrote to Archbishop Whately to recommend books, and he, like a good man, recommended his own as he was well entitled to do, but also other people's, all first rate. Well, of these books, this most princely lady has sent sets to *all* the English mechanics' institutes, and I have had the pleasure of being an agent in getting sets for Edinburgh (3), Glasgow (2), Dundee (1), Dunbar (1). Hurrah! Take your share of happiness in the business, my good friend. Who knows what service they may render to the unwashed immortals. And it was you set the wheel a-going; and I that at your bidding turned it: and our friend the Archdeacon, are there no thanks for him? No thanks! I fancy he deserves them most. From an overflowing heart I at least thank him, as the mover of the generous lady.

"You see it's like the house that Jack built; we have each had a share in it. . . ."

D. MACMILLAN *to* ARCHDEACON HARE.

"CAMBRIDGE, *February* 2, 1847.

". . . . Things go very smoothly and very prosperously with us, and my brother is a very great comfort and help to me. We shall never forget that we owe our present position and its comforts to your kind help.

"CAMBRIDGE, *February* 25, 1848.

". . . . Your life of John Sterling has frightened Mr. Carus" (then sub-dean of Trinity). "He thinks you did not sufficiently guard your readers against the dangers of speculation. He has been speaking to everybody about it, but especially to the young men who go to his Sunday evening meetings. At his last meeting he warned all against Coleridge's *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit* as exceedingly dangerous. Mr. Carus is only a symptom of a very widely-diffused feeling. If I might venture to speak on such a matter, I should say that, while this disease of suspicion prevailed, it would be wise in all the more thoughtful theologians to write with great caution, and on many things resolutely to maintain silence. . ."

Prosperity, and the insight which the publishing business was giving him into the inner mind

and prevailing tendencies of the University, were strengthening the natural caution which always, in his character, lay side by side with enthusiasm.

This year of revolution witnessed an attempt by Mr. Maurice and his friends to establish a paper addressed to the working classes in which the points of the Charter, and other exciting political topics, should be dealt with from a Christian stand-point, by men opposed to the physical force Chartists, but who nevertheless were in real sympathy with the people. This paper, published by J. W. Parker, is alluded to in the following letter of Archdeacon Hare :—

"London, *May* 22, 1848.

"I shall be very glad to see Sterling's notes on the *Kingdom of Christ*.[1] If you can send it either to Bell, or to Parker, it will be forwarded to me. I knew you would take a most lively interest in the *Politics for the People*. I hope it will be the means of very great good, and that in time it will have a very large circulation. Only there is need of faith and perseverance at the outset, in spite of discouragements. All the encouragement you can give Parker will be of use, that he may not be led to abandon it, as Knight has his excellent *Voice of the People*, on finding that the first numbers had

[1] This alludes to a copy of *The Kingdom of Christ* which Daniel had found second-hand with some MS. notes by John Sterling, and offered to send to Archdeacon Hare.

not the sale he wanted. It would be a foul scandal if every vulgar, immoral, anti-religious paper can maintain itself for year after year, and when a paper is at last published to maintain political, moral, and religious principles, it should be let die away. I expect much help from your countrymen in Scotland.". . .

We shall have to return to this subject further on, and also to that of the next letter, the new life of marriage, which commenced for Daniel Macmillan in September, 1850.

"HURSTMONCEAUX, *September* 9, 1850.

"It was a great pleasure to me to receive your wedding-cards, as it had been some months ago to hear from Mr. Nutt that you were going to be married. Having such experience myself what an untold blessing a good wife is, I am always desirous that my friends should become partakers of the same blessing; and though it is too manifest that all pearls are not equally precious, yet one hopes that one's friends, at least, may have the blessing of finding a true pearl; and such, I hope and trust, has been granted to you. If so, you will find that your pearl becomes more and more precious day by day and year by year.". . .

The next letter is from Daniel to his brother, from Hurstmonceaux, where he is on a visit with his wife to the Archdeacon.

"HURSTMONCEAUX, *June* 17, 1851.

"I shall try to have some conversation to-day about Wordsworth. We had some yesterday. Hare noticed a curious fact that Wordsworth had taken great pains to educate himself as a poet, and had produced nothing before his education was complete. *The White Doe of Rylstone* was his latest production, and that was written about 1815 or 1816. All that went before consisted of slight things, *Evening Voluntaries* and the like, but no great or sustained effort to produce that of which the *Prelude* or *Excursion* were but as the commencement. I expressed some surprise at his meagre catalogue of the most obvious amusements of London—which he gave as his view of that wonderful place. He said first of all London at that time was the most barren place, and he does give what really were then its chief amusements. The theatre was the only thing that had life and vigour, and that, from his great difficulty in dramatic appreciation, would have no interest to him—and the same defect made all the obvious outside life of London look very silly to him. He was wrapt up in his own views of things, which hindered him from understanding and even seeing what was not included in his own world. He despised much that was despicable, but was often too sweeping in his condemnations. The time in which his visit to London is laid was a most narrow party-period of English history. There was nothing but

Whig and Tory patter till the Spanish war appeared, when England began to show a better, more national spirit.

"The worthy Archdeacon has not yet read Wordsworth's life. He says Mrs. Hare has, and has compared it with his works, and was somewhat interested with that part. But from what she said it was evident that Dr. Wordsworth did not understand his uncle. He fancied that Wordsworth began by being a Radical, and gradually improved into a High Churchman. From his Excursion he rose into the Ecclesiastical Sonnets; but in all his Poetry never reached to anything like his nephew's Prize Poem."

The Archdeacon's health began seriously to fail in 1851, but the correspondence continued at intervals. One more extract, from the last letter of any importance that passed between them, may fitly close this part of the story.

D. MACMILLAN *to* ARCHDEACON HARE.

"CAMBRIDGE, *June* 25, 1853.

(After inquiries for his health and notifying the despatch of a number of the Evangelical Review containing an elaborate article on his works.) "I have seldom ventured when writing or speaking to you to do more than allude to how much I feel what I owe to your great kind-

ness and that of your brother. But I seldom forget it, and my wife and my brother join with me, and our children will learn to love and reverence your name. If it had not been for your kind help and encouragement, and friendly recommendations, I should not have been here, and I should never have been in a position to marry, nor would my brother. When I see so many blessings showering down on my brother and myself and those who are dearest to us, I am reminded that God has sent them to us in great measure through you.

"My life at Mr. Seeley's had fewer cares and anxieties. I could think and read more continuously. My work had become so easy to me that I could do it without effort. The business moved so steadily, and was so deeply rooted, that there was no anxiety about it. But it would have been impossible for me to have retained my situation with such health as I have had for the last nine years. But here with my brother's constant love and care, I can be of some little service even when I do not work." Then after speaking of the desire of himself and his brother to live for the same object, and work in the same spirit as their two elder brothers the Baptist ministers, he goes on, "and we feel that here we can do so while quietly following our calling and working for our daily bread. Men often tell us after they have settled in parishes and curacies, that the books we recommended to them have

been useful in helping them to do their work—and as fresh sets of men come and go every three years we feel that our post is an important one, and all the better that we often meet with much to humble us and much to raise up the old Adam within us. We are in very slight danger of giving ourselves airs! so much the better! This is not just the way we should have chosen when I wrote to you twelve years ago. But I have no doubt it is a better way—one into which God has led us—as we look on you as the means you can hardly wonder that we should always feel most grateful. I should also mention your kindness in telling me of Mr. Maurice's books and introducing me to himself. We have indeed found him a most precious friend. Greatly as we admire and revere the wisdom and power and goodness of his books we think him so much greater and better, and I count it one of the very hopeful privileges of my life to know him. He seems to me one of the noblest men I ever heard or read of."

The following entry in Daniel Macmillan's journal tells of the end—

"Tuesday, *January* 23, 1855.

"Archdeacon Hare died this morning at Hurstmonceaux. A more noble, simple-hearted man never lived. It is sad for us to lose a man of such courage, so gentle, with such a single eye for God's glory. We can ill spare him. One

knows so few equal, none like him. But though it gives one a sad heart to lose such a friend, yet as he had such poor health one feels that it is a great blessing for him to be taken to his rest. . . . All who knew must have loved him. His was such a beautiful nature, so manly, so truthful, so child-like. It does one good to think of him. Now that he is gone may God help me to strive to do whatever is in my power to forward the work he was doing in the world in the post I am placed in."

CHAPTER VI.

MARRIAGE AND HOME LIFE. 1850-56.

No really satisfactory idea can be formed of a man without some glimpse into the sacred recesses of his home life. And if this be so, even in the case of statesmen, soldiers, explorers—men whose careers have been full of action and stirring incident—how much more strongly does it hold good of men like Daniel Macmillan. The question, always a difficult and delicate one, must arise in every case, how far the veil can be drawn back so as to let the man be seen in those relations which most shrewdly test his manhood, without pandering to idle curiosity, or uncovering things too sacred for the casual eye of strangers. Much must depend of course upon what is behind the veil. If, as in this case, there should be nothing but what is pure and of good report, and the principal actors have passed from amongst us, the light may be let in freely. Those who can appreciate what is pure and of good report—always

let us hope and believe the great majority—will be strengthened and refreshed by what the light discloses, while it will at any rate not injure the minority who may pass lightly by with a shrug or a sneer. In this belief the following extracts are given from the letters and journals of this period.

He became engaged in the first days of June, 1850, to Frances, daughter of Mr. Orridge, a Cambridge chemist of good standing, and a borough magistrate, with whose family the Macmillans had long been intimate. The attachment had matured gradually, and was of some standing on his side, but the state of his health, and the small returns from his business during its early years had hitherto kept him from any engagement. His first letter to his betrothed was accompanied by a number of his old journals and letters.

"*June* 7, 1850.

". . . I am anxious that you, my darling, should know me as I know myself—as God knows me—and so take the best means in my power to lay my heart bare to you. Perhaps you will see much to surprise you. But it is better that you should know me to the heart's core: so that you may help to deliver me from my faults and follies. You will see many weaknesses; but you will help me to be strong, and holy, and humble.

" There is one set of letters which I should like

to have destroyed. I wonder I kept them. The chief reason was that I did think of working up my life-story into a popular tale; and in looking over the letters which came back from H. B. I kept such as would help me to see my old spiritual standing-point. Since these chanced to be preserved I thought only right to send them just as they stood. I feel as if I had volumes and volumes of explanations to give: but these I must speak."

"Monday Night.

". . . You can, I am sure, sympathise with me, when I tell you that it gives me unspeakable satisfaction to feel sure, as I do, that there is no chasm between us: that in all regions of thought and feeling we can understand each other. One has often seen folks whose lives were, on the whole, pleasant, who were cut off from each other: one of the two, who ought to be one, is taken up with what is a bore to the other. I have always felt that it would be most distressing to me if in any respect my wife did not see what I meant. . . .

"You will see too many faults—among others, a needless vehemence on all occasions. You will see sometimes indications of pride and contempt towards people I don't like."

At the date of the next letter Miss Orridge is on a visit to London.

"Wednesday Evening, *June* 19, 1850.

". . . If you could do as you like, as I know you cannot, I should recommend you to hear a very remarkable man preach or lecture next Sunday night. I mean Professor Scott. He is a professor in University College, and on Sunday evenings he preaches in a Literary Institution in Edward's Street, Portman Square. He is a man of very great mark. His mind is singularly clear, orderly, scientific; yet he has a most warm, devout, reverent heart. I wish he would write more: for he is one of the best thinkers of our day: and his influence is always wholesome. . . .

"Maurice greatly admires him, and thinks him an abler man than himself. But that is not the case. Indeed I really don't believe that Maurice has any *second* in our time. He towers far above all others, and yet he is the most profoundly humble man I ever knew. Perhaps it would be truer to say that he is humble *because* he is so great, or so great *because* he is so humble. Truly '*his* mind is lofty and lowly, like the Master whom he serves;' and just because he is so lofty and so lowly he keeps clear of all narrowness and one-sidedness: and looks honestly at the principles of all parties, and recognises and appropriates the truth which lies in them. Art, science, literature, everything that is a development of the good, the beautiful, and the true, is dear to him. No man is so free from all pedantry, all pretence. He

only seems to care for what is living and real —what has to do with man's life. He is what Carlyle calls '*a true truth-loving man.*' I don't know whether or not you read that book of his which I lent to your father. I felt it to be quite invaluable to me. The early part, on the Hebrews, seemed to me most precious because it gave clearness and unity to my former notions about that part of world-history, and helped to unfold many, many things of which I only saw the outside. There was much that was quite new to me; far more expansive, and far deeper than anything I had ever dreamt of. . . ."

"Thursday, *June* 20, 1850.

". . . I did not regret losing what the book said, but when I spoke to you, I did regret that I could get no answer. Shall I tell you what I said? I told you again and again the story of my life, now and then stopping to fill up details; giving you many episodes, which, strange to say, did not seem to tire you. For want of better to do I shall write down some part of my story.

"I am quite an old man now. Next 13th of September I shall be thirty-seven. So it is now nearly thirty-seven years since I made my first appearance on the stage of this world. The scene was laid in a most humble house on the brow of a hill overlooking the sea, and getting, on clear days, a clear view of the Ayrshire coast. High

mountains covered with snow lay behind this little house. The flocks of sheep with the hoggets were gathered into their fold by the shepherds' care—and the Almighty Shepherd watched over my mother and over me. He allowed her to train and help the formation of my spirit for twenty years, and then took her to dwell among the pure and beautiful spirits of all ages. She is gone from this world, but her influence can never die. She helped to form my brothers and sisters: they have influenced others, and so the good works through all generations—and the evil too—from which many lessons may be learnt. But to proceed.

"My father died when he was little more than fifty. He was a large, strong man, and only too ready to use his strength. Alexander is a good deal like father, only my father was severer and sterner-looking. He was a man with considerable humour. He married very young, and brought on him the cares of the married state somewhat too early in life. He did a little farming and was a carter, and of course his work lay altogether out of doors. He often got too much heated, and then, not being cautious he caught cold—cold upon cold. He was too careful about his family to think much about himself. He was far too anxious-minded. So between one thing and another his vigorous, robust, manly frame was all too soon broken up and gave way. A braver, a more upright man never left this world. I wish

I could remember more of him. But what I do makes me feel that he was most truly a king, and priest, and true 'man of God.'

"My mother was sixty-three when she died. She had no disease, properly so called. The framework of one of the noblest and purest spirits ever manifested in the flesh was quite worn out, and the spirit passed without a struggle into its true native region. . . .

"Malcolm, our eldest brother, was a kind of father to us. O how kind and good he was, and how he struggled to make us fear God, and do the will of God! How he watched over us, and helped us in every way! He was a working carpenter, and yet he managed to teach himself or get himself taught, Latin and Greek, and some Hebrew, and he knew English well, and could write and preach it admirably. He left his carpenter-work and kept a school. Then he became the Minister of a Baptist Church, and there he did his work nobly, and was admired and loved by all who knew him. . . .

"But he was called away before his time. At least so it seemed, for he was a most beautiful preacher, and just as he was showing his gift, he was taken away. But God did it; and it is all right. . . .

"I remember watching the cows to keep them from the corn. I remember wandering alone and thinking of the infinite, of space and time, of

heaven and hell, good and evil, of angels and of devils. I remember Alexander's birth, and nursing him. I used to lie at the bottom of a very large cradle and rock him and myself to sleep. I remember innumerable conversations with mother, and I remember my father's illness and death and funeral. It made so great an impression on me that up to the time I was twenty I could not speak of my father without the tear starting in my eye.

"From ten to seventeen I was an apprentice. I learnt to bind books and sell them and buy them, to groom and ride horses, to stain and varnish wood, and very many things not specified in my indenture, for my master was a queer, queer man, and paid more attention to anything than to his trade. His wife was very kind to me, but '*a wee daft,*' and told me all her love affairs before I was twelve.

"After such a wide experience I ought to be far better than I am. I ought to be free from many faults which I trust you will help me to correct. Ah me! If it were right to regret, how much I have to regret! But it is a waste of time, and one ought to pass on and be thankful for the lessons of humility they have taught me, and which I have yet to learn. You will help me. . . .

"I felt that I must speak it out, whether you listened to it or no."

"Friday, *June* 21, 1850.

"I fear you will think that I am very tiresome with these long letters. But the fact is I am anxious that you should know all about me. I think it best that I should speak out all I know of myself, all that would help you to understand me, with ease and freedom. It seems the wisest way for me to be clear and straightforward, and that I should tell you everything; that there should be no mental reservation, no Jesuitry. If we clear the way as we go along, and *see* the way as we go along, it may be plainer, more tedious, less like a flowery fairy-land; but it is likely to be more substantial, freer from swamps and pitfalls.

"So that all this may lead to a deeper understanding of each other it is most needful, as you hint, that we should see the guidance of the Highest, the Ever-present Guide. I shall strive to take your hint, a most needful thing at all times, but especially needful when one has such very grave prospects before one. . . ."

"Tuesday Afternoon, *June* 25, 1850.

". . . We are always falling into the vulgar notion of *heaven;* looking on it as a mere reward (somewhat of the nature of a bribe) for good behaviour here; and so we fall into a mere selfish other-worldliness (as Coleridge terms it) instead of feeling that the Kingdom of Heaven is set

up by our common Father, within the hearts of all men; and that just so far as they obey its laws they enter into the Divine order, and find that the true end of their existence is obeying its laws; and that right and blessedness are identical; and that the primal root of all discord, all disorder, is hungering and thirsting after self-gratification, rewards, in this or in other worlds. . . ."

"Thursday Night, *June* 27, 1850.

" . . . It is strange that I have never been able to say to you what was at my heart and even on my tongue. It always seems as if I could not find utterance when in your presence; and yet there is more on my mind and more in my heart when I see you than at any other time; and perhaps it is because I have so much to say that I can utter next to nothing. When I have left you I always feel inclined to laugh at myself for having said so little, and so little to the purpose. But though I laugh, and flout, and twit at myself without mercy, it seems to do no good. I will try to say all that lies on my heart next time we meet. Pray help me. I have very numerous imaginary conversations with you. The day will soon come, I hope, when the real ones will be freer, easier, less formal, and more genial than any we have yet had. Every fresh one will help us to see deeper into each other's hearts. You are more dear to me than

words can utter. I love you with my whole heart, and wish you to know all my thoughts. I would hide nothing from you.

"About November, 1842, I fancied I had met with one I had long sought for. But in March, 1844, when quite outrageous labour had brought on serious illness, and her friends insisted on the termination of . . . This of course greatly increased my illness, and made it last longer, and more severe than it would otherwise have been. I thought it right to tell you this, so that you might quite understand that *I* was *cast off* with the greatest kindness on all hands, but still very distinctly. To a man so far away from all intimate friends as I was you can hardly tell how desolate my heart felt, or how much I endured; my health being so bad I felt my sorrows the more keenly; and my sorrows increased my illness. When my brother came down and lived with me his society was most precious. Oh, how I longed for my mother! Alexander did his best to supply all my wants. But my heart craved for some one, and now and then I seemed to catch a glimpse of the God-appointed wife. But it turned out a mere will-o'-the-wisp, a mere shadow. But yet a shadow always tells of a reality to come. So, when I met you, and heard your dear voice, and looked into those most blessed eyes of yours, I waited and thought, and thought and waited, till I felt my heart say, as if it were the voice of God,

"This is the right fair saint for you; there your heart and mind will find all you need.' . . .

"But through all my troubles it is wonderful how kind I have always found people. One feels sure that the radiance of God's love shines out of all hearts; for in Irvine, Stirling, Glasgow, Cambridge, London, Edinburgh, Leith, wherever I have been, I found kind loving hearts. Shop-boys, porters, waiters at dining-houses, everywhere, and from every one, I have met with expressions of kindness in some form or other."

The next letter is written as he is on his way to the wedding of his friend MacLehose :—

"Crown Hotel, Fleetwood, *July* 16, 1850.

"What a glorious night we had on our way from London to Preston. The most brilliant lightning in the distance, splendid clouds round the moon, and the moon herself heavenly sweet, and those stars one could see most divinely sparkling. The moon was only half a one, and was calling out for its complement, which it will obtain soon I trust. When looking at the sky I fell asleep to dream of a loveliness far more dear. I slept a good deal, waking at short intervals. But sleeping or waking my thoughts were of that most precious and beautiful spirit which is for ever linked with mine. When awake, and all the rest of my fellow passengers asleep, I looked up and uttered from my

heart that divine prayer which the Redeemer taught us. I felt more truly than ever that I might say 'Our Father,' and that you will always help me to say from the heart, 'Thy will be done.' . . . I have been here for two hours or more. I have greatly enjoyed meeting my friend, who is a fine, warm-hearted fellow. We shall soon start for the Isle of Man. I never felt in better health, and quite hope to reach the island without much suffering. Good be with you."

Daniel was married on the 4th of September, 1850, and travelled with his wife north by Rugby to spend some weeks at the Cumberland lakes and in visiting his relatives and friends in Scotland. The weather was very fine, and all went well; but even now, on the threshold of his new life, the shadow is there. On October 2, he writes to his brother, "the fact is, I have had a cold hanging about me ever since I came from Cambridge. Now and then it has left me (for instance when I was in Arran), but when I came to Stirling, Callander, &c., and now in Edinburgh, it bothers me a little. To-night I feel a slight pain in the side. We have vile east winds, and so it strikes me that the best thing I could do would be to go to such a place as Torquay. I feel sure I am bound to take the precaution of going to some warm place to get rid of all the seeds of my troubles. I am the more

persuaded to do so because since I came here I have been troubled with several twitches of pain in my bones, the shoulders and finger-joints. I quite think a fortnight at Torquay would put all that to flight."

To get rid of all the seeds of my troubles! Poor fellow! That was never to be, and except in his own very sanguine moments he had ceased to expect it. But for the time he was right. The fortnight at Torquay, in the house of his good landlady and friend Mrs. Mayo, which had already become a second home to him, sent him back to Cambridge at the end of his marriage tour in fair health and high hopes; able to take more active part in the details of the business than he had done for some years.

In August, 1851, his brother married, to whom he writes from Cambridge—

"CAMBRIDGE, *August* 13, 1851.

"I wish you and your dear wife all joy. I feel sure you have it. But you know nothing yet of the deep blessedness which month after month of quiet and constant intercourse and love will give you. The honeymoon is nothing compared with the months that follow. It is true that I have not yet been married a year, and so you may think I am no great authority. But still eleven months' experience must be of great value compared with one day. I am sure that this month has

been a thousand times more joyful than the first; and that every succeeding month will widen and deepen our quiet gladness of heart. So I am sure it will be with you both. It has been no small part of our pleasure during the last six months to see you and Carry becoming more and more at home with each other; and it will greatly increase the delight of coming years to see you growing in love and all other virtues which grow out of love. That going out for the honeymoon is a most wise and useful invention; it enables you to be so constantly together, and to obtain a deeper knowledge of each other: and it also helps one to see and feel the preciousness of such intimacy as nothing else could. Intercourse in the presence of others never leads below the surface, and it is in the very depths of our being that true calm, deep and true peace and love lie. Nothing so well prepares for the serious duties of after-life. It is in peaceful family life that you will find rest for your hearts. Nothing grows upon us like restlessness. The cure for it and all other spiritual diseases lies in quietly working and worshipping together as man and wife. Besides that we have even still higher tasks before us, we have to train up those who are to fight against the evils of the world when we are called away to meet our fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters. But this is not at all what I intended to say when I started."

The method of perfect openness—of making his wife the sharer of all his thoughts and the counsellor in all his plans, which as we have seen had been an effort to him at first—bore its sure fruit in their happy, though somewhat anxious, married life. His natural vehemence, and impatience, and inclination to despondency, were soothed and alleviated. She seems to him to read all the lessons of life much more clearly than he can. "I shall do all in my power," he says playfully, "to live as long as I can near such a wife." Their first boy, Frederick, was born in 1851, the second, Maurice, called after his godfather, in 1853. The children bring with them new home delights and anxieties. A passage or two from his journal for this and the following years will indicate these sufficiently :—

"*Thursday, May* 19, 1853.— . . . . I feel that it is no small blessing to have such gifts, and to have the delight of seeing them grow, and to watch their minds opening and their hearts lay hold of goodness and truth. Dear little Maurice only a month old this day! and yet one feels that one would part with all one has or can hope to have rather than lose him! And then to have a quiet home, and quiet evenings with one's wife, all that one requires, and all without great toil and anxiety. When one looks out into the garden this lovely spring evening and sees the sunbeams

mellowing the green leaves, and sees the quiet sky through them, and feels that one's day's work is over, and nothing is left but to thank God and rejoice in His blessings—one feels to blush deeply at one's grumbling.

"However, one question will rise, Had I any right, with my fragile and precarious health, to marry and take a wife away from her comfortable home to run the risk of leaving her so soon a widow, with no distinct provision? And now that the thing is done, is it right in me selfishly to enjoy the present without taking any thought for the possible future of my wife or children? I think not. But still, am I not likely to do more damage than good, by over-anxiety? Would it not be wisest, most Christian, to work zealously and thoughtfully, and calmly to wait the result? Well, that I will strive to do."

"*Hastings, Sunday, June* 26, 1853.—It rained very much; we could not go to church; but had service at home, which perhaps is the most real way of attending church. Yet I am always glad when the weather is fine and I am strong enough to go. That seems in many ways the best. Yet one is glad to be able to join in the common prayer even at one's own fireside with those who use it throughout the world, and with those who are praying for the same objects in other forms. Finished my letter to Archdeacon Hare. I am glad I wrote it. Surely it does one good to

express thankfulness. It is right to do it at the right times—if one always knew when they are, —and in the right way—if one knew that. At all times and in all places it is meet and right to express and deeply to feel thankfulness to Him who is the source of all love and goodness."

"*Hastings, Monday, June* 27, 1853.— . . . . The fresh air did me good. But I almost daily feel that it is absurd for me to hope for recovery or to expect to live ten or twenty years. In a letter I had from George Wilson he speaks hopefully. I often have great hope myself. But then comes sudden weakness, utter prostration of strength, pain in the back and chest, difficulty of breathing, and numerous symptoms which can hardly be named, but which bear hard on the spirits and the health. However, it is well to remember in whose hands we all are, and to cast all our care on Him. These quiet walks alone give one time to think, if one could turn all these thoughts into life and action, and really live to the glory of God, whether we eat or drink or whatsoever we do. One craves above all things to be brave and gentle and loving, and really to live a life of Faith —a Christian life."

"*Monday, July* 25, 1853.— . . . . Our narrow income has not enabled us to pay our way quite as we like. Papa pays our rent, and we hoped that we should have been able to do the rest. But the debts grew to £36, and were quite a burden

on our minds. At last, mamma was consulted by dearest Fanny, and she spoke to papa, and he gave the £36 to-day, and Fanny has paid off everything. So we are now quite clear. This is most delightful to us both. To me the delight would have been more unmixed if our own business had yielded the means of making us clear and free of debt. But as it cannot I must be content to live on charity, and be glad and grateful that the charity comes from those who love us so dearly. . . ."

"*Sunday, December* 13, 1854.—Had our service at home, instead of at church. This, on account of my health, is still our custom. After the evening service we looked through our old note-books, so as to recall the past. Very interesting and instructive it was to look back on all we could remember and think of. There is so much to be most thankful for. There is so much to humble us. My life has been so full of ill-health, of anxiety and cares—as far back as I can at all remember. Yet along with it all most bright happy hours and thorough enjoyment of life with its battle. It has been full of high hopes of the result and goal to which all this seeming and real confusion is leading. I have no wish to go over my life again, but on the whole am right thankful for all I have seen and experienced. . . .

"If I am permitted to remain with them another year, I hope that God, through the influence of

the Holy Ghost, will make us all more like our Redeemer. . . ."

"*Sunday, January* 21, 1855.— . . . . We have been thinking a great deal to-day of the wonderful blessings which God has surrounded us with, and feel greatly ashamed of our folly and sin in not living in the recollection of Him from whom all comes. If we did how blessed our life would be, and how little anxiety we should have about our position and circumstances, or even about ill-health and weakness! How much better and more cheerfully we should do our work! How much more kind and gentle we should be! How much better we should be able to bear disappointment, unkindness, malice, and all uncharitableness! and how much more earnestly we should pray that our enemies should be forgiven and their hearts changed! How much more zealously we should work for the utter destruction of evil in ourselves and others! How much more hopefully we should look on all efforts to lead men to trust alone in the one perfect sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ! I have been thinking about my father and mother and brothers and sisters who have gone before us into their rest. They had troubles and trials enough in their day, but even I, looking at them with the world and its affairs pressing on me, can look upon these as light afflictions which were but for a moment. It seems, too, when by reading the Bible, by joining in the prayers of the Church, by

reading a sermon, or any book which deals with God's ways to man, and helps me to see things as they really are, that I shall never be anxious any more, and never forget that God cares for us all and watches over us all: but go on in the remembrance of these truths working manfully as a soldier and servant of Jesus Christ, seeking only for His glory, for Righteousness and Truth, and Mercy, to be godly myself, and in as far as in me lies, to lead all others to do the like. O God, help us!"

A severe attack of illness obliged him to leave his family at Cambridge and hasten to Torquay in the spring of the next year. In the meantime his third child and only daughter Katherine had been born, and the anxiety on his wife's account added much to the ordinary trial of absence.

To HIS WIFE.

"TORQUAY, *April* 19, 1855.

"I took the letters to the post-office myself this afternoon, and, of course, I followed your advice and took them to Torr. After which I walked down by the toll-bar, and up through the lane by the mill, till I came upon a part where there were some trees lying cut, very dry, and which made a nice resting-place, and dreamed away, basking in the sun for a good hour and a half. Then walked home through the Abbey

grounds—very pleasant they are—and how thankful one should be for such delights! How beautiful the sea looked from under the elm-trees! I was out nearly five hours to-day, and feel very much better than I have felt for many a day. I was home about half-past five."

"TORQUAY, Friday, *April* 20, 1855.

"You are my constant companion in my walks. I like to go over the old ground and think of you. I am much better than when we were here together last year—my breathing is so much easier, and my cough less troublesome. God bless you always. Good night. . . .

"You would hardly believe what a difference the few days I have been here has made. I quite enjoy these walks, and come home fresher than when I start. My way of life is as follows: The warm water comes at seven. I get up immediately. Get down to breakfast at ten minutes past eight. Ring; up comes a slice of bacon, some toast, butter, milk, and coffee. Out of these I make a breakfast. After breakfast I walk. At eleven come in and take a glass of bitter beer; then walk, then come home at one for dinner—a *couple* of chops (now), and bread and bitter beer; then have my longest walk—and come home for tea. After tea lie down and have a good rest in bed—don't object to sleep. Then get up and write any letters I have and go to bed.

"Really I *have* reason to thank God for the improvement since this day week. If it goes on like this all the summer I may hope for complete restoration. Oh! that it might come."

"TORQUAY, Sunday Night, *April* 23, 1855.

". . . I am so much better. Mrs. Tetley says I look better than when I *left* last year. The sun has done much. My digestion is in good order. I have not felt anything like so well for many a day. I have, indeed, stronger hopes than I ever had since my first illness eleven years ago, that I shall really get permanently well. I certainly shall try.

". . . After tea to-night I went to sleep for upwards of two hours. It does not the least lessen or alter my night's rest. The being out in the air all day makes me sleepy all day, but as I do not allow myself time after breakfast, or lunch, or dinner, the only time I take rest is after tea, and off I go into profound sleep. It is quite wonderful what the week has done for me. Both Mrs. Tetley and Mr. Spragge evidently thought to-day that I did not at all look like an invalid. Now on the way down I certainly did look like one. For in the carriage to Didcot there were two Oxford horse-dealers who were very attentive to me and evidently concerned about me. So an old gentleman who came with me to Exeter and went on the north line to Barnstaple. I gave no hint

to either of these people, yet they evidently treated me with great tenderness and consideration. But to-night, what with the sun and air, I seem to have a kind of colour and my face looks fuller; but of course I am not really much stouter in one week. I forgot my oil; Mrs. Mayo sent it up as usual, but the girl put it in a cupboard and I did not see it. . . .

"I really think I must have been more than half asleep or I should not have written you all this absurd gossip. There is a wretched little girl crying (about a year old) and they are walking up and down with it to get it to sleep, and after a few turns up and down and singing softly comes a good scolding. Poor little daughter of Eve! her nurses are not over wise, and she must suffer for it! More gossip with reflections!"

"Torquay, *May* 1, 1855.

"When I think of you and of your love, and goodness, and wisdom, and divine perfection, and of the happy days and years we have had, and how much more happy they might have been if it had not been for my weakness and wilfulness; when I think of the treasures God has given us in these dear children, I feel most thankful that I did not go to Australia in 1849, even though I might have made 30,000*l.* in sheep-farming as some have done even in a shorter

time. Indeed I feel that I ought to be thankful for all the troubles I have had to go through. If I did not need them they would scarcely have come on me. I seem very slow of learning the lesson God means me to learn. Let us hope that with your help and earnest prayer, that this long rest in the summer may be the means. For your sake, my dearest, as well as for the sake of our dear children, I hope it may. My dearest and best, *do* help me. You are so wise and so good. Don't hesitate to tell me plainly of my faults. . . ."

"TORQUAY, *May* 8, 1855.

" . . . I always think you are the wisest person in the world. But if you come through in a day I shall doubt it. As cook could easily see after the luggage at Didcot—which need only lie at the station for the night—and as you, with their help, ought to have no trouble or fatigue, I think the way I suggested would be the best. Then, with your weak back, and after such a time, it is a fearfully long journey. The mode I suggest would break it in two so nicely. The additional expense is so very trifling. My ease of mind on the point would pay for it all. Then what could we say if you were to have an illness? Pray do think of it again, and take my advice. I spoke to Dr. Tetley yesterday afternoon when he called, and he said that is the right way. So says

Mrs. Mayo. Therefore, *do* reconsider it. But do make up your mind and tell me by next letter, so that I may arrange with the omnibus man. But that does not matter. It would be best to come with the omnibus from the station, and to bring all the luggage with you. I don't the least think I shall be able to keep away. So if you see me don't be vexed or anxious. Keep your mind easy.

"It has just struck me that I cannot get a written answer from you by Thursday. This will not reach you till Wednesday afternoon, and I cannot have a written answer till Friday morning. So we shall not know whether to expect you or not.

"If you quite resolve to come through in a day you had better telegraph from London. That is, as soon as you are started let your brother go to the telegraph-office and send the inclosed message. It will reach me about seven, or soon after—perhaps before; and we shall be quite prepared for you. If, on the contrary, you take my advice and stop at Didcot, you need *not* telegraph. I shall look for you by the quarter-past four train on Friday afternoon.

"You can hardly guess what a state my heart is in at the hope of seeing you, and especially when I come to think that you could not answer my letter till I saw you."

To HIS BROTHER.

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS WEDDING DAY.

"*September* 4, 1855.

". . . . I daresay you have not forgotten this day five years ago: this is quite as brilliant a morning but a good deal cooler. When I see my wife and the three children in such fine health and spirits, and the baby such a sweet little angel, the boys so vigorous and joyous, I have every reason to be grateful for that day and this day and all the intervening ones. As for my own health, it is greatly better than it has been for seven or eight months. I cough much less, but still I do cough, and breathe hard, and find it impossible to walk except very slowly, and have every indication that even if life is given me here, and I am allowed to work for my wife and children, and to help in their education, it will be a constant struggle with disease and fight with death. But if I can lovingly believe and practise the great truths which I clearly see and know, I shall look upon that as most light affliction, not to be compared to the deep consolation which the Redeemer and Purifier pours into our hearts.

"It has been a most lovely day, bright and clear, and cool and windy, so that one enjoyed the quiet shelter of the lanes. Fanny and I had a walk in the early part of the day and it seemed quite new

to us. The weather while hot seemed to do me more good enjoying myself under a tree. The evening is lovely, I never remember a sweeter; much such a night as we had at Rugby five years ago, but our environment is more beautiful, we know so much more of each other, and the experience has not been thrown away, though it has not taught me so much as it ought. I trust my weakness and blindness will lead me to lean more constantly on Him who can make us strong and give us light, loving Him and His laws, and not the things which are seen and perish."

From these glimpses of his home we must now return again to the ordinary routine of his business life, taking it up from the time of his removal to Cambridge in the autumn of 1843.

CHAPTER VII.

CAMBRIDGE. 1843-57.

"It would be hard to find in any individual bookseller so extensive a knowledge as Besser possesses of the most celebrated books in all languages, their character and value; and there is no one who knows so well as he does where to find and how to procure them." So Perthes—the great German bookseller, whose patriotism gained him the high honour of being specially excepted with nine others from the amnesty which Napoleon proclaimed in 1813 to the citizens of Hamburg—speaks of his partner; and the words may well be applied to Daniel Macmillan at the time when he became his own master, with the chance of working out his own ideas. We have already seen how he gained the chance, and have now to follow his career under the new conditions.

His position was a peculiar one, with great drawbacks, and considerable advantages to counterbalance them. Amongst the former, next to his

bad health, which after the first year of intense work and anxiety necessitated long absences from Cambridge, came the want of capital. As we have seen, the £750 on which he and his brother started was all borrowed, and soon proved too little for the business. The more rapidly their trade grew, and it grew rapidly from the first, the more this difficulty pressed upon them. A University town, though in other respects an admirable field for a bookseller of his calibre, is—or at any rate was in those days—heavily weighted for men without command of capital, by the system of long credits. The Archdeacon had warned them of this difficulty, and the efforts of the new firm to reform the system, and to cultivate the habit amongst their customers of paying bills within the year, were a constant source of small troubles to them. As they took no long credits themselves, the strain from the first was severe, though by great care and economy they managed to keep out of debt, and make both ends meet.

On the other hand, as a set off against bad health and insufficient capital, his friendship with Archdeacon Hare gave the firm at once a position with the leading men in the university, which his own tact, knowledge, and ability enabled him rapidly to improve. Outside the university too the Archdeacon's connection stood him in good stead, and he was soon in relations more or less

intimate with F. D. Maurice, A. P. Stanley, the present Archbishop of Dublin then Mr. Trench, Bishop Colenso, Charles Kingsley, and others of the liberal school of Churchmen and social reformers. The time too was singularly fortunate for a man of his peculiar experience and wide sympathies to start as a bookseller in a University town. England has seldom been in a more electric state, intellectually and morally. The Anti-Corn Law agitation was stirring the nation to its depths, and the triumph of the middle class all but assured. Behind and beneath it, the great movement of the working-class was already making itself felt, in Chartism, and half-blind attempts at association in one and another direction. The thoughts which had been troubling him for so long, and which he had poured out in his letters to the Archdeacon, were fermenting in the minds of all the best men who were growing into manhood. And here at Cambridge he had his hand as it were on the pulse of the reading public, every section of which, from the buyers of jest books to the ripest scholars in search of the last German treatise, was represented in the throngs who soon began to frequent the Trinity Street shop.

It was in Cambridge, twelve years before, that he had formed his high ideal of what a bookseller's calling should be, and to Cambridge he had now returned to test how far that early dream of a high vocation could be realised.

In the autumn of 1843, then, we find him installed in Trinity Street in time to be ready for the gathering of the University for Michaelmas term. He was alone at first, for his brother could not be spared from Aldersgate Street. In the press of work, of hand as well as head, he had little time for correspondence, but managed to keep up that with Mr. Maurice, to whom he had been introduced in the spring by Archdeacon Hare. He had sent some MS. letters for Mr. Maurice's perusal, and had received his comments on them; to which he replies:—

To the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

"Cambridge, *September*, 1843.

"I was most glad to see your very kind letter. I felt afraid lest the meaning of the 'letters of an invalid' should be misunderstood: and was very glad to find that you saw them in the right light. I was anxious that you, and some few of your friends, should see the sort of appearance that the spiritual condition of our country presents to young Scotchmen. The strong language with regard to the Clergy does not represent my present feelings: but I wished to remember distinctly what I have felt: what many of my friends have felt: what many young men now feel.

"With regard to publishing them, I should

altogether object to it, not because it would be any breach of confidence—for none of the persons mentioned could detect themselves in so altered a guise, the facts are facts; a few circumstances are altered: the names of persons and towns would require to be left out—but because I honestly believe that writing for the public is not my work at all. For many years I must be silent and learn. I am every day feeling that the wisest and healthiest plan for me is to place my fingers on my lips.

"This may seem to contradict my own conduct. I know I don't always act according to my convictions, and talk too much.

"But with regard to these letters, unless they went *exclusively* into the hands of the upper classes who feel a deep interest in the condition of England, or into the hands of the Clergy, they could do no good.

"I know that your writings are often misunderstood and misrepresented. I feel sure, however, that they point in the right direction, and will do good to many who at present are only irritated by what is so strange to them. I think you have no reason to blame yourself, and much reason to hope. I know no books more likely to meet the wants of the young men of our time.

"For one thing I feel quite sure that sudden conversions are not good things. Those systems

which are narrowest and shallowest (of the Morison's pill kind) make the most rapid progress, whereas what would lead men beyond all systems, or to recognise an element of good in systems they have from childhood found comfort in abusing, is not so likely to be readily received."

To establish good relations with the undergraduates, and especially with the studious portion of them, was one of the first matters which occupied the attention of himself and his brother. As to this part of their work, one of the earliest of their customers writes :—

"When the Macmillans first established their shop in the heart of the University, on a well-chosen site opposite the gates of the Senate House, we undergraduates felt that with men hardly older than ourselves there was opened to us a new sphere of interest. They were the first booksellers whom I, for my own part, had ever known to take an enthusiastic interest in their business and to have a literary insight below the binding of their books. . . . Daniel was a man, like his Semitic namesake, in whom 'was found an excellent spirit,' tall, but with a frame already somewhat wasted; pale face, aquiline nose, a large mouth with full lips, dark lustrous eyes with long lashes. He looked like one whom God loved, I

mean one who might pass away from us while yet young.

"He was fond of talking, especially on books, and soon groups of men would gather round him in the shop and listen to criticisms full of humour and knowledge on books and authors. It was he who first told us of a young writer 'who looked like a lion,' showing us Kingsley's *Village Sermons* and the *Saint's Tragedy*, and introduced many of us to Hare's *Victory of Faith*, and *Guesses at Truth*, and to Trench's poems and other works, and to Coleridge's *Aid to Reflection*. There was a little snuggery at the top of the house, in which in the evenings many of us first learnt to appreciate little-known Scotch songs and ballads, such as those of Motherwell and Alex. Rodgers. He gave me a little fat red volume of them, bearing the characteristic title of *Whistle Binkie*."

The confidence of undergraduate readers and purchasers of books grew rapidly, as they recognized that here was a man who showed not only insight but conscientiousness in his dealings with them. One such I remember bringing an admirably selected library to his rooms in Lincoln's Inn, which he had collected at Cambridge. He had had a great fancy for good binding, and used to relate how, when he first began to collect, he had fixed his affections on the eight volume edition of Mitford's Greece, beautifully bound, which he

discovered on the shelves in Trinity Street. The price, having regard to the cost of such binding, he knew to be exceedingly moderate. He had accordingly ordered the books to be sent to his rooms, but on mentioning the purchase to Daniel, and admitting that it was the binding which had decided him, he was advised that the contents rather than the backs of books was the point to be studied; and that as he wanted the best history of Greece this would not be his proper investment. He exchanged it, after further talk, for the edition of Thirlwall in cloth, became a steady customer, and always attributed the absence of rubbish on his shelves to the good advice which he got on this and subsequent occasions.

One other testimony may be added. "When I began to reside as a freshman," writes Professor Hort, "his first stage of Cambridge life was over, as he had just passed from the small shop opened at first to the large and conspicuous place which has borne the name ever since. My tutor put down his name for me by way of recommendation, but without comment. He was in the habit, I heard long afterwards, of doing this with pupils supposed to be bookish. I do not in the least remember how I first got into conversation with him, but it must have been very soon, before the end of my first term. I was reading away at Maurice, of whom I had heard from John Ellerton, the

present Rector of Barnes, and this as a matter of course led to frequent conversations as time went on. The Cambridge habit of standing and turning over books made it easy for him to begin talking to men, and he used the opportunity freely, with books for a starting point. His talk was at once so interesting and so high in tone that it could not fail to do good, but I know little of its actual effect. Naturally perhaps, it did not always find favour." The friendship thus formed between the Scotch bookseller and the present Hulsean Professor, lasted until the death of the former, as was the case with many other of the best Cambridge men of that generation with whom he became acquainted in their early years.

As to Daniel Macmillan's personal relations with the elder men, I may quote the words of the distinguished headmaster of Uppingham, who writes :—

"Few men have left with me a more abiding memory of distinct personality than he has. I can see him now with his thoughtful face, and a certain attractive gentle power, as he stood and had a few words, now with one, now with another, as they came in. I do not know how it was that he and I first came in contact, but very soon, if I chanced to look in, he used to come forward and have a quiet talk with me, generally

I think on some mental or social question rather than on books; or if on books, discussing topics of life which were suggested by them. He stands out in my memory perhaps the most distinct personality of my early manhood,—an embodiment of gentle, thoughtful power, which attracted me exceedingly, and lives with me still, though I do not recollect with certainty any of our conversations. I have no doubt, indeed I am sure, that his words were at the time interesting; but I now feel that it was the man, not what he said, that took such hold on me, and it is as a living presence, not as a speaker of words, that he abides with me still."

Congratulations and encouragement came in from many friends in these first months, from G. Wilson amongst the foremost. He is as usual suffering sadly himself, and writes, on hearing of the attack of hæmorrhage from the lungs which had prostrated his friend, a letter full of kindly and hopeful wisdom.

"I have been preaching to myself," he ends, "all this while, and thinking through my pen. I have said nothing that you do not know. It would be a sad thing for us if we had to indulge in novelties. But I know how thankful I am to get a hint from a religious friend, though he should but repeat a verse I had been reading the moment

before. To me the prayer of the humblest Christian, however defective he may be in other gifts and graces, than those which God grants to the weakest brethren, is always comforting and refreshing: and it brings you and me closer than railways could if we can rejoice together, as having 'one faith, one Lord, one baptism.' . . .

"And now I will trouble you no further. Your namesake, the prophet, was in a den of lions, and God shut their mouths. Yours is a trial of an opposite kind, for the den and the lions are in you. Their mouths can be shut by God also, and I pray that they may. I never can cease admiring that beautiful request of the Prayer-book, 'a happy issue out of all their affliction.' It is so humble, so undictating to God, so moderate, yet so ample. God give that to us both. Amen, in His way and time, in this world and in the next.

"To be well enough to work, is the wish of my natural heart; but if that may not be, I know that 'they also serve who only stand and wait.' God will not require healthy men's labour from you or me; and if we are poor in power and opportunity to serve Him, our widow's mite will weigh against the gold ingots of His chosen apostles. . . ."

To which Daniel replies:—

"17, TRINITY STREET, *April* 10, 1844.

"I thank you most heartily for your kind note, which was the more grateful to me because it

showed me that you find your consolation where my heart feels and has long felt it is only to be found—in Him by whom we are reconciled to God and united to each other. I often feel most thankful for my long and frequent illnesses; just because by them, more than anything else, I have been able to see the nobleness, the tenderness, the goodness of the human heart; the power of the Gospel to unfold what is deepest, truest, most godlike; and deliver us from what is mean, trivial, false; because it does more than all other things to increase my deep and firm conviction that there is no other hope of union, reconciliation, brotherhood among men but in Him who is the great personal centre: by which men may be raised out of their own meanness, selfishness, and reconciled to God and united to each other in the only true and living brotherhood — a true and universal brotherhood, because it embraces alike rich and poor, learned and ignorant, bond and free. Your letter was most grateful to me. That right hand of sympathy which you so affectionately held out was more highly valued than I can easily tell you."

Already before the end of the first year the possibilities of the publishing business are in his mind, and he is making some cautious experiments in this direction. The most important is alluded to in the following letter:—

To the REV. D. WATT.

"17, TRINITY STREET, CAMBRIDGE, *August* 13, 1844.

"Surely after reading Mr. Maurice's book you cannot fancy that he has any narrowness, sect, or party-spirit. That is the very thing he feels called to war against—the thing he feels to be *the* evil and curse of our time; and the bold utterance of this truth has brought on him the abuse of all Sectarians, or party-men, in and out of the Church. You really must consider his book a little longer, so that you may see and sympathise with his spirit. . . . .

"Do you know anything of William Law's writings, the author of the *Serious Call?* He wrote an answer to Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees.* John Sterling, who is just dying, lately met with it, and was so much struck with it, as giving hints towards a truer, deeper system of moral philosophy than any extant, that he wishes it reprinted, and wishes Mr. Maurice to write an introduction to it. It is now at press, and we are to publish it. It will only make a small volume. Law's treatise is very clever (Mr. Maurice thinks rather *too clever*), and shows up the illogical and profane absurdities of Mandeville most triumphantly. But the best part is that where he advances positive truth in a solemn manner. I don't know what sort of thing Mr. Maurice's Introduction

will be, for I have not seen it yet. I have no doubt of its being good. I hope to have the whole thing in print in about a fortnight or three weeks.

"Have you seen Dr. Arnold's *Life?* I am sure you would be very much interested in it. They ought to have it in the Irvine Library. It consists chiefly of letters to the most distinguished men in England—to Carlyle among others. Try to get it voted in if you can, or use your influence to get some one else to vote for it. I have never seen a book that pleased me better."

John Sterling had provided the funds for this publication of Law's answer to Mandeville. On the whole, however, for the present at any rate, publishing seems to D. Macmillan too speculative. Their aim should be rather to throw all their strength into the bookselling, especially the "old book trade," the only certain means of bringing first-rate men to the shop.

By the end of the first year satisfactory progress had been made. The value of the stock had doubled since their start, but the smallness of their capital kept the brothers in constant anxiety.

"There is great need of a stout heart," he writes in February, 1845, to G. Wilson, "to all who begin life without money. A sore fight it is, truly; and not always a very noble one."

And again a little later:—

". . . If it were not the belief that in many ways I can here be a witness for Truth, I should not for a day bear the fatigue of body and mind which the cares of this business involves. I often feel sure that my life cannot be a long one: and am most anxious that it should not be a worldly one: that I should feel that my daily Task-work is noble and holy and spiritual because of His appointment whose we are and whom we serve. . . ."

At the end of the second year, in the autumn of 1845, an event occurred which, while it doubled their retail business, made it necessary for them to look abroad for help, and brought into the firm a succession of partners with money, but with no knowledge of bookselling, whose presence proved a sore trial to the vehement and sensitive senior partner. For the conditions of the new partnership were that the profits should be divided into equal thirds, but that in the event of the death of either of the working partners his interest should cease, and so pass to the survivors. This arrangement lasted till within a few months of Daniel Macmillan's death. At first it did not trouble him seriously, but from the date of his marriage in 1850 was the source of constant anxiety to him, and was, to use his own strong expression, "like a carrion

crow gnawing at his heart." The new money was required for the purchase of the business of Mr. Stevenson, the ablest of the older Cambridge booksellers. Failing health induced him to sell, and he made the first offer to the brothers. The risk was great, as the valuation came to upwards of 6000*l.*, but after mature consideration was accepted, and, though embarrassing from the necessity of taking in strange partners, gave the opportunity for developing the publishing business, which was now becoming the main object with Daniel Macmillan. Two years' experience had modified his views and given him confidence.

Since his illness in the spring of 1844, he had been able to take a less active share in the work of the shop, and had come to feel more and more that the chance of growth for their business lay in the direction of publishing, while it was the method in which he could best help. It seemed indeed to him a providential outlet for his work. The advantages which their position at the heart of a great literary centre gave them had become more and more apparent to him. Here was a mine, hitherto almost unworked, of the best book-producing power of the nation, especially for educational works. There was a great want of these, and in every generation of undergraduates were men specially fitted for writing or editing them. From this time he turned to publishing with his accustomed energy and caution. Even during his lengthened absences

from Cambridge he was able to supervise and direct it without losing sight of the retail business, every detail of which was known to him through the daily reports of his brother. The perfect accord between them was never broken for a day.

The stock taken over from Mr. Stevenson was very extensive, and new catalogues had to be prepared.

To G. WILSON.

"CAMBRIDGE, *September* 14, 1846.

". . . It is most fearful to work while one is suffering from pain and weakness—as I know, as you know far better.

"We are busy finishing our Theological Catalogue —a work of 250 octavo pages, and preparing a catalogue of general literature, which we fear will be a work of the same size. We shall send you each of these when ready. The latter will not be ready for a month or two. We are also busy getting things in readiness for the winter's work, dusting and arranging; but these things apart, we have no other business, for there is not a man in the university now. If we had not these preparations to make nothing could be duller. . . ."

This autumn was, however, enlivened by the correspondence already referred to in the Hare correspondence, as to Sir William Hamilton and the accuracy of his knowledge of the theology of

the German Reformation, and especially of Luther's works. In it the question of the comparative merits of the Scotch and English universities had been incidentally raised, upon which Daniel Macmillan unpatriotically writes:—

To G. Wilson.

"*April* 6, 1847.

". . . The notion which Cambridge men have about the Scotch universities is that they know very little about mathematics—not so much as in their best schools; and about classics they think that it would be an insult to the best schools to compare the two. They also think that Scotchmen are never *very accurate* in any of their literary or scientific efforts, and point triumphantly and scoffingly to the men of greatest repute in Scotland. . . ."

The prospects of the business and the relations which the firm were by degrees establishing with the best writers and editors amongst Cambridge men were of the most encouraging character, as may be gathered from the following:—

To G. Wilson.

"Cambridge, *August* 14, 1847.

". . . We have some hopes of a first rate edition of Bacon's works being published before long, which will contain several important things hitherto

unpublished. It is to be edited by a Mr. Spedding and Mr. Robert Leslie Ellis,—both of Trinity College. The former has been working on Bacon's life and works for eight years, and gave up an important position in the Colonial Office so that he might devote himself to it. If it goes on you will see it advertised before long. We are to have a share in it. You have of course seen the advertisements of a new edition of Jeremy Taylor which is coming out in volumes. It is being edited with great care by a man of immense learning, who is very fond of labour, for he has undertaken to verify all the references; and in the volume already published has done so, and in a way, scholars tell me, that only a man of almost immeasurable reading could do it. We have a share in this book, and 112 subscribers, and the merit of getting it well edited."

Trench's *Hulsean Lectures* was perhaps the most noteworthy of the Cambridge books published by the firm in this year, but their position and repute were constantly improving. G. Wilson hears of it in Edinburgh, and mentions the good report; to which Daniel replies:—

"The Caius men you saw who spoke of our 'bibliopolic greatness' only see the outside of things. The fact is that this new thing has involved so much worry and anxiety that I have

often wished myself back into my old place in Fleet Street. But it is no good wishing. Here we are, and must make the best of it. But it is very far from easy. Still there is a great deal that is cheering. One feels that we sell many good books that would not otherwise be sold; and that one can do something, let it be ever so little, in forming and improving the taste of the rising generation. And by and by even the financial matters will go easier, and we shall be much more comfortable; so we shall only have to bear the yoke in our youth.

"We have started a binding shop, and have seven men, two women, and two boys at work. All of the men are first-rate workmen. The best finisher (a Scotchman) we pay 2*l.* 6*s.* a week for ten hours a day; the next 2*l.* a week; and the other men 32*s.*, 34*s.*, and 36*s.*; and the women 12*s.* a week. So when you come you will see better binding than you ever saw before, and a finer and better managed bookshop, and we sha'n't trouble you with the care and worry we have had and have in keeping it going. . . ."

The growing influence of Mr. Maurice's works on Daniel Macmillan becomes now very apparent. The more he studied them the more they impressed him; and, as was his habit in the case of all books which had influenced his own mind, he lost no opportunity of pressing hem on the

attention of readers. Hitherto this had been an easy and popular duty, especially at Cambridge, no open attack having been as yet made on Mr. Maurice's orthodoxy—while his *Subscription no Bondage*, probably at that time the best known of his works, had been welcomed not only by all Liberal Churchmen, but by large sections of the High Church and Evangelical parties. Now, however, a great change was at hand. The year of revolutions brought Mr. Maurice to the front as a bold and earnest social reformer. As Chaplain of Guy's Hospital, Professor at King's College, and latterly as reader at Lincoln's Inn, he had become the centre of a number of younger men who had learnt much from his teaching, and were eager to put that teaching in practice. Their first effort was the weekly paper, *Politics for the People*, for which Archdeacon Hare had asked Daniel Macmillan's support. It was a bold effort, but, notwithstanding the vigour and freshness of many of the contributions of Mr. Ludlow the editor, Mr. Maurice, C. Kingsley, and others less known, and the warm interest it excited in many quarters, *Politics for the People* never reached a paying circulation. The publisher, J. W. Parker, lost heart, and the paper had to be discontinued before the end of the year. Its sale was promoted both at Cambridge and in Scotland by Daniel Macmillan, who also contributed the following characteristic letter to one of the numbers :—

To THE EDITOR *of* "POLITICS FOR THE PEOPLE."

"SIR,

"I am sorry, but not at all surprised, to see that your periodical is to stop so soon. It is not likely that any periodical which does not advocate the views and interests of a party can answer in England.

"I don't know that it is otherwise in foreign countries, because I don't know anything about other countries. I am merely a handicraftsman, and have very little information on any subject. I dare say, however, that if the writer of the Dialogues were to work up the principles he has to teach in other and more attractive forms, his work would find numerous and thankful readers among all classes.

"I may here mention a fact which often occurs to me. I notice among my comrades some whose work has great stiffness and awkwardness, sometimes because they were bred in country shops, where the methods were loose. Then others whose work, as far as the mere mechanism goes, as far as the square and compasses can help it, is well enough, and even admirable; yet this work has always a stiff and formal air, almost as disagreeable as the clumsiness of the ill-instructed. The best workman's work has an air of freedom and ease which makes the piece of furniture light and

graceful, and though it be but a table or a chair, looks almost like life. The worst workmen seldom see the beauty of the best work; and if they do, think that because everything about it looks free and easy, it is to be obtained by easy and careless working — and so become still more awkward and clumsy. The best workman is as careful and assiduous with his rule and compasses as the most formal: if possible he is still more painstaking; but he ardently loves his work, and struggles hard to attain excellence, and that is his reward. I am not a good workman: and though I have a good place and good wages, it is because my masters have taken a fancy to me, and have given me a place of trust. I mention this personal matter to show you that I am an indifferent witness. It is often my business to show strangers over the establishment, and it is very seldom that the very best work gets praised, hardly ever as it deserves. It matters not to the men who love excellence: whenever they can they will do their best, and it is wonderful what they produce. I say whenever they can—for in these days of cheapness, the master or the foreman has often to come and say, *I have to do these at a low figure, and can't give you above so and so for them, so you must lose no time.* Of course such work is inferior. But those which come from the hands of the best men are still beautiful.

"We (craftsmen like myself) generally notice

that preachers are a very awkward set; their productions are clumsy and confused. One would fancy that they were all brought up in country shops, where the methods were bad or carelessly used. My shopmates go to all sorts of places, the English churches, the Scotch kirk, the Independents, Baptists, Wesleyans, &c. &c. When any of us complain that we never hear good sermons, the rest are sure to cry, 'Come and hear Mr. So-and-so;' but one finds them nearly all alike—few ever produce a workmanlike sermon. I wish not to be uncharitable, but I often think if clergymen loved excellence for its own sake, we should have much wiser, more coherent, and more beautiful sermons, and it is needless to say what the results would be. Before your paper stops, perhaps you will give a lesson or two on the truth that, in making poems, pictures, sermons and laws, as well as in making tables and chairs, the wisest and most successful plan is not to seek for wealth, or fame, but to strive after the best for its own sake. I am sure that if you wrote a treatise on politics, you would teach this. I am sure that a beautiful artist-like work setting this forth clearly, using Christian arguments without canting, putting the highest and purest thoughts in the simplest and most ordinary forms of English speech (such English as Paley's—simple and vernacular, yet clear and precise), would be a true Patriot. If England ever came to believe this doctrine, and

act on it, it would be a blessed if not a merry England. As I am not a good penman I have asked our book-keeper to copy this and correct my spelling; but he has made no alterations,

"Your constant reader,

"X. Y. Z."

Mr. Maurice and his friends were not dispirited and the *Christian Socialist* newspaper, and tracts took the place of *Politics for the People*, and carried on the work which had been so well begun in that paper.

The name of Christian Socialists startled people, and the thoroughgoing reforms advocated in their publications, without any regard to party or the rules of the political game, soon made them suspected, and drew the fire of critics and writers of all parties. Mr. Maurice, as was indeed inevitable, had to bear the brunt of these attacks, which, however, included all those with whom he was associated, and notably his brother-in-law, Archdeacon Hare, and his pupil, Charles Kingsley. But the more Mr. Maurice and his writings were assailed, the more staunch and steady became the support of the Trinity Street firm, who from this time were more and more identified with him and those with whom he was associated. Daniel Macmillan in fact became an active and enthusiastic propagandist, full of love and zeal for his great teacher, and never tired of proclaiming the value of that

teacher's writings to religious thought. The most notorious of these attacks on Mr. Maurice, that connected with the Sterling Club, began early in 1849, in a series of virulent articles in the daily and weekly press. The *English Review*, then the organ of the High Church party, was the first in the field, followed by the *Morning Herald* and the *Record* from the other side. Mr. Watt is anxious to learn the truth and applies to his friend in some anxiety. In reply, after denouncing in strong language the dishonesty of the critics, who, when set right as to facts had gone on special pleading as to old lies, and suggesting new ones, his correspondent goes on to tell the story, which has had several narrators but none who have put it more plainly, or in shorter compass.

"The strong point with them is that a certain club is called the Sterling Club, and then they assert that John Sterling was an avowed infidel, that this club was in honour of John Sterling and therefore it must be an infidel club. Bishop Thirlwall and Bishop Wilberforce and Archdeacons Hare and Manning, and Isaac Wilberforce, and Mr. Maurice, and Mr. Trench are members of it. Never mind, so much the worse for them—the club is infidel. This is spiced with lots of slang and cant, and spite and malignity, and is making a very great fuss, of

course, among the religious world, or a certain region of it. They are more severe on Maurice than any one else, and are most anxious to make him out an infidel—or at least a rationalist! And as comparatively few of these people have read his books and fewer understood them, that rubbish is believed!

"About the Sterling Club these are the facts—as near as I can tell you. About ten or twelve years ago Sterling suggested that there should be cheap monthly dinners given, where some friends might meet once a month, and where men who did not go out much, or could not afford to give dinners, might meet their old college friends. It was started, and at the first meeting the question arose, What is to be its name? The names were written on a piece of paper and put in a hat. They were all different, and when read over, 'The Sterling' was among the rest and was unanimously agreed upon. Sterling objected; but the rest insisted that though Sterling chanced to be his name it did not follow that the Society was called after him, Sterling being a sterling English word."

Then turning to literary news he adds :—

"I know very few books of note lately published. There is a small book called *The Saint's Tragedy*, by a Mr. Kingsley, which gives a most living picture of the Middle Ages. You would be greatly pleased

with it. He has also advertised a volume of Sermons, which I have no doubt will be good. He seems to me a man of great mark, and worth your notice. . . ."

The last letter is written from Torquay where he was expecting a visit from Mr. Maurice and Mr. Kingsley.

C. KINGSLEY *to* D. MACMILLAN.

"ILFRACOMBE, *February* 29, 1849.

" . . . I have been for some time past hoping that I should hear from you as to your health. The accounts Mr. Maurice gave me when he was down here made me afraid that you were very poorly. I have had better accounts of you since, but none definite. Pray let me know whether you think this heavenly climate, and rich, soft, sham winter, has done you real good. It has so far set me up that I am at work again (in the reviewing line) and trying to find some man who will come here and read for orders with me this spring; if you hear of any one pray do not forget me. I was very nearly running down to you with Maurice, but I happened to be too poorly the day he left. Were I your doctor, I should have said, 'Come to Ilfracombe for the *first* half of the winter,' now I am afraid I must say, 'Stay where you are the next six weeks,' and do not go back to Cambridge

before the March easterly winds are well over, and warm-hearted April comes blubbering in like a handsome, naughty girl, as she is. One week of Fen north-easters will undo three months of Torquay second-hand tropics. I send this *viâ* Cambridge, not knowing your direction. Will you give your brother my kind regards and a hint to help me to a pupil?"

In the following, to an angry graduate who had resented the method taken by the firm for obtaining payment of a long standing account, we get a glimpse of the troubles in connection with the credit system which had been predicted for the firm by Archdeacon Hare:—

"SIR,

"We duly received the copy of the letter you wrote to the London Trade Protection Society, for which we are much obliged. We are quite aware of the University rules, and always take care to observe them. But at the same time we cannot but thank you for your anxiety on that point. Then as to your threat about making known in the University the use we make of the London Protection Society we have no objection to that. We are particularly anxious that every one should know that we do not give long credit, and that we should much prefer being without the custom of those who wish for longer credit

than a year's running account. The description you give of the Trade Protection Society is not at all just. It is simply a number of tradesmen, bankers, and others, clubbing together to secure better legal advice, and a more prompt course of action than can be secured by any single person without going to great expense: what we have to protect ourselves against is not deliberate swindling (though now and then that happens), but such an utter want of thought and care as to damage us nearly as much as dishonesty can do. Long standing accounts eat away our profit and give us a great deal of trouble, and oftener than we like end in bad debts. But with regard to your own little matter we beg to call your attention to the facts, and if you keep to them we have no objection to your making them widely known. If we have done wrong we should be right glad to suffer for the wrong, as we believe that punishment is the best possible thing that can come to the evil doer."

The reputation of the firm now brought many applications for employment, especially from young Scotchmen, eager, as Daniel Macmillan had himself been, to push their fortunes in the south. The next letter to one of them gives a glimpse of the care with which the internal economy of the business was supervised by the senior partner. It is addressed to Mr. Robb, at this time a shop-

man in the service of Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas, of Edinburgh :—

"CAMBRIDGE, *September* 3, 1849.

"SIR,

"From what Messrs. E. and D. and Mr. Crombie Brown say of you, and from the tone of your own note, we are induced to offer you the situation now vacant in our house—with a salary of £60 a year to begin with. If you should meet our expectations we shall be glad to raise your salary from year to year. But before you decide to come, we may as well tell you what we expect you to do and what hours we expect you to work, so that there may be no misunderstanding afterwards.

"1. It will be needful to come to work punctually at seven o'clock every morning. This is a point we lay great stress on. From seven till nine we expect you to put all things in nice order: to see that the boys clean windows and so forth. We expect you not only to dust and arrange things, but to see that these errand-boys do their work thoroughly—see that they work separately, that is, if one is working down stairs let the other work up stairs or in the back-shop or in a different part of the front-shop. Watch, too, that the boys do not go about idling their time, and that they do not stay too long when they go to deliver books, or other messages. All this we think of great importance.

"2. We shall expect you always to do the day's work in the day—that is, to see all the orders executed, all the letters answered, all the books that come in daily cleared away in the day, and all the books posted daily.

"3. Never to stay longer than an hour to breakfast, an hour to dinner, and half-an-hour to tea. We shut up at eight in the winter and are anxious that the work should be pressed forward in the day so as to leave as soon after the shop shuts as possible.

"We may as well explain that we attend to the shop mostly ourselves, and make our assistants attend to most of the details, such as writing orders, keeping books, looking after accounts, and most of the ordinary correspondence, sending out orders, and making the boys sign for the books they take out. So that our posting may be done daily we have two day-books, one in use in the entering room and the other getting posted in the counting-house. Yesterday's day-book is posted up to-day, and to-day's day-book goes into the counting-house to-morrow. All our accounts are rendered quarterly, and this involves a great deal of writing, as all, or nearly all, of our business is credit. Our assistants see every part of our business, so it is a good place for learning how a trade is managed, how books are bought, and how accounts are kept. But of course, as nothing is kept secret from our assistants, we

expect them to be honourable and trustworthy, and not to gossip to any one about what they see or hear relating to business.

"In the summer months we shut up at seven, and for three months we allow the assistants to get away alternately at three o'clock, that is unless any pressing business should hinder.

"This letter will give you a pretty clear notion of what kind of a life you would have with us. If you feel any doubt or difficulty it would be better for you to give up all thought of the place. But if you have no fear, if you don't shrink from the hours, if you would throw yourself heartily into the work, if you are resolved to do all you can to make yourself a thorough bookseller and man of business, we have no doubt you would get on very comfortably with us.

"If after looking at the matter deliberately you feel desirous to take the situation, it would be better for you *to come immediately*, so that you might get up the subject before the term commences. Hoping to hear by an early post that you are on the way,

"We remain, Sir,

"Yours most obediently,

"MACMILLAN AND CO.

"P.S.—We can give you a bed for a night or so, till you can find lodgings to suit you."

The publishing business was growing now

rapidly, and much of his correspondence is devoted to suggestions as to books which he thinks may be useful and profitable.

To HIS BROTHER.

"*June* 10, 1851.

" . . . For the book on Church Government, it ought to be a man who understands the dissenting stand-point. I would have most confidence in Mr. Kingsbury. He knows so well all the views of the Lutheran and the Reformed, and the relation they have to the Swiss, Dutch, and Scotch Presbyterians. He never would let a scoff or a sneer fall from his pen. I have been cloud-spinning at two books which I think would answer. The first is a book that would give the *results* of all that John Mill, and Dr. Whewell, and Comte have been able to make clear on the Logic of Induction, and how people get to know *La Philosophie Positive*, and also to give a *summary* of what is *unsettled* and the arguments on each side. I should fancy such a book is possible, and that Vaughan and Davies could do it. What do you think? The second is a book of the same kind on Political Economy, giving also all that is acknowledged as settled, from Adam Smith, MacCulloch, Malthus, Ricardo, De Quincey, and John Mill, and whoever else has thrown light on these matters, including recent Frenchmen. I fancy Vaughan and Davies could

do the same work. We might talk to them when they come up in July. . . ."

The last-named gentlemen had been amongst his customers at Cambridge, and had become his friends now that they had taken orders, and were engaged in parish work—Mr. Davies in Whitechapel, Mr. Vaughan in Leicester. They were at this time engaged on the translation of Plato's *Republic*. The relations which Daniel Macmillan had established with the ablest young men of the University may be gathered from this example.

D. MACMILLAN *to* THE REV. J. LLEWELLYN DAVIES.

"CAMBRIDGE, *March* 12, 1852.

" . . . I have not read anything for many a day that gave me such joy as your last letter. If the parsons go quietly to work in that spirit, something may yet be hoped for the poor. Since I came to Cambridge I have often lost all hope: and was glad to see even the fiery zeal of Mr. Kingsley ruffling the dead calm of the comfortable and respectable classes; and always hailed with gladness any utterance of Thomas Carlyle's which might draw attention to the condition of England. But of late I have had my hopes raised by what I hear of curates' doings throughout the country. Only a few days ago I had a letter from a young curate in Derbyshire, who told me that he had a

night-school with seventy pupils, old and young. Then a long conversation I had with Mr. Thring convinced me that the 'Black Dragoons' are doing their work well; and what they do is not 'to the detriment of England.' I don't know what means can be taken to lessen the chance of 'people having their health ruined by downright hunger' —but I am sure it is a thing that ought to be aimed at. Hunger and middling food is not so damaging either to the health or the morals in the country as it is in the whirl, and activity, and fever of large towns. This is a point I can speak of, for I have experienced both: and though my health has been permanently damaged by that experience, yet I am right glad I know what it is. Even while I endured it my Calvinistic education taught me to look on it as 'the chastening of the Lord.' And even when envy and anger rose in me, I looked upon *that* as teaching me humility, as telling that it was only the grace of God which kept me from being violent and dishonest. I feel sure that such faith as I saw from my earliest days would be one of the powerfulest means of enabling the poor to bear and to conquer poverty; from becoming mere haughty and rebellious radicals, or sneaking sycophants. Yet I think poverty a real evil; and pray for its extinction daily when I say, 'Thy kingdom come. Thy wil be done.' I see no chance of the destruction of that and the deeper evils of which it is the

sign, except in the coming of the kingdom, and the doing of the will of God. He is the truest patriot who struggles earnestly and wisely for that purpose. The fact that so many do labour quietly and perseveringly with that aim is the hope of England. One hopes that the number may steadily increase. . . ."

To THE SAME.

"CAMBRIDGE, *May* 7, 1852.

" . . . That extract from Carlyle was very beautiful. I don't think him right about indistinctness in Plato, who is chiefly remarkable for his firm determination to get himself and his student to see whatever they are looking at, and not to mistake it for anything else, and not to be fobbed off with mere talk 'about it, and about it.' But 'most lofty Athenian gentleman;' dreadfully '*at his ease in Zion*,'—seems to me to hit off Plato to the very life—that is as he appears to a Scotchman who has had a 'Hebrew-Christian-Calvinistic' training. There is none of the yearning over the sins of the world which expresses itself in 'Tears run down my cheeks because men keep not Thy law,' nor 'I could wish myself accursed for my brethren's sake.' He has no feeling of bearing the sins of the world. Vice and mean conduct are very ugly. He would do all in his power to banish them: but he speaks of them in the tone of a 'very lofty Athenian gentleman.' . . ."

To THE SAME.

"CAMBRIDGE, *May* 25, 1852.

". . . Though it is so near what is called midsummer it is really much more like March. We have still east wind, and a dull, leaden sky. But in spite of the cold, and the absence of sunshine, we see green leaves and blossoms in the Downing College grounds behind us. For I am still away from business and under the doctor's hands, and sorely tortured with an open blister, and not allowed to move, or speak, or write. So for more than a fortnight I have been lying on my back and reading Dr. Thomas Fuller; and after reading ten volumes I can most heartily say Amen to all the splendid praise that Coleridge gives him. . . .

"I have only been kept alive by issues, blisters, setons, till my whole chest is a series of scars got in the battle of life. My life, like that of my admirable friend George Wilson, is '*copiously illustrated with cuts.*' Plato would have allowed me to die eight years ago. There is no doubt that we are kept alive by artificial means. In 1846 I saw a nephew of mine who was a hand-loom weaver in Irvine in Ayrshire. He was married, and had one or two children. One could see that he had diseased lungs. But he looked stronger and better

than I did. But he died more than a year ago: his death greatly hastened no doubt by his poor living, and the care and anxiety which he was sure to feel about his wife and children. I have been kept alive by having been able to take ease and rest, and get pure air, and the kind of food which consumptive people need. If I could have been freer from care and anxiety doubtless I should have been still better. Sometimes I feel inclined to think Plato was right, and that it would be better to stick to our post till we died. If I had consulted merely what would be least trouble I should have done so. For when I have been very ill I have had no wish to recover, and an intense anxiety to see what comes next. But now just for the sake of life, and work, and for the sake of those who make life and work noble, I am submitted to new tortures, and taking cod-liver oil three times a day. I think we ought to fight against disease, whatever Plato may say. One feels that it does one good in many ways. I can say from the heart, thank God for my afflictions. . ."

To THE SAME.

"CAMBRIDGE, *June* 23, 1852.

". . . I don't wonder at your thinking that Kingsley dwells too much on the physical condition of the poor. Those who have not known the

poor and how their morality is so often lowered, not with a continual struggle with poverty, but by their giving up hope, and ceasing to fight, must think as you do. Among the poor (I only speak what I know) it goes hardest with the women. Of course I only speak of Scotland. The English I don't know so well. . . . No one can tell, who has not known such life, the sad, heartrending things such mothers have to see. No one can tell the moral gulf that yawns between such mothers and the daughters so trained. For of course their real training was in service. With the sons it turns out so differently. They work their way into Glasgow, or Liverpool, or Manchester. From their quiet sedate habits of self-command they thrive, become rich, and sometimes cultivated men; often merely rich and purse-proud. They die, leave children who never heard of their poor cousins. But the sisters' children have heard of their rich cousins and envied them, and despaired of ever reaching their greatness, and have sunk lower and lower—it is sad to know to what depths. I have known such girls becoming 'unfortunate females,' and their brothers sink into great depths—where no eye could follow them. It is from having known of such cases that I look on poverty and hunger as evils, and leading to greater evils. Hunger, for instance, and the state of stomach that hunger produces, gives rise to a craving for strong drink. Indeed, low diet does

the same. A great deal of the drunkenness common in Scotland arises from poverty and bad feeding. . . ."

Besides the translation of Plato's *Republic* by Davies and Vaughan, the publications of the firm during this year include, amongst other books not so well known, Mr. Maurice's *Prophets and Kings*, Mr. Kingsley's *Phaethon*, a second edition of Archer Butler's *Sermons*, the *Restoration of Belief*, and Todhunter's *Differential Calculus*. His views as to the importance of this part of their work were confirmed. Looking at the result of four years of anxious effort, he can now write confidently to his old friend :—

To J. MACLEHOSE.

"*July* 20, 1852.

"The retail business will keep as good as ever, but my great hopes are in the publishing. I am convinced that we shall gradually, in a few years, have a first-rate and capital paying publisher's trade—our retail trade will chiefly be valuable as bringing about us men who will grow into authors. Most of the able young men in the University are our customers, and many of them most kind friends."

Then after naming several good books, Merivale's *Sallust* and others, which they have in hand, he

concludes that what is wanted to complete the business is a London house where men can call and consult after leaving Cambridge.

To J. MacLehose.

"Hastings, Monday, *December* 20, 1852.

". . . . Things move on very smoothly on the whole, and we hope to see our way into a more wholesome working of our business, into doing more trade, more especially of a publishing kind, without at all increasing the capital. We must do so, for in these late movements about booksellers' profits, the retail profits have been very greatly reduced.

"We must, in this and in all other ways, try to work nobly, uprightly, and zealously, and see what it leads to. I hope that whatever we do, whatever our success may be, we shall never get into expensive and extravagant ways of living, but strive to live simply, and without luxury of any kind."

In the next year Mr. Maurice's *Theological Essays* were published by the firm, with the result referred to in the following entry in his journal:—

"Hastings, Wednesday, *June* 22, 1853.

". . . . Since my last entry I have been twice in London—on May 31 and June 10. Both times

I saw Mr. Maurice, and had rather long chats with him. The last time I took up and put into his hand £100 to pay for the first edition of his *Theological Essays*. I never paid money with such pleasure in my life."

In this same month another of the friends he had made at Cambridge, Mr. E. Thring, was appointed head master of Uppingham School. In congratulating him Daniel Macmillan writes:—"It seems to me one of the surest ways of doing good. While a man is giving life and strength to his country in that way he does not proclaim himself either patriot or prophet, but merely seems to be working for wife and family. It has the great advantage of making no fuss."

To J. MacLehose.

"*June* 26, 1853.

"Mr. Thring is beginning to take in England. We have so much confidence in him that we stereotyped his *Child's Grammar!* Very rash, you will say. But as it is the only book in existence on the subject which is at once the result of profound knowledge, and yet a most clear and simple statement of the laws of speech, I don't think it is so very rash."

Hard times were not yet over for the firm. The annual stock-taking in July showed a less favour-

able result than had been anticipated, and caused some dissatisfaction to the moneyed partners. While grappling with the difficulty, and pointing out in detail to his brother the directions in which stock may be safely diminished and expenses curtailed, Daniel cannot altogether suppress his annoyance, which finds expression in his correspondence. The insecurity of his position is hard to bear when he is conscious that the solid success which has been achieved is due in great measure to his exertions. From his autumn quarters he writes to his brother on this subject—

"TORQUAY, *October* 11, 1853.

"If I am to die in this year, or the next, all my exertions will be for others, and really I feel no call to such work. I am sure you don't wish me to work myself to death for your sake. As for my wife and boys their interest in the business terminates with my death. Besides that, they, in any case, will not be plunged in hopeless poverty. I should like them to work for their living, and not to lean on others. If I am to recover, the result will pay for what it costs. That, at least, is my estimate. I wish I had taken that view of things sooner, and that I had spent the last four springs in Torquay. We cannot bring back the past. If we could I should have taken care not to have any anxieties about money matters. If I had played my cards well it might

have been so easy. However, it is wisest to believe that our course is guided by greater wisdom than our own. All this anxiety and vexation may have been a blessing to us, at all events, here we are, and I mean to make the best of it, to take it easy and not to fret myself about anything. When I get back I shall do exactly as much work as I feel able for, and no more."

To HIS BROTHER.

"*October* 25.

"Dr. Tetley has repeated his opinion against my going to church. I told him I seldom did except to the Communion Service. He said that that would not do me any harm if I was careful, for there are so many fewer in the church, and the air gets changed and improved by the opening of the doors, &c., &c. But I must avoid, not only church, but crowded rooms or meetings till every tendency to bleeding and cough dies away. He was earnest on this point. I am very glad that he did not object to the Communion Service, which has always seemed to me to say more than all other 'means of grace,' as to how we are united to each other and to God."

The controversy between Mr. Maurice and Dr. Jelf, the Principal of King's College, on the meaning of the word eternal, and the subject of the eternity of punishment, ended at this time by Mr.

Maurice's dismissal from his professorship. On this D. Macmillan writes to his brother—

"*October* 28, 1853.

"... I have just seen Mr. Maurice. I spent about an hour with him. He is dismissed, and at once. He is not even allowed to lecture to-day. As he expected this from the first, he is not greatly surprised. I think he does feel the mode in which it has been done, that is the suddenly being forbidden by the Principal to lecture, even to the historical students. Never mind! God rules over all! I asked him about the future, and half repented having done so. His answer was, '*sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*' .... He is a grand man! and must endure like other prophets. The good people of the next age will build his tomb.

"He has lent me the correspondence and given me his own defence. He has asked leave to print and publish the whole, most likely with such additions and prefaces as may seem needful. I wish we could do it, and should like to write offering to do so at latest on Sunday night. It is sure to pay, most likely it would have a very large sale. I should be glad if it sold so well that we could give him 20*l.*, but at all events I should like to print it. Talk with H. G. about it. He may have the pamphlets on Saturday afternoon and could make up his mind. In the meantime a

little preliminary talk might be useful. If it were possible, I should like to write on Sunday night, so that he might have the letter on Monday morning. I think it would please him and cheer him a little. . . ."

He spent the greater part of this winter without serious illness at Torquay, but on his return to Cambridge in the spring the good effects passed off, and in the summer he was obliged suddenly to leave home for the sea-side. He went to the Norfolk coast, the nearest to Cambridge, hoping to get back soon, but a severe attack of bleeding from the effect of east wind, warned him to seek his second home in the west. But bleeding from the lungs does not stop work. He had lately received from Kingsley the sketch of *Westward Ho!* on which he writes—

To C. KINGSLEY.

"CROMER, *June*, 1854.

"We are greatly taken with all you tell us about the plan and characters of your novel. Of course you will not adopt that pseudo-antique manner in which *Esmond*, *Mary Powell*, &c., &c., are written. That style is now getting a bore. The free march of your own style will be much more Elizabethan in manner and tone than any you can assume. We feel sure it will be a right brave and noble book, and do good to England."

To GEORGE WILSON.

"CROMER, *July* 27, 1854.

"Sometimes I feel quite well, sometimes very ill, and it often comes into my head, 'My dear fellow, it isn't of the slightest consequence' (*Past and Present*, book iii. chap. iv., "Happy!"). But oftener a better and more hopeful message comes. I see my father and mother and Malcolm and William through the dark cloud, and hope to be partakers of their joy. In the meantime the very lowest view one can take is that of Carlyle—a far better one that St. Paul tells us of, which was revealed to him by our blessed Lord, who sometimes gives us, too, a glimpse of it, and would give us a further vision if we were fit."

Next month he is at Torquay, and in a few days the cruel fickle illness seems to yield to the soft air and sun, and he can write to his brother—

"TORQUAY, *August* 28, 1854.

". . . Yesterday I was out for above four hours, sitting in the shade of the Romish church, reading Maurice on the Old Testament (it is a disgrace to England that 100,000 copies of the book have not been sold), and listening while

reading to most lovely chanting and singing. I was quite unseen—as private as in one's own room, and yet could enjoy the soft west wind fanning my face. The sky, the trees, the music, and the book I was reading helped me to realise much that I speak and read of without always feeling its force. It was a blessed Sabbath."

Amongst the publications of this year were Maurice's *Ecclesiastical History* and the *Sermons on Sacrifice*, Westcott's *Canon of the New Testament*, Frost's *Thucydides*, and Kingsley's *Alexandria and her Schools*. *Westward Ho!* was nearly completed and being put in type, and it is to this that the next characteristic note refers.

To C. KINGSLEY.

"*December* 12, 1854.

"Unless it runs counter to some deep-rooted theory of yours, pray let the novel have headlines. It is against all the usages to send out a respectable book otherwise. Why should not the title of each chapter be the heading? Don't let it go out like a Minerva Press novel. We want it to look very handsome, and to send it out without headlines would never do. You can write to Clay telling him what the headings are to be. Why behead your own book?"

From HIS JOURNAL FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"*Wednesday, January* 3, 1855.— . . . . Wrote to Mr. Maurice to-day, to wish him a happy new year, and many of them, that is for the sake of the good he may do to England and the world. For his own sake, surely, the world he would enter upon would be much abler to see him as he really is. He is most sadly misrepresented and misunderstood. Many of those who wrote against him must be either shamefully ignorant or disgracefully dishonest. But God has given England Maurice as a Prophet, and England receives prophets as Israel did, and treats him as our Lord and His Apostles were treated. He will be watched over and cared for as those who did the same work in old times. . . ."

George Brimley, the librarian of Trinity, to whom the next letter is addressed, was an intimate friend and near connection of D. Macmillan, his brother having married Brimley's sister. Brimley was a good scholar and critic, and had been selected to write on Tennyson for the volume of *Cambridge Essays* published in this year. He had written to D. Macmillan for suggestions, knowing how thoroughly he had studied and appreciated the laureate.

"CAMBRIDGE, *February* 24, 1855.

". . . I have so little power of expressing on paper my feelings and thoughts about the poets who have been of most use in helping me to purify and elevate these, that your note read very much like irony.

"However, I feel sure it was not so meant; and though I have nothing new to say I will put down a few loose remarks to show you that I am willing if I were able.

"You of course know that there are some notes in the last edition of *Guesses at Truth* that would be worth your looking at.

"I need not tell you that I am quite ignorant of the canons of criticism, and can only speak of Tennyson or any other poet as he has acted on me. I have no rules to measure him by—taken out of books—but I of course think a man a poet or a rhymer according as he possesses or does not possess certain gifts. It is not enough that a man should love and appreciate the beautiful, the true, and the good, and enter deeply into the struggles of his own time, and do his utmost to raise men out of confusion and dissonance into harmony and order. A poet must do this; but many who are not poets do so. In our own time there are several who strive after all noble aims, perhaps even more obviously than Tennyson. Yet we do not call them poets. Yet we feel that any one who deserves

the name of a poet must first of all be a patriot. Milton and Wordsworth are obvious examples. One sees in the 'Prelude' and throughout all Wordsworth's smaller pieces that he might have been a great popular leader if a higher work had not been assigned him. His hearty love for human worth in the humblest forms, his deep insight enabling him to see it through the most rugged covering, and to despise the opposite, however much it might be decked and gilded, prove that he was a strong massive Englishman, just as much as his resolute, much-enduring will and singular self-confidence and indifference to the contempt that was shown to him in his youth. In this respect he reminds one of Wellington and many others. One demands all these gifts from a great poet, but something more which is specially his own. It is not the power of making smooth and graceful verses, for many weak persons do that, and many sensible men too. These by a large charity are called poets, but we feel that it is a misnomer. Then, again, many of our best prose writers set forth with a beautiful cadence and measured march the purest and noblest thoughts, so that when we read them we feel impelled to act nobly evermore. The more musically the sentence flows which contains lofty thoughts or tender feelings, the nearer is its approach to poetry—we call it poetical. This helps one to understand what a poet in the highest sense specially is. That

is the man who does all that the noblest thinkers do, but far more perfectly. They not only speak about harmony, order, blessedness, rest, action, freedom, virtue, enjoyment, restraint, in short, whatever constitutes the golden year and the heaven we all so much need and long for, and often seek where it is not to be found, but they show us in what it consists. Every poem worth the name is itself a glimpse of the elements of true blessedness—it is self-forgetful, free, orderly, and harmonious—complete, too, in itself, what we call perfect, and yet pointing to something higher than itself. And it is just because all men feel the need of what the poet is called to give and does give that poets are the most popular of all writers.

"Of course I am quite aware the poetical power, like the power of the sister arts, music and painting may be used for degrading purposes, to strengthen the devil and the beast in each man rather than to subdue and expel them. The power is not the less a God-given one. The power is good though used for a bad, a frivolous, or selfish purpose. But that is *very* obvious. We might call those who misuse their power false poets, or painters, or musicians.

"The true poet seems to have the same work appointed as all true men. But the mode of doing his work is different. He not only sees the ideal in the real but he *sings* it. This is his way. He

sees the order and beauty that underlie and overarch all, and sets forth his vision with such sweet and powerful music, and with such clearness, and distinctness, and exquisite grace, that the most thoughtful and cultivated of his readers feel. I have seen and felt all this before, but never so distinctly, so justly, so gracefully. Every word is rightly chosen. There is not one too much or too little. It seems to be a necessity of his nature that it should be so. Yet it is all so easy, so natural. Common life is not common in his eyes. It ought not to be so in mine. Then what he shows you in flat scenery, in common willows, in the trees, and fields, and clouds, why, one has been looking on it all one's life and has never seen it before.

"All this I have felt to be specially true of Tennyson. There is gigantic strength; all the more evidently strong because of its calmness and grace, and most wonderful harmony. His clear insight and manly sense is always noble and dignified. It never puts one for a moment in mind of that knowingness which is called man of the world, but which always reminds one of 'ape of the Dead Sea.'

"My copy of Tennyson is down at Torquay, where I read it carefully last summer and hope to do this, so I cannot refer to any of the poems except the most obvious, 'Locksley Hall,' the 'Vision of Sin' (a most noble and wonderful work), and 'The Palace of Art.' But if I had the volume I should

tell you of at least a dozen small poems which I could clip out of my copy with great good will. There are two dozen lines in the 'Princess,' and about the same number in the 'In Memoriam' that I could erase.

"I feel now that I have said nothing to the purpose, but I am glad to show you that I am willing though not able to do what you wish."

To THE REV. C. KINGSLEY.

"*February* 22, 1855.

"Many thanks for your arrangement about the *Wonders of the Sea Shore*. The end of March will be a good time. It will make the book come out just when the country looks beautiful—and people are thinking of the seaside. We know Kennedy very well, and shall write to him to say he may have the Edinburgh agency if he cares about it. When we get the thing in our hands and see what we can do with it, what it will make and sell for, we shall make you a bid. You may trust that we shall do as well as we can. We don't think it will pay to give copies to the country papers. The rascals sell and lend the books, and do more harm than good."

To C. KINGSLEY.

"*March* 2, 1855.

". . . We ordered 5,000 additional *Brave Words* to be printed, and as soon as they are

ready 1,000 will be delivered to Mr. Bullar. Everybody says it is yours. Davies bought 500 to give away in his parish, or rather he and Vivian joined. Davies was immensely pleased with it, and thought it gave the hint of a series of tracts which a man could distribute without scruple. It might be worth thinking of some day. . . .

"Of course you will be pleased to hear that we have had a correspondence with Mudie, which ended in his giving us an order for 350 copies of *Westward Ho!* for his library. He is to advertise in the London and Manchester papers; that will make the other libraries buy it. An Exeter bookseller is now writing about a dozen copies. We have sent off title-pages to the Torquay booksellers, and I have written to a Plymouth bookseller about whom I know something; so I hope we shall make a fair start on the 20th.

"Hort and Martineau have squeezed a reading of the rough proof out of my brother. Hort says it has more of the life and vigour and enjoyment of life that the *Iliad* shows than any book he ever read. He threatened to write to you about it—and very likely will. I have not yet had my second reading, but at present I wonder more and more at its great beauty and power and wisdom. That duel is matchless. Then the conversation of Mrs. Hawkins—where on earth did you ever meet her? There are no such folk in England nowadays, and

few in Scotland. But I have seen and heard one or two. Then Frank—how beautiful he is, especially in the Voyage and the Inquisition! Then all the tropical descriptions! you *must* have seen them! I was immensely pleased with your estimate of *Don Quixote*. It is by far the best thing I have ever seen on the subject. . . .

"I forgot to say that we all think the ending somewhat painful. We have no doubt you are quite right. But it is sad to see so noble a soul as Amyas almost eaten up with revenge. Remember these are only first impressions."

To a nephew whom he had brought up from Scotland and placed in the business:—

"TORQUAY, *May* 2, 1855.

"As you were left under my care a long time ago by your father and mother, I daresay you sometimes wonder that I don't sometimes give you formal advice. I have not done so for several reasons. First, because I am so very much in need of it myself, that it would look pretending to more wisdom and goodness than I have, if I were to write or speak long homilies to you. A second reason is that such things are considered a very great bore. Though say you must sometimes wonder that you don't get them, I am quite sure that you have no intense desire for them. I know also from experience that

they often render that disagreeable which they were meant to make attractive. I remember having it made clear to me that if one were to be very good one would get on well and rise to riches and distinction. My answer was, '*Why, then, morality and religion in your view is simply making a good speculation.*' And when I came to examine the matter for myself, I did not find that the best and noblest people were the most successful in these matters. I saw at home my own father, than whom a nobler and more godly man never trod this earth, broken down with toil and care and ill-health, and sent to his grave soon after he was my age. Then my mother, who was a saint, if ever there was one, worn out long before her time, and full of cares and anxieties about others. Then my brothers Malcolm and William, just the same. But taking a wider range, all history tells the same story. So it seemed to me that the 'getting on' was not the true motive to a noble and godly life. It struck me that being noble and gentle, and just and true, and meek and lowly of heart, and kind and generous, and pure of heart and of life and speech, were in themselves far greater things than riches or high position could purchase. I found in the 19th Psalm and in the Sermon on the Mount that that was the Christian view. I found also that as much light as that had been given to Plato. But I won't go into these questions, because (and that is the third reason

why I have not given you advice) I know that you are always under the hand and under the eye of the Great Teacher and King and Father of your spirit. Any love we can have for you is but a faint reflex of His, which never varies.

"For myself I found great instruction in reading Maurice on the Old Testament before I left home, and his book on *The Unity of the New Testament* since I came here. I don't advise you to read either of these books, because no one can tell what will suit another. I only mention them in passing. . . ."

To THE SAME.

"TORQUAY, *May* 19, 1855.

"Your remarks about doing good and right acts for the sake of goodness and righteousness were very good and interesting, and also the quotations from Dr. Abercrombie's book on the moral feelings. I have no doubt that the meaning of many things which now puzzle you will come out into clearness by experience and by the teaching of that Spirit which proceeds from the Father and the Son, who never leaves you but continues to speak to you and all men, whether we listen or no. We may be deaf, drowned in outward things, and never hear, or we may be conscious of His presence, and voice,

and what He says (what we call the voice of conscience, the inner eye or ear, or sense common to man as man, and not depending on cleverness or knowledge), and when we hear we may resist or may obey. If we obey, and in proportion to the absoluteness of our obedience, we are blessed. If we disobey, the contrary follows. This is because our true constitution requires perfect obedience, the yielding up of our own wills to the Divine Will. We can only see what our true constitution is by reading and studying our Blessed Lord and Redeemer, the Eternal Son of God, through whom we are made children of God. We—all mankind—have led and do lead disobedient lives, diseased lives, not according to the true constitution of man. We feel the evil nature within us struggling for the predominance. We feel the higher nature, the true Christ-given constitution, warring against the enemies which assail us. The nature of these enemies and the way of escape is nowhere better set forth than in the 'Litany.' One knows that the power of habit is so great—that all who do evil—we all feel this more or less—would sink lower and lower, and without hope, were it not for the power of our Redeemer and Sanctifier, by whom the chain of our sins is broken, and the power to think good and pure thoughts is given. Thus man does come to understand that goodness and righteousness and wisdom can only be found in Him who created,

redeemed, and purifies, and who is right and true, and good and wise. Perhaps a good deal of this will seem mere words to you. Only experience, actual life, and fighting with the evils of life—the world, the flesh, and the devil—will show you how real it all is. For all the mightiest truths—communion with God, and doing His will, which is life; or communion with the evil spirit, and doing his will, which is confusion, misery, death—may be experienced in simple daily life. All paths, the lowliest and the loftiest, have heaven overhead and in the heart, or hell underneath and in the heart. We may attain all the excellence of which humanity is capable while doing the simplest daily duties. The great thing is to feel that He has placed us at our several posts, and resolve to do the duty that lies nearest us. Thus we shall gather strength. There is no need for straining and making great efforts. The way to get rid of evil thoughts and actions is quietly to occupy oneself with good ones. In this we are sure of help. You see I have spoken at length on the points you mention. I don't know that I have cleared up any matter to you. But I have done my best, and that I shall always be glad to do. . . ."

To his brother, in answer to a proposal to print at once a cheap edition of Mr. Maurice's *Learning and Working*, just published:—

"TORQUAY, *May* 24, 1855.

"To make *Learning and Working* answer at 2*s.*, you must have a sale of 8,000, and Maurice hasn't such an audience. Besides that, we don't mean to publish ugly books. I would strongly advise Maurice not to publish any more books than those already projected. I know from something he said that he would like to say something about the war, but I took no notice of it. He has quite enough on his hands already. When he is writing on the Apocalypse he can come out about the war, but no separate pamphlets or sermons. I hope, however, that he preserves all those he preaches. But in the meantime the completion of the *Moral Philosophy*, the *St. John*, and the *Ecclesiastical History* are quite enough for one man to have on his hands. Scold F. for disturbing Mr. Maurice about new schemes. . . . If I were rich I would certainly make an effort to get his books into wide circulation by issuing them in 1*d.* numbers. That I should like to do, and also a fresh translation of the Bible, with a short introduction and marginal notes to show the course of the history or argument. That I should like hawked about in 1*d.* numbers. These two things are much nearer my heart than a periodical. However, we must take to the tasks that are clearly given us."

To HIS BROTHER.

"TORQUAY, *June*, 1855.

"When I saw F.'s letter I felt vexed that they urged him to print that address, but when I read it this morning I wished that everybody in England could do the same. How true and noble it is! what wonderful insight the man has! I am glad, however, to see that he is going on with his Historical Lectures, which are sure to be very great. I have faith that his books will sell when England can bear them. We will help to make his audience. The more I think of it, the more strongly I should advise the stereotyping all the *books* he prints, they are so very great.

"I have been thinking it would be a capital plan for Kingsley in his next modern novel to take up Mrs. Grundy, and make the leading characters very clever, and think and speak in the spirit of the day—delighted with the greatness of our commerce, political system, art, literature, and science, and uttering brilliant truisms on all the commonplace topics—of course including the war, which of course will be the leading subject—very true and right, but one-sided and sensible goosey, but just what goes down for the height of wisdom and sagacity. A very young man might come in who had genius and insight, but sometimes, indeed, often, mixed up foolish dreams with his wisdom.

He should not be allowed to say much, and some clever commonplace fellow should snub him and put him down with sound good sense, and some unquestionable axioms. The youth should feel put down, and take in the wisdom contained in the commonplace. *That* should be his training to wisdom. But in the book this should not be seen. The Grundy view of things should seem triumphant. This would be sure to make the book a great hit. It would be looked on as a recantation of his errors. By and by he might turn the tables by a biography of the youth, who should have recognised all the truth in all the sides of Grundyism. But in the meantime he really ought to do such a novel as I suggest, just for the fun of the thing, and for the sake of the wisdom that might follow. Perhaps there could be no better way of showing that truth does not destroy, but fulfils all the aspirations and good that lie in the most confused systems."

To HIS BROTHER.

"TORQUAY, *June*, 1855.

"I don't wonder at your being perplexed at my accounts of my health. They perplex myself. My digestion and general health were never better. I am evidently gaining flesh and strength. I walk with real enjoyment. Cough seldom troubles me, and never violently. My breathing is so very

much freer than it has been for many a day. Yet now and then there are sharp pains through my chest just under the blister, and the bleeding goes on at short intervals—not very seriously—never quite pure blood, and always to the evident relief of my breathing. This kind of thing occurs at stated intervals. Then there is none all day again. Perhaps three days pass, and it comes on again. But it has no influence on my health. Now and then it does affect my spirits. I think of my poor widow and her orphan children, and all the rest. Then I recover and think of the love and care that is watching over us all, and say, Not my will, but Thine be done. But, on the whole, I am hopeful of my recovery. I am looking so much better. Dr. Tetley does not seem to care much about the blood-spitting, and never suggests any medicine. He thinks it better than the laboured respiration I had last year. Indeed, when I think of last year, I should say that I am quite well. Fanny says she never saw me look so well, and she is full of hope, the blood-spitting notwithstanding, and she knows all about it. We are not without hope that even that may go away before long, and then I shall gather strength still faster than I have been doing. I have told you the whole truth respecting this matter. The fact is I meant to do so from day to day, and most likely I did, but it looks contradictious. You will understand it better after this explanation."

The next letter dates from Cambridge, where he had been able to return for stock-taking and making up the year's accounts. Mr. Maurice's book on Sacrifice was just out, and criticism on it abounding, one of which is the subject of the next letter to his brother :—

"CAMBRIDGE, *July* 6, 1855.

"I took *Blackwood* with me to the top of the hill and read it calmly (while the sweetest cool breeze was cooling, cheering, invigorating, my wife, my children—whose voices at a little distance made it pleasanter—and myself) and quietly, every word; some of it oftener than once. The man is not very clever. His light chaff is very damp and looks a failure. Depend on it he is some Scotch parson—perhaps Candlish —some one of that cut. The pretence not to know about theology is pretence. Such as it is—rather heathenish—it is the man's trade. Some of the things look like bits of old sermons made to suit *Blackwood*. I should like to hear who it is. If report says a layman I shall disbelieve the report. He writes like a bird of darkness. But he should be answered. It is curious to see how he avoids stating his own view of sacrifice, yet he feels that the one set forth by Maurice as the popular one, is very hateful; and he is not able to comprehend the Christian doctrine of sacrifice, the self-conceit blinding him. Many of the

extracts he gives from Maurice are wonderfully beautiful. Sometimes it seems as if his object were to do Maurice good, but he soon shows that his purpose is very different. Still, I cannot think the article will do much harm. My chief reason for wishing he would answer it is, that he sets forth most of the popular falsehoods against Maurice. He might dispose of them all in a dozen pages of the preface to the second edition of the *Old Testament*. If not, he had better let the matter alone. The writer charges Maurice with:

"(1) Making man a standard for God.

"(2) That he does not believe in a revelation, properly so-called.

"(3) That he overlooks the fall and its consequences.

"(4) That God does not interfere directly with human affairs.

"(5) That he fails to show what the meaning of slaying the lamb in the Old Testament sacrifices was.

"(6) That he misrepresents the character and work of Noah and his sacrifices.

"(7) So Abraham.

"(8) That his notion of sacrifice being the Law of Life, and belonging to the most perfect condition, is nonsense; which the writer wittily illustrates by the fable of the Man and the Ass.

"(9) That he makes David see his means of sacrifice, whereas the apostles did not till after Christ's death.

"(10) That Mr. Maurice utterly fails to show the meaning and purpose of Christ's sacrifice.

"(11) Sets forth an elegant theology—so different from the Bible—so mild and philanthrophic (*sic*).

"Now it seems to me that these include the most popular blunders about Mr. Maurice and his theology. He might say a few words on each point that would be very useful. Three lines on the jocular tone assumed by the parson-writer would be enough.

"When you have made up your mind about the reprint of the *Old Testament*, you or I might write to him on the subject. He could appeal to the sermons in this volume against all the charges, and bring out distinctly his faith and teaching. St. Paul and St. John—as our Lord—had all that kind of work to do with the religious and respectable people of their day—and the devil is not dead yet. But we may rejoice that the Evil One, and all his progeny, will be utterly put down. Of that we have the full assurance of God and all His prophets. May we be enabled to help in that good work! It will be done, whether we do or no. May God help us all. I see that the first article in the *Quarterly* is 'The late Archdeacon Hare.' Tell me about it; but unless it should be very fine indeed, don't send it me."

Those who are old enough to remember the

Crimean War will recollect the burst of irritation with which Mr. Tennyson's *Maud* was received by the press, in the midst of the agonizing strain of the winter siege of Sebastopol. It will amuse younger readers to see how the poet laureate, whose every word is now treasured by the whole reading public, and quarrelled for by competing publishers, was regarded in those days.

To HIS BROTHER.

"TORQUAY, *August* 2, 1855.

"The more I think of it the more I admire the boldness of Mr. Tennyson in exposing the deep-rooted selfishness of our time, and showing what an utter failure it is. The method he has chosen seems to me almost the only one he could have chosen. The man who complains is as much out of tune as those he rails at, and in his railing you see another form of selfishness. The poor fellow feels that himself and rails at himself. Then his madness enables him to draw in the strongest colours the hatefulness and littleness of so much that passes for attractive and great. Then the war looked on as a way out of so much evil is not new. The war in its management has laid bare much of it, and may perhaps lead to great searchings of heart. It is to me quite delightful to see a man speak out what he thinks so bravely, especially when he knows it must be so unpopular. For the

Times, in the midst of all the evils that are being laid bare, daily boasts, in a most rotten-hearted way, 'that the people is sound at heart.' Whereas what we need is 'to turn to God' and have the axe laid at the root of the tree, and seek the greatest of blessings, national repentance, as a deliverance from the common lying, and cant of pharisees and atheists (if there is any difference at heart), and all intermediate parties, including the philosophers."

And again a month later—

"I have just had a third reading of *Maud*, and really I think all the criticisms I have seen more absurd than ever—the *Times*, *Daily News*, *Literary Gazette*, *Morning Herald*, *Guardian*, *Dispatch*. I don't wonder at their being angry with him for choosing such a subject, or for the way he lays bare the evils of society, including the bitterness and selfishness of the hero of the story—but I do marvel at their pretending that the execution is inferior to anything he has ever done. It seems to me if possible more perfect. The way in which the rhythm alters to suit the tone of thought is more perfectly artistic than anything even he has done before. However, that the poem should irritate most of those who read it is quite natural. In it I found, the first and second time, and still more the third, a great deal to humble me. It touches so closely on the

sins that cleave to one. As I said before, I am sure he has done a good work, and a right and brave one in writing and publishing *Maud*. It must do good all the more if it is duly hated and abused—if only it is read."

In September he received a visit from John Macleod Campbell, who was desirous that the firm should publish his work on the Atonement. They became friends at once; and Daniel's estimate of his distinguished countryman may be gathered from the following extracts from letters to Mr. Hort:—

"TORQUAY, *September* 25, 1855.

"I have seldom seen a more saintly man than this Mr. Campbell: a good portrait of him would help the usefulness of his book. A deep quiet joy and love shines from his face, but more strongly from his round open eye. His manner has the ease of a finished courtier and thorough man of the world; but you have not spoken a dozen words before you see that it is far deeper. He is nothing like so strong a man as his friend Alexander Scott, but has the same love for a clear footing on mother earth, though his eye and heart dwell in that which the earth does not yield."

"TORQUAY, *September* 29, 1855.

"I have very nearly read Mr. Campbell's manuscript, which I very greatly like. I have also had

another long talk with him. I like him more and more. He is a most 'heavenly-minded' man. One can quite understand why Irving and Erskine and Chalmers loved him so much, and why Alexander Scott and Mr. Maurice and others always speak of him with such affection. He came here yesterday morning at half-past eight and stayed till three, and it seemed only a short half hour, so pleasant was it."

As the autumn drew on the hopes of regaining health, which so often flitted before him during his long visits to Torquay, were once again fading away. More and more every year is there need of a stout heart to fight the battle of life fairly out to the end. In this mood he writes on the eve of his return to Cambridge for the Michaelmas Term:—

"TORQUAY, *September* 19, 1855.

". . . At one time I hoped that the long rests I have been able to take, and the wise advice of the best physicians, and the constant care of the most self-denying and loving of wives, and the most rigid attention to all the means prescribed (for instance, issues and open blisters for now upwards of eight years) would have restored me to health by God's blessing. But now I have no such hope. There is no doubt that notwithstanding all these means, every year finds

me weaker, and that the disease of the lungs increases. So, instead of ever hoping for health, all I can hope for is to maintain a constant stand-up fight with death. Sore battle it is, and only the love for my wife and children could make me wish it prolonged for a day. But for their sakes I do wish it most earnestly—for my share in the business dies with me—and poor Fanny would have a hard struggle with these three children so young. With God's help she would be able, I have no doubt—for she has a right valiant heart and strong faith and a clear head and ready hand—but yet it would be sad to see her left with such a task. I hope it will not be. But God's will be done. *That* is always the best, though we do not understand and see how it works. His love underlies and overarches all; and our Lord Jesus Christ is as really watching over and ruling all as when He cured diseases and taught His disciples in Judæa 1800 years ago. So in that I may trust.

"Many fine dreams that I used to have are now seen to be only dreams. I used to hope that I should get rich, and that I should be able to help some of Kate's children, and Mary's, and others of our kindred; and think what delight it would have been to me. Ever since I married I have kept thinking what a pleasure it would have been if one could have trained and brought up a pretty little son of Malcolm McKay's that I saw with his

grandfather. I thought of the many kindnesses of my uncle and aunt, and how glad I should have been to show my gratitude in that way. But it is very likely that a good deal of vanity may have mixed with all these castles in the air of mine. At any rate, things have turned out so differently from my hopes and proved my hopes to be vain dreams. This and many other disappointments have humbled me greatly, and I hope they may have done me good. They have not taught me all they ought, nor made me humble enough. I am beginning to learn not to be over-anxious about anything, and not to fret because I cannot do many things that I should like to do. I begin to see that it may be I should not really have been improving those I thought of removing to strange positions. At any rate, I feel sure that I and they are in God's hand, and always under His gracious training, even though we may deny and forget Him. . . ."

His forebodings were soon realized on their return to Cambridge. Only a few days afterwards his wife writes:—

"*November* 15, 1855.

". . . . We found our new beautiful nursery, and enjoyed our home very much for a few days, but the next week my dear husband took a terrible cold and was in bed a whole day. It was distressing to begin so after a whole summer from

home in search of health: it made us talk of giving up our house and taking one on the Hill near business."

The year which was thus closing in so mournfully had been an active and memorable one for the firm. Besides a second series of Archer Butler's *Sermons*, Campbell's *Atonement*, and Hardwick's *Christ and other Masters*, they had published Kingsley's *Glaucus*, *Heroes*, and *Westward Ho!* and by arrangement with J. W. Parker had taken over all the earlier works of Maurice. For years this had been a cherished wish of Daniel Macmillan's. It was now realised, and he felt that he had acquired new power for the work which he had long recognised as the highest to which he could devote himself.

It is necessary to keep the painful record of failing health and strength in mind to appreciate the work which went on steadily in spite of it. His correspondence would fill volumes, and shows no sign of weariness or repining. No new opening is neglected, and advice, suggestion, criticism, is always ready for any competent man in travail with an idea worth expressing. But before all things stands his anxiety to spread the influence of the teacher to whom he himself owed more than to all others. A few extracts from his correspondence for the next year will show how he was working for this object.

To J. MacLehose.

"*April*, 1856.

". . . . The fact is that Mr. Maurice has wonderful vigour and power of endurance, or he could not stand the work he does. He is constantly working, and takes far too little rest. He does not go to bed till twelve—or at least half-past eleven. He often rises at half-past three, and rarely ever is later than five, or half-past. These early hours are his chief hours of study, and of course he must value them so highly that it can only be a long illness that will get him to give them up, and do his health a little more justice. In the daytime he has so much on his hands, he is so ready to run all about London to oblige any one. He has so many good works always in hand, and is so often called on by people who wish to consult him, and has so many letters to answer, that one does not wonder at his robbing himself of his rest for the sake of study. . . . I am glad to hear of any one who fully recognises the great blessing that God has conferred on this generation in sending it so godly, so brave, and so meek a teacher as Mr. Maurice."

To the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

"Cambridge, *August*, 1856.

"My dear Friend,

"I ought to have sent a line along with the account. It really is not so bad as it seems to you.

It represents a great mass of books and the stereotype plates of the first volume of the *Old Testament*. Then when the books came into our hands, we thought it needful to spend more in advertising than we should think of doing again. Then we had to do some up in cloth with fresh title-pages. So a good deal of this expense was incurred by the transfer. The sale is not so large as we expected. Yet when you consider that they are not fashionable, and that every copy that is sold is bought for purposes of study, I fancy that one may make up one's mind that they are having a far greater influence than many books, the sale of which is ten times as large. Therefore I think that what is now wanted is patience to wait and see the result. We shall not fail in our part of the work in keeping them duly before the booksellers, and not let them be lost sight of. I do hope you will publish the *St. John*. I should not be surprised if it had a much larger sale than any other of your books, for surely it is what men want to hear. Yet we must not be surprised if the sale should be small. It is quite sure to sell enough to cover the expenses of publishing. Your task seems to be to teach those who have to teach others. Few, even of them, quite understand you; one catches one side, one another, and so good is done on the whole. This seems to me a most important post. Of course it is very trying to be misunderstood and misrepresented and abused, and to feel that

even the most friendly only partially see your drift. I only wish that I were more able to cheer you while you bear these trials. I confess that I, for the last thirteen years, have been hoping for a revival of godliness in England as a fruit of having God's truth stated with such fulness and depth. Though I confess disappointment, I am as far as possible from thinking that your work has been in vain. The rapid sale of the first edition of *Prophets and Kings* gave me for a time the hope that you would become popular—and what is better, useful—among the religious public of England and Scotland. The more rapid sale of the first edition of the *Essays* increased this hope. But the frightful ignorance and stupidity of the reviewers filled one with despondency. Now my hope is the old one, that your task is to teach the more thoughtful theologians, especially among the younger men. It is a great work, and the results which one can see really ought to cheer us all. Besides which, no one can ever tell a hundredth part of the good that your books do and are doing. None of them stop selling. Of course the pamphlets do stop. All the books have a slow, steady sale. This is really a greater sign of life than a rapid sale suddenly stopping. But I should give it as my deep conviction that it would be unwise to allow any one to publish in your name any more pamphlets. Those on *Administrative Reform* only wasted money in advertising. They draw

away attention from your books. Nothing I could say could express this conviction of mine too strongly."

To ISAAC TAYLOR,[1] ESQ.

"CAMBRIDGE, *November* 21, 1856.

"As one knows that such a man as John Stuart Mill says that Mr. Maurice is the ablest and most subtle logician in Europe, one would be surprised to see him charged with being dreamy, only it is frequently done. A very learned man who had read and thought as few have, and was a perfect Cambridge scholar, once said to my brother that Mr. Maurice has the most subtle intellect that had been on the face of this earth since Plato. Another man, as calm and clear as Aristotle, said to me, 'The world has only had three great theologians, Augustine, Luther, Maurice, and the greatest of these is Maurice.' Then I have heard many complain that he is obscure, and all the reviews echo and re-echo each other and that tune. So I, who am a simple person and without learning—and don't pretend to any—judge as I find, and don't feel at all influenced by the authorities or the majority. I find no man so simple, so clear, so resolute, to keep himself and his readers out of limbo. I find no writer who knows the Bible so well, and

[1] The author of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm," "The Restoration of Belief," &c.

that is the book I am best acquainted with. I like him because he has no mythical explanations, no clever explaining away of the Bible or its words. The book means what it says with him. Then, more than any other writer, one is reminded by him that the Bible reveals the Living God, who is always watching over us and caring for us, not an abstraction, or a bundle of doctrines, but the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. I believe that that is the reason why he is hated by the religious world. His new book on 'Middle Age Philosophy,' published in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, is a wonderful piece of work."

To ISAAC TAYLOR.

"*November* 26, 1856.

"I don't feel the least inclined for a discussion. Mr. Maurice does not want or need any defence. He has no disciples that I know of. I am not one. I am so very ignorant on all points that I cannot even pretend to follow authorities when they praise him. I know nothing about the first intellects of Europe. I know almost nothing about Luther or Augustine. His writings I have found useful to myself. I have read them all with care, some of them I have read several times. I know that people say he is obscure. I cannot guess why. I judge by my own eyesight. I wish others to do the same.

England professes to be a free country, I wish it to be really free, and in this respect, that each one judge by his own experience, and not by any authority.

"I never knew any one who has read Mr. Maurice's writings with care who is not very zealous and hard-working in his calling, striving to do God's will from his heart. Of course there are clever young men who find great fun in the nonsense that is written by Mr. Maurice's critics. Certainly they are often very droll and very pompous—enough to make less frivolous men laugh loud and long. But these young men do not read Mr. Maurice's books. All frivolous persons either give him or their frivolity up. But the most of them end by joining the popular clamour against him—not because they find him obscure, but because they find his addresses to the conscience painfully clear.

"Maurice is as far as possible from being or becoming popular. All young men of the world who want to get on and be popular will be sure to avoid him and his books, and will find it wise to speak against him. If he does his Master's work, he will be sure of the same treatment. So it was—so it is. But it would be foolish to fret."

Amongst the books published by the firm in this the last year of his active life, may be noted Llewellyn Davies' *St. Paul and Modern Thought*,

Archer Butler's *Lectures*, Hardwick's *Reformation*, and Part II. of *Christ and other Masters*, Masson's *Essays*, and George Wilson's *Five Gateways of Knowledge*. No book of Kingsley's appeared in 1856. He had another novel already in view, *Two Years Ago*, but had been persuaded to put it aside in the early part of the year and give himself a rest.

D. MACMILLAN *to* MRS. KINGSLEY.

"*March* 6, 1856.

". . . . I was so far from being vexed about your stopping the novel that I never more heartily rejoiced that Mr. Kingsley had your wise care always over him to keep him from overworking. When I thought also of the plot of the proposed book, and the labour it involved, and how he must throw his heart into it, I really thanked you most heartily for giving him a year's comparative rest before he goes on with it.

"I am very glad that you agree to the letters from Snowdon. It would seem as if the mere getting up of the matter would do him good instead of harm. We hope to have two or three small books while the two years' rest, preparatory to the great one, are passing. There is no doubt that a great one will be well received, very much better than anything he has done. We see that Mr. Mudie charges 15*s.* for second-hand copies of *Westward Ho!* while he sold Thackeray's *Esmond*

at 9*s*. This shows that though Thackeray's book was much more successful at first, because he has been longer in the field and fought his way to a high place right manfully, yet Mr. Kingsley's book has proved more permanently interesting to the English public. From which I make this deduction,—that if Mr. Kingsley makes a book equal to himself with the plot he sketched out some time ago, we do not think it would be at all rash in us to promise to print a first edition large enough to yield him 1,000*l*."

The effect of his short rest and summer holiday in Snowdon was to send Charles Kingsley back to his work in such condition that he finished *Two Years Ago* with a rush, and it was in type by Christmas. A wonderful feat; but alas, such feats must be paid for, as his sorrowing country came to know when he died, a worn-out man, at the age of fifty-three.

Daniel Macmillan's call was to come even earlier. He was only forty-four, but had entered on his last year. In the late autumn he left his second home at Torquay, and returned to Cambridge for the last time.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAST DAYS. 1857.

THE end was now near, but before it came the aim was achieved for which he had so long and bravely striven. The balance sheet of 1856 was the best the firm had ever known, and the prospect brighter. Their business had taken root, and the steady demand for their books, and the growing popularity of the writers with whom they were connected, above all of Mr. Kingsley, inspired confidence in their future. Printers and papermakers with whom they had dealt for years were ready to give lengthened credit and advance funds, and the last of their non-professional partners was now opportunely meditating emigration, and anxious to realize his investment. Thus the opportunity had come at last, and by Christmas the terms of his retirement were settled, the partnership dissolved, and Daniel Macmillan could look without anxiety for the first time on the future of his wife

and children. The change involved much husbanding and getting together of resources for the time from all quarters, but the relief acted as a tonic, and he could write in the early days of the new year :—

"My health is on the whole better than it has been for many a winter. I feel to have more freedom and hope in my work than I ever had. Of course it will be a considerable effort, and we shall often feel hampered for some few years, but we shall on the whole feel that we are making way and that our children may hope to reap the fruit of our labours if they are wise. This alone is enough to make one happy, and make life flow more pleasantly. . . ."

It was a fortunate time too in other ways. The work in hand to which he could turn with more freedom and hope than ever before was all of a promising character. *Two Years Ago* was in the printer's hands, on the eve of publication. He had watched its progress through the autumn, and now as the proof-sheets come in thinks more highly of it than ever. "I never felt surer of anything," he writes to the author, "than that this new book will be the most successful that you have done. The present calm in politics and all other things is of course in your favour." And then comes the usual quiet criticism and

suggestion: "Tom Thurnall is very fine: one enjoys his talk on ecclesiastical matters, but wonders where he picked up his explanations of St. Paul. . . . Major Cawmul I long to see. I don't think he should talk Scotch, only use Scotch idioms. The peculiarities of moderately cultivated Scotchmen cannot be given in spelling. Mr. Thackeray made a frightful failure of Binnie. He has no insight into Scotchmen. No one has done that so well as you have."

The first edition went off in a few weeks, and Daniel is busy, preparing for a second edition and answering criticisms, the most serious of which come from his friend Watt, to whom he replies:

"*March* 4, 1857.

"I have often spoken to him about his unfairness to Dissenters. His answer has always been the same,—'I don't know the same kind you know. Those I give are drawn from life, and are done conscientiously. I plainly indicate the persons I mean, and feel sure my sketches are accurate. I knew them in Cornwall when I was a boy and a youth; and another set I know near my own parish now. I am not going to describe what I only hear about, but what I actually know.' To which there is no answer to be made.

"From what one knows his account of Ranters is not far from right, and there are some higher

Calvinistic Baptists near Cambridge and in Cambridge of whom his descriptions are not far wrong.

"You may think it odd, but I stick fast to the doctrine of reprobation. It seems to me the only scheme that stands clear on its feet. I do believe that the reprobate man in me and in all men will be cast out and destroyed. If I did not I should think it a very dreary universe that we have got into. But as I believe that our Lord Jesus Christ is the same with God, and perfectly manifests the Father's will in His life and on the Cross, I see highest reasons for thanking God for life.

"About the future we have the strongest consolation in the faith that He rules over all and will put all enemies under Him. . . ."

Never indeed had his correspondence been more varied or more vigorous. Two specimens must suffice. The first is a criticism on Alexander Smith's second volume of poems :—

"*March* 18, 1857.

"The thing that strikes one is a strange subtle power of making confessions in a wonderful diction, yet very real, all the more because it is hazy and perplexing, like real life.

"There is not much resemblance to his former volume. In many respects there is improvement. He has not strewed stars and flowers so prodigally There are rather too many still. He seems in

some respects more mature. Yet there is a haze and want of distinctness in his stories which pester one. He seems to be without any firm standing-ground, and does not seem to feel that he needs one. So there is a want of purpose and bewildered unhappy state almost like madness which perplexes one, and makes one very impatient."

The second is a letter in answer to one in which I had strayed into some disparaging remarks on King Solomon. I had used carelessly the epithet subjective in comparing him with his father David. He replied at once, April 14, 1857:

"About Solomon you are all wrong. What on earth should lead you to call him subjective? He lives the most outward life. He studies all kinds of natural history and collects materials for induction. He engages in building, digs for water, aids commerce. Then his study of mankind is all of an outward kind. Just think of the collection of women he made to put in his museum—why—he was a man after Goethe's own heart, a kind of antique Jewish Goethe, with the same many-sided objective nature. Of course if you fancy that he had anything to do with 'The Preacher' you will believe and talk any nonsense about Solomon. But Solomon had as much and as little to do with the authorship of 'Ecclesiastes' as you had. It was written by some bewildered Jew hundreds of

years after Solomon's time, whose head had got full of foolish heathen (Persian) speculation, and it is good for nothing but to show how stupid and godless a Jew may become, when he lets go his hold of the truths that he would have found in the 'Proverbs of Solomon.' Then again these 'Proverbs,' they were *collected* by Solomon—that is most of them—the supplements at the end explain themselves. Here again you see the naturalist showing himself in Solomon; he collects proverbs as he does herbs, and trees, and birds, and beasts, and women from various countries. They are specimens of God's world which he loves to study. As for his tolerance, it is a great mistake to suppose that it was indifference. He hates evil and sin of all kinds quite as much as David. He thinks it intensely stupid. He does not go into any bluster about it, he has the deepest conviction that it is suicidal, and cannot escape unpunished. So he can work on quietly in his own kingly province, and not put himself out because fools will be fools and fall into ditches. All I mean is that a less cloud-spinning son of Adam than King Solomon the Great never lived, so don't confound him with the cloud-spinners!"

On the 7th of May an attack of pleurisy was added to his other ailments. Still he bore up, for short as his time might be there was still work to be done on which his heart was set. Amongst

their books on the eve of publication were my own first work, and his old and dear friend George Wilson's *Five Gateways of Knowledge*, which he was bent on making, in type and binding and illustration, worthy of its author and his theme. The last letter of his long correspondence with the fellow sufferer who had been as a brother to him for a quarter of a century, which also was amongst the last he ever wrote, refers to this book, and to the birth of his youngest child, and may fitly close the extracts from his correspondence.

To GEORGE WILSON.

"CAMBRIDGE, *May* 13, 1857.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,

"Did you ever get the interleaved copy of *The Gateways* that Mr. Clay said he would send you? If so, have you had time to make the alterations? What about the promised vignette?

"Pray tell us how you are. We have thought a great deal about you. I have had two slight attacks of bleeding from the lungs though never forced to cross the door, and the wind has been better. We wished you all possible protection. Tell us how you fared. I should be quite well, but have been bothered with a small ulcer in the throat. It is frightful work to eat and drink. They don't seem to be able to give me any help. They talked of burning it, but they seem to think

it hard to get at. I wish they would try. I hope it will soon get better. It makes me growl more than all my former sorrows.

"But I ought to tell you that my wonderful wee wife has presented me with a fine boy at three o'clock this afternoon. A jolly little fellow, who looks very wild and is like his elder (not eldest) brother, Maurice, as far as one can tell after a few hours. The mother and child are doing well. What a brave heart she has to be whisking about and looking after my ailments, not only for the last month but within an hour or two of the birth of the boy. I am being quite corrupted and made selfish. During the next month I must have another lesson.

"If in the course of the summer you come to Manchester pray do arrange to come to us. We should so like to see you and Jessie. With most kind love to your mother,

"Yours ever affectionately,

"D. MACMILLAN."

His wife was by his side again in the early June days, and the boy throve, and his father rejoiced over him, and himself made all arrangements for the christening he was not to be allowed to see. For now the end drew visibly near, and his life work was done, though still an echo from the outside world which he had striven in so manfully would reach him now and then and rouse

him for a few moments. The last of these, and the most full of pathos, when one thinks of the circumstances and of the man, must find its place here before the curtain falls on a brave life bravely lived. It needs no word of comment.

"PORTSMOUTH, *June* 23, 1857.

"DEAR SIR,

"In addressing you I presume I am addressing the same Mr. Macmillan who was assistant to Mr. Johnson in 1834 and 1835.

"If I am right in this supposition, you will, I dare say, remember me; I was at that time a bachelor at Trinity, reading for Holy Orders, and lodging at Baxter's. I used to be much in Mr. Johnson's shop, and always felt myself much indebted to you for your valuable information about books, &c.

"I have been nearly ten years in the Australian colonies; and landed in this country only yesterday evening. Her Majesty has been pleased to designate me as the future bishop of Western Australia. I have come direct from that colony and have written (which I intend for you) a pamphlet on the convict experiment which is now being tried there. As the publication of this pamphlet will probably exercise considerable influence upon my particular functions in the colony, I am anxious to get it into print with as little delay as may be; and happening to see by an

advertisement which caught my eye last evening, that you have published a visitation tour for Bishop Colenso; it struck me that, for old acquaintance' sake, I should like to have my *brochure* published by you also.

"Will you kindly let me know, by return of post, whether I am right in concluding that you are my old acquaintance. I think if so, you will remember me, as we exchanged letters once or twice after I had taken orders.

"I remain,

"Yours very faithfully,

"MATTHEW B. HALE."

To which his brother and partner answered from beside his death-bed, after acknowledging the Bishop's letter, and confirming the assumption on which it had been written:—

To THE REV. M. B. HALE, BISHOP OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

"He had already seen your appointment to the bishopric of Western Australia and rejoiced in it. Had your letter come to him at a time when he was able to take an interest actively in anything you would certainly have had a letter from him expressing the delight it afforded him. He has for twelve or thirteen years been suffering from pulmonary disease. For several years past his right lung has completely lost its functions and

his left has been materially affected. Still, till within the last few weeks, with the exception of a few months of two or three winters at Torquay, he has always been able to attend to business and to take the liveliest interest in it. About six weeks ago, a sore throat he had felt troublesome for some time past assumed a serious aspect. The swallowing of any solid food became actual torture to him, so much so that he confined himself to milk and eggs beat up, and beef-tea, and other fluid nutriment. The ulcer was discovered and treated with opiated caustic, and he was for a short time able to eat almost anything. But about ten days ago, a new and more formidable symptom appeared. He could swallow no food, even fluid, without the most violent and distressing cough. Of course the effect of this on a constitution already greatly weakened by long-continued illness has been very formidable. Practically he has taken no food for some days, and for the last six-and-thirty hours positively none. Every attempt has been baffled, the food caused simply violent coughing and was rejected. I have, perhaps, gone into more detail than is necessary. You will, I am sure, pardon me if I have. I was mainly anxious to explain to you how it is that he can send no message adequate to the feelings with which he would in health have welcomed the renewal of a most pleasant and gratifying intercourse."

On Midsummer Day he was up for the last time, and able to get to the sofa in his dressing-room, where he sat with his wife for some hours. The soft mellow sunshine soothed him in spite of the constant anguish in throat and chest. He could only speak, and that with great difficulty, at intervals.

"Oh, I should like my children to have a beautiful home, to speak gently to each other, and to help in every way to spread the kingdom of God."

The children were allowed to play silently in the room, and friends and relatives stole in to see him for the last time. To each he was able to say a few words of farewell.

To Mr. James Fraser, their friend and confidential clerk:—

"I am sure you will do right. I am sorry to leave you, but I think I shall come floating among you all. We have talked over everything in life before this. Let me see, how long is it since you came?"

To his sister-in-law, holding her hand, "Good-bye, we shall meet again under other circumstances, though these are not bad. God has been so very kind to us all—God bless you."

To his wife, looking at their second boy:—

"I think he will be very like me, and very like me in character, and be the same comfort to you that I was to my mother."

All hope of his recovery was now at an end, and his old friend MacLehose was telegraphed for, but arrived an hour too late to see him alive.

He still lingered for a few days, watched unceasingly by wife and brother. They bathed his face and hands with cold water which revived him. "The only physical pleasure I have had for months."

Then he spoke with them of his dreams of bathing under the Blue Rock in Arran—of his aunt and uncle McKay—of their wedding tour, and his joy that they had been together to his own country. Of the lovely weather they had had in Arran, "as bright and beautiful as this, but without the oppression"—of their walks to Bracklinn and the Trossachs. Then again, after an interval, of his mother, of soon meeting her again. Of her illness and death "almost without suffering." Of her sweet singing, "I'm weary of hunting and fain would lie down," and "The yellow haired laddie," foolish she used to call them, none of the children would be like her.

Some days before he had postponed his little boy's baptism "till I get stronger." Now he whispers to his wife, "You will write to Miss Clay this morning to ask her to be godmother for baby; you know I need not be present, dear." And again, of the kindness of Mr. Clay and the other friends who had helped them in paying out their partner, which had removed the worst sting of all his former illnesses.

He could still see the deep blue sky through the window, and men working on the roof of St. Mary's Church, and watched it intently. "How beautiful to float up there! I am so tired, tired! Oh God, sure to deliver!" But the light was growing fainter and fainter, and the words came at longer intervals and more feebly, to his wife as she leant over him.

"Good-bye, kiss me, why don't you speak to me? . . . . You will see so much of me come out in the children, dear. It will be a great comfort to you . . . but you will see the impetuosity."

In a few hours the impetuous spirit was at rest. He died on the 27th of June, 1857.

INDEX.

A

ARNDT, 137

Arnold, Dr., and the *Englishman's Journal*, 129; letters to *Sheffield Courant* and *Herefordshire Reformer*, 129; and Archdeacon Hare, 138; *History of Rome*, *ib.*

Arran, Macmillan family in, 1; belief in witchcraft in, 1

Atkinson, and the literary society of Glasgow, 1832, 13; editor of the *Chameleon*, *ib.*; essays and verses by, *ib.*

B

BINNEY, Rev. Dr., letter to, 72; and Hone, 96

Blackwood's Magazine, Landor's articles in, 105

Borrow's, George, *Gypsies in Spain*, 111

Bowes, Robert, letter to, 262, 264

Brimley, George, librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, letter to, 255

Brimley, Miss (Mrs. Alexander Macmillan), 255

Bunsen, Chevalier, visit to Archdeacon Hare, 139

Burnside, William, 70

Butler, Archer, *Sermons*, 1852, 246; *Sermons*, Second Series, 1855, 280

Byron, Moore's *Life of*, 50

C

CAIRNS, Rev. Dr., 107

Cambridge, Daniel Macmillan with Johnson at, 46; leaves, for Scotland, 56; Daniel's settlement in, 113; business rules at, 236; rapid increase of business, 238; balance-sheet, 1853, 249

Campbell, John Macleod, 276; on *The Nature of the Atonement*, *ib.*; *The Atonement* published, 1855, 280

Carlyle, admiration for, 89; description of, as a lecturer, 92; and Hone, 94; *Past and Present*, 110; estimate of Dr. Arnold, 139; *History of the Great Rebellion* in preparation, *ib.*

Chameleon, the, Atkinson editor of, 13

Chester, Dean of (Dr. Howson), on Daniel Macmillan, 57

Coleridge, *Church and State*, 107; *Aids to Reflection*, 111; intimacy with Archdeacon Hare 141

Crawford, Katherine, daughter of Elder William, married to Duncan Macmillan, son of Elder Malcolm, 3; death, 1834, 53
Crawford, William (Elder), 3; acceptance of the Haldane revivalists, *ib.*

D

Davies, Rev. J. Llewellyn, letters to, 240-246; translation of Plato's *Republic*, 246; *St. Paul and Modern Thought*, 1856, 286
Day, Dr., promise of assistance in business from, 105
De Quincey, attack on Goethe, 140
Dick, Maxwell, 6
Dyer, the Rev. Mr., 36

F

Faber's *Mysteries of the Cabiri*, note on, 85
Fraser, James, Daniel Macmillan's last words to, 300
Frost's *Thucydides*, 1854, 254

G

Goethe, Wordsworth's and De Quincey's dislike to, 140; Archdeacon Hare's defence of, *ib.*
Guesses at Truth, letter to authors of, 118

H

Hale, Bishop Matthew, letter from, June 23, 1857, 297
Hamilton's, Sir William, *Schism in the Scotch Church*, 166
Hardwick's *Christ and other Masters*, 1855, 280; *Reformation;* and *Christ and other Masters*, Part II., 1856, 287
Hare, Archdeacon, 76; visit to 132; portrait of, 135; and Landor, 136; and Dr. Arnold, 138; defence of Goethe, 140; affection for Coleridge, 141; and Charles Lamb *ib.*; criticism of the Cambridge *Catalogue*, 156; and Sir William Hamilton, 166; illness, 174; death, 176
Letters to, 118, 120, 122, 147, 148, 152, 155, 158, 163, 167, 170, 174
Letters from, 121, 126, 146, 148, 152, 156, 161, 166, 167, 171, 172
Hare, Francis, 136
Hare, Miss, 137
Hogg, Thomas Jefferson, 95, *note*
Hone, William, 87; introduction to Carlyle, 94, 95
Hort, Rev. Prof. and Daniel Macmillan, 213; letter to, 276
Howson, Very Rev. Dr., 56
Hughes, Thomas, letter to, 293
Hume, David, compared with Newman, 110

J

Johnson (Cambridge), Daniel Macmillan's engagement with, 45; pleasant life with, 47; leaves, for Scotland, 1837, 57

K

Kingsley, Rev. Charles, *The Saint's Tragedy*, 232; letter to D. Macmillan, 233; *Phaethon*, 1852, 246; *Westward Ho!* 1855, 252, 261, 280; *Alexandria and her Schools*, 254; *Glaucus*, 1855, 260, 280; *Brave Words*, 260; *The Heroes*, 1855, 280; *Two Years Ago*, 288
Letters to, 252, 254, 260
Letter from, 533
Kingsley, Mrs., letter to, 287
Knapdale, North, the home of the clan Macmillan, 1

L

Lamb, Charles, and Archdeacon Hare, 141
Lamb, Mary, 142
Landor, and Professor Wilson and Wordsworth, 105; articles in *Blackwood*, *ib.*; and Wordsworth, 106; character of, 136; and Francis Hare, *ib.*; and Schlegel, 137
Law, on Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*, 218
Livingstone, David, 79

M

MacLehose, James, 29; letter to, from Arran, 31; receives Daniel Macmillan in London, 34; established in Glasgow, 71. Letters to, 29, 57, 60, 74, 78, 82, 86, 90, 96, 100, 113, 115, 246-248, 281
Macmillan, Alexander, brother of Daniel, at Nitshill, 67; at Seeley's, October, 1839, 67; intimacy with Hone, 87; opinion of Tennyson, 144; summoned to Cambridge, 154; marriage, August, 1851, 191; to Bishop Hale, 298
Letters to, 173, 191, 204, 239, 249-251, 253, 267-275
Macmillan, Arthur, third son of Daniel, born May 13, 1857, 296
Macmillan, Daniel, birth, Sept. 13, 1813, 1; early surroundings, 4; apprenticeship, 5; quarrel with Maxwell Dick, and reconciliation, 7; strong maternal love, 8; at Stirling, 10; at Glasgow, 13; experiment in smoking, 14; effect of responsibility and anxiety, on health, *ib.*; interest in Millenarianism, 15; promise of partnership with Atkinson, 16; letter to Malcolm, *ib.*; views of feminine perfection, 20; Teutonic pride, *ib.*; serious illness 21; opinion of Scott's portraits of Claverhouse and Cromwell, 22; leaves Glasgow for Irvine, *ib.*; visits Arran, 24; recovery from illness, 26; interview with Wordsworth, November, 1844, *ib. note*; London longings, 30; letter to MacLehose, 31; reception by MacLehose in London, 35; first day's work in London, 38; dread of "Row" life, 40; interview with Johnson (Cambridge), *ib.*; interview with Mr. Longman, 41; impressions of a London Sunday, 43; accepts Johnson's offer, 45; arrival in Cambridge, 46; happy life there, 47; religious difficulties, 48; opinion of Moore's *Life of Byron*, 50; his mother's death, 52; literary and political opinions, 54; reading at Cambridge, 56; leaves Cambridge, 1837, *ib.*; illness, and visit to the Wilsons, 57; accepts offer from Messrs. Seeley, 60; thoughts on keeping journals, 63; affection for London, 66; settled in London with Janet, 68; failure of domestic arrangements, and return of Janet to Scotland, 69; in Charterhouse Square, *ib.*; letter to Dr. Binney, 72; starts business in Aldersgate Street, February, 1843, 77; letter to George Wilson, 81; note on Faber's *Mysteries of the Cabiri*, 85; admiration for Carlyle, 89; at Carlyle's lectures, 91; opinion of Milman's *History of Christianity*, 94; and of Maurice's *Kingdom of Christ*, 103; thoughts on Puseyism, 108; ideas for an encyclopædia, *ib.*; on Carlyle's *Past and Present*, 110; purchase of Newby's business at Cambridge, 113; visit to Archdeacon Hare at Hurstmonceaux, 132; impressions of the Church service,

143; desire for Catholic unity, *ib.*; visit from, and opinion of Maurice, 145; prospects of success at Cambridge, 148; at Cambridge, 154; illness, *ib.*; success, 158; advice from Archdeacon Hare to, 161; suggestions for a theological series, 163; marriage, September 4, 1850, 172, 190; second visit to Archdeacon Hare, 173; letters to Frances Orridge (Mrs. D. Macmillan), 179-189; at Torquay, 1850, 191; again at Torquay, April, 1855, 198; letters from Torquay, 198-204; business difficulties, 207; relations with undergraduates, 211; purchase of Stevenson's business, 221; book-binding business started, 1847, 225; letter to the editor of *Politics for the People*, 227; suggestions for book on Logic of Induction, and on Political Economy, 239; increasing illness, 243; at Torquay, October, 1853, 249; on the plan of *Westward Ho!* 252; at Cromer, 253; at Torquay, August 1854, *ib.*; opinions on poets and poetry, 256; on *Westward Ho!* 261; letter to a nephew, 262; hopes of recovery, 270; on the criticisms of Maurice's *Doctrine of Sacrifice*, 271; increasing weakness, 278; return to Cambridge, November, 1855, 279; to Mrs. Kingsley, 287; opinion of *Two Years Ago*, 290; criticisms on Alexander Smith's poems, 292; views of King Solomon, 293; last letter to George Wilson, 295; letter from Bishop Hale to, 297; last hours, 300; death, June 27, 1857, 302

Letters to Maurice, Kingsley, and others, *see* Maurice, Kingsley, &c.

Macmillan, Mrs. Daniel, letters to, 198-202

Macmillan, Duncan, son of Elder Malcolm, marries Katherine Crawford, 3; settlement at Upper Corrie, and birth of Daniel, *ib.*; removal from Arran to Irvine, 4; death, 1823, *ib.*

Macmillan, Frederick, eldest son of Daniel, birth, October 5, 1851, 193

Macmillan, Janet, sister of Daniel, in London with Daniel and Alexander, 68; return to Scotland, 69

Macmillan, Katherine, daughter of Daniel, birth, April 5, 1855, 198

Macmillan, Malcolm (Elder), grandfather of Daniel, 2; conservative tendencies, *ib.*; reception of the Haldanes, *ib.*; death of four daughters, 4

Macmillan, Malcolm, eldest brother of Daniel, at Irvine, 4; a Baptist minister, 19; death, 1840, 90; letters from Daniel to, 1833, 23

Macmillan, Maurice, second son of Daniel, born April 19, 1853, 193

Macmillan, William, brother of Daniel, at Irvine, 4; death, March, 1838, 82; letter to, 1833, 36

Macnish, 13

Maurice, *The Kingdom of Christ*, opinion of, 75; letter on, to Rev. D. Watt, 103; *Moral Philosophy*, 107, 145; attack on, 230; *Prophets and Kings*, 1852, 246; *Theological Essays*, 1853, 247; dismissed from his professorship, 251; *Ecclesiastical History*, 1854, 254; *Sermons on Sacrifice*, 1854, 254; transfer of early works from Messrs. Parker and Son to Macmillan and Co., 280; work in London, 1856, 281; John Stuart Mill's and other opinions of, 284

Letters to, 209, 281

McKay, 24

Merivale's *Sallust*, 247

Mill, John Stuart, opinion of Maurice, 284
Milman's *History of Christianity*, reception of, 94
Motherwell, 13
Murray, 36

N

Newby, Mr. (Cambridge), retirement of, and purchase of his business by Daniel Macmillan, 113
Newman, Rev. J. H., Sermons, 108; Vol. II., 109; compared with David Hume, *ib.*
Nutter, the Misses, 67, 71

O

Orridge, Frances, letters to, 179-189

P

Philpot, Rev. W. B., sketch of Daniel Macmillan, 211
Plato's *Republic*, translation, by Davies and Vaughan, 1852, 246
Politics for the People, started, 1847, 226; letter to the editor of, 227

R

Reade, John Edmund, 105
Robb, Mr., letter to, 236
Russell, John, 34

S

Schlegel, Augustus, and Landor, 137
Scotch universities, Cambridge opinion of, 223
Scott, Alexander, 101, 119, 139
Seeley, Messrs., 29; Daniel Macmillan at, 60
Sewell, Dr. Brodie, estimate of Daniel Macmillan, 79
Shelley, 50; expulsion from Oxford, 95
Simpkin and Marshall's, Messrs., impressions of, 39
Smith, Alexander, *Poems*, criticism on, 292
Stanley, Dean, letter from, on the influence of Dr. Arnold, 131
Sterling, John, 142
Sterling Club, the, origin of, 232
Stevenson, Mr. (Cambridge), retirement of, and offer of the business to the Macmillans, 221

T

Taylor, Isaac, *Restoration of Belief*, 1852, 246
Letters to, 284, 285
Tennyson, 144; *Maud*, 274
Thirlwall's, Bishop, charge, 1843, 109
Thring, Rev. E., estimate of D. Macmillan, 214; appointed head master at Uppingham, June, 1853, 248; *Child's Grammar*, *ib.*
Todhunter's *Differential Calculus*, 1852, 246
"Tracts for the Times," No. XC., note to Rev. D. Watt on, 97
Trench (now Archbishop), 144; *Hulsean Lectures*, published 1847, 224

V

Vaughan, Rev. D. J., 240; translation of Plato's *Republic*, 246

W

Watson, Dr. James, 31
Watt, Rev. David, 28; farewell letter to, 96; letter to, on

"Tracts for the Times," &c., 97
Letters to, 109, 132, 218, 231, 291
Westcott, *Canon of the New Testament*, 1854, 254
Whewell, Professor, 139; imitations of Carlyle, 139
Wilson, George, *The Five Gateways of Knowledge*, 1856, 287; last letter to, from Daniel Macmillan, 295
Letters to, 80, 85, 88, 94, 98, 105, 107, 108, 216, 222-224, 253, 295
Letters from, 168, 215
Wilson, Mrs., 20; Daniel Macmillan's visit to, *en route* to London, 36; visit to, after leaving Cambridge, 1837, 57
Wordsworth, William, visit to Cambridge, 1844, 26; Landor's dislike for, and supposed cause, 106; dislike to Goethe, 140

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12

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